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A BRAGE BEAKER

WITH THE SWEDES IN 1852

By W. Blanchard Jerrold

Illustrated from Sketches by the Author.

GENERAL VIEW OF STOCKHOLM.

A

BRAGE-BEAKER

WITH THE SWEDES:

OR,

NOTES FROM THE NORTH

In 1852.

BY

W. BLANCHARD JERROLD.

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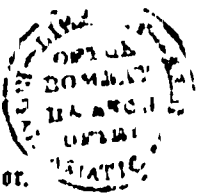

Illustrated from Sketches by the Author.

LONDON:
NATHANIEL COOKE, MILFORD HOUSE, STRAND.

1854.

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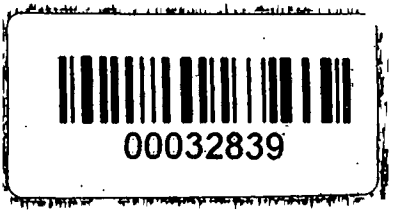


PREFACE.

I CANNOT give this book—rapidly sketched—to the public, without thanking the many gentlemen to whom I am indebted for kindnesses and courtesies shown to me on my journey to Sweden and back. That I was happy in my travelling companions, I heartily affirm; and I hope that these will read my rough notes of our journey with some satisfaction. This journey was cheered, and made pleasant and instructive, by the attentive friendship of Count A. E. De Rosen; by the occasional society of Sir John Rennie; by the kindly-exercised influence and hospitality of Sir Edmund Lyons; by the attentions of M. Wœrn; the companionship of Conrad Montgomery, and Mr. Charles H. Edmands; by the advice and assistance of Professors Retzius and Louvèn of Stockholm, and of M. Thomsen, the learned originator of the Ethnological Museum of Copenhagen.

With these hearty acknowledgments, I leave my book to the judgment of the public. I have endeavoured to describe correctly my impressions of a country new to me; and without reserve or a studied adherence to the usual methods of giving a history of travels to the public, have wandered hither and thither, forgetful of the critic's iron pen. May it pass lightly over my performance!

Dedication.

TO THE COUNT ADOLPHE VON ROSEN,

KNIGHT OF THE SWORD, ETC. ETC.

MY DEAR COUNT,

The composition of a dedicatory page is not an easy task. It is not difficult to repeat for the thousandth time those flowery sentences; those hackneyed expressions of esteem and friendship; those avowals of humility; and those graceless eulogies, which make up generally a conventional dedication. I might begin, "To one who has," &c. &c.; or "Accept, my dear Count, this humble tribute," and so go on to declare that I had not the smallest notion my book was worth a moment's consideration; and that if you accepted the dedication, the acceptance would demonstrate your infinite good nature and condescension, and my temerity. Or I might, putting three words upon some lines, and one word upon others, run down the page epitaph-fashion, and con-

trive to be thus very sounding—sounding as a drum, and as empty. Or I might be betrayed into verse, and puzzle myself during long hours to find rhymes for your names, your titles, and your virtues. But I shall not adopt any of these conventionalities; for my belief is, that the simple records of the facts of your life will be the best form of dedication I can adopt. This course will demonstrate most clearly the reason of my personal esteem; and will explain to Englishmen why your name is one that may be appropriately placed upon a dedicatory page in a book on your native country. I will therefore append the facts of your life as my justification with my countrymen; and will conclude my personal address to yourself with cordial thanks to you for your many kindnesses to me while I was in your fine country.

I am, my dear Count,

Yours faithfully and gratefully,

W. BLANCHARD JERROLD.

The Count ADOLPHE EUGENE VON ROSEN was born on the 31st of December, 1797, at Malmö in Sweden, while his father was governor of the province. Having completed his studies in the University of Upsala, he joined the Swedish navy, in 1812, on the breaking out of the war. In 1815 he

obtained his lieutenancy, and shortly afterwards entered the English navy, to study naval science under the command of English authorities. He joined the *Iphigenia*, commanded by (then) Captain Hyde Parker. On his return to Sweden he was called upon to serve his Government in the capacity of aide-de-camp to the Viceroy of Norway, and also once more in the navy. These services occupied the Count till the year 1826; when, being convinced that navies were about to be revolutionised by steam power, he returned to England to study steam machinery in company with his friend Captain Ericsson, the inventor of the screw-propeller and the caloric engine. The treatment which these two gentlemen have received from English and French governments, after many years spent in enthusiastic efforts to adapt the great modern power to the development of national defences, is as disgraceful as it is notorious.

Having studied steam machinery in England and Belgium till 1828, Count Rosen returned to Sweden, to foster in his native country the great power he had seen doing its wondrous work abroad. He was appointed superintendent of the steam-engine manufactory of Motata, then a government undertaking. He also originated great works in the town of Nyköping, on the Baltic. These enlightened labours occupied him till 1831. In this year the King of Greece applied to the Swedish sovereign for an officer to

whom the organisation of the Grecian navy might be intrusted. This important application brought into prominent public notice the Count's abilities. To him the king at once turned, and replied to his brother sovereign by sending the accomplished engineer and the brave seaman to Athens. On the death of the famous Admiral Miaulis, Count von Rosen was appointed to the chief command of the Grecian navy, with the title of *Préfet Maritime*, and had an official residence in the arsenal of Paros. The Count here planned some important reforms in Grecian maritime affairs; but his efforts having been repeatedly thwarted by the German party, which was then strong in Greece, and he, having become convinced that the then complicated state of political affairs would prevent the development of his reformatory scheme, tendered his resignation to the king about the end of 1837.

But he did not leave the country without some compensation for his enlightened services. He had won the hand of an accomplished Greek lady—Euphranisa Rigo Rauzalée, the daughter of a very ancient house, originally from Constantinople. About the time of the Count's departure from Greece, his old friend, Captain Ericsson, sent to offer him a share in the patent of the screw-propeller, in consideration of his old services. The Count accepted the offer, and once more came to England; where he agreed with the Captain to push the invention (in which they had a joint interest)

in France, leaving the Captain to exert himself with the same object in England. The story of the struggle that ensued is well known. Captain Ericsson, in 1839, left England for America, thoroughly disgusted with the treatment he had received from our Admiralty, and bearing with him the consolation that his invention had been pirated with impunity.

Count Von Rosen was left in Europe to fight single-handed against government rapacity and individual dishonesty. He undertook, however, to push the patent to some result in England; and after four years' incessant labour, succeeded in forcing the Admiralty to try the Auxiliary Screw-Propeller (with the engine and the whole machinery under water) in the *Amphion* frigate. The Count also prevailed on the French authorities to try his machinery in the *Pomone*. In both these vessels the effect was highly satisfactory; and since that time the two countries have been vying with each other in extending this principle to every vessel afloat:—yet up to this moment not the slightest acknowledgment of the Count's labours, nor of those of Captain Ericsson, have been made either by France or England. In this work the name of Mr. Augustus Holm (who helped the Count throughout the struggle) should not be forgotten.

Having accomplished this labour, the Count turned his attention to the introduction of railways into his native country. For eight long, weary years, in the face of many

difficulties, cheered by very few friends, assailed by unrelenting enemies, the Count has worked to beat down the prejudices of his nation: it is only within the last few months that he has really mastered all his difficulties.

In this slight sketch of the Count's career, I think I have stated facts which must make his name welcome to English readers. To his energy we are mainly indebted for the noble screw war-ships that guard our coasts and keep us formidable: yet, as I have written, up to the present moment these labours remain unacknowledged by the English Government.

With this significant fact,—this addition to the list of valuable servants shamefully neglected by the governments that have profited by their services, I bring my dedicatory pages to a close.

BRAGE-BEAKER WITH THE SWEDES.

CHAPTER I.

LONDON-BRIDGE TO COPENHAGEN.

THINKING of the innumerable weighing-machines upon which my luggage would figure before its return to London-Bridge, I drove to the Dover railway-station, on a night of last November, with a very small portmanteau and a very little black bag. "Only that luggage, and bound for the north—for Stockholm!" was the exclamation of a friend. He laughed then; but at Stockholm I laughed at him. I thought the officials looked with a certain respect at me when they read "For Stockholm," on my bag; and I felt a kind of indulgent pity for the poor people who were going to Reigate, Tunbridge Wells, or Hast-

ings. The winter air was driving sundry delicate families south; so that when I had settled myself comfortably in my seat, I was not surprised to see about me a regular watering-place family, bound for Hastings. Their lively faces, bright with the anticipated sea-winds of a southern and sheltered coast, beamed from each compartment of the carriage. They recalled to me the happy and genial company of Hastings; also the many cockneyisms I noticed in that "quiet" watering-place. These were cockneys in the carriage with me. If the sound of Bow-bell have any thing to do with cockneyism, I should say that the father was born in the belfry of Bow church. I sat dreamily, thinking first of the north, with its wild Norse legends, but generally of the family about me. And I began soon to ask myself questions about them.

How is it, I thought, that directly the train leaves London-Bridge for a watering-place, the sober citizen whom I met an hour before in Cheapside in his usual costume, and wearing his customary air of monetary importance, becomes a very careless, jaunty personage, with an extraordinary cap on his head, and a nautical tendency in his conversation? Is he called upon to speculate as to the veering of the wind, the fulness of prevailing tides, and the probabilities for and against a ground-swell? On 'Change he is quite at home; and I should not, for one, venture to put a question to him there, nor doubt his verdict as to the security of the Icelandic five-and-twenty per cents. We all know that in the city he is honoured as a very keen, sound-headed merchant; that it is his habit to wear a stock at least five inches in depth; that under ordinary circumstances his collars reach, in an unbroken wall of white linen, to his ears; that in broad daylight he wears a dress coat; that a silk hat "of last year's fashion," as

young Dandelion of the Temple would say, is his usual head-dress; and that throughout a troubled life he has presented to the world, every morning, a chin, the smoothness of which has been a valuable advertisement to his razor-maker. But here he is, sitting opposite me, in the most extraordinary condition. He is a kind of human ichthyosaurus—part sailor, part gent, and part city man still. I hardly know him! His collar hangs loosely about his throat; his cravat is tied only once round his neck, revealing the mark, clearly defined on his cheek, where in every-day life his town-collars end; his coat is a strange colour, and cut away in true sporting fashion; there is a dingy tint about that chin to which Mechi must have pointed so many times in his moments of wildest triumph; and the boots have gaiters over them, fastened with buttons large enough for a modest man's pilot-coat. Here is his "good lady" (his own description) on his right. Bless me! is that the apoplectic little lady I saw in the imminent danger of attempting a polka at a city ball, given for the relief of Aldermanic Vanity (a valuable institution by the way)? How changed is the picture!—as novelists write when introducing the heroine after the terrible escapes of the second volume. The contrast between the appearance of the lady who is suffering from toothache, in the pictorial advertisement, and that of the same lady after the application of the stopping, is not more striking than that which my neighbour's wife makes at this present moment, comparing her with her appearance at the ball.

Then the colours of the rainbow floated about her; now she is the oddest bundle of clothes, surmounted by a blue veil. She wears three shawls, all of different shapes and patterns; the point of the shawl proper creeping out from under the

polka coquettish; she has—but I am not learned in the details of the change; I only know that there is a change, and that it is wonderful to me. All the budding citizens of this family are here too: they form a remarkable group of children. I return again and again to the father, however—to the ichthyosaurus! As we approach the sea, he forgets the quotations of the commonest stock, and can think only of the extraordinary performances of the American yacht. He is going "to look about him" at one of the stations. With this view he dons a felt hat, built upon the model of that in possession from time immemorial of the Italian brigand of the Surrey Theatre. While he is away, I think of all the oddities I have seen at the sea-side, and the questions I put to myself while there. These thoughts are jumbled with anticipated falls into snow-drifts, and fights with severe frosts for the possession of my nose.

Why, I thought, did that expert conveyancer of Chancery Lane, who was at Hastings last year, walk about with a colossal telescope under his arm? I saw him skim the horizon with it from time to time, and with an anxious air polish the glass, to assure himself that the craft in the offing was the ship he was looking out for. But what possible interest could he have in the *Nancy* of Shields, copper-bottomed, bound for Calais with a miscellaneous cargo? Why did his friend Mr. Thomas Tuppin of Islington talk about the "larboard bow?" His friends (*I* don't know him, be it fairly observed; I have had my misfortunes, but this has not been one of them) were well aware that on the previous Tuesday he had taken advantage of a dead calm to be rowed about for an entire hour, and that some months before he had dared the perils of the ocean between Folkstone and Boulogne; but they had never heard

of his voyage round the world, not even of his trips to India, nor his cruise in the Mediterranean, for the simple reason that, before that summer the bosom of the deep had never had the honour of rocking Mr. Tuppin. Mr. Tuppin was dressed exactly like Tom Turbot of the *Lively Lass;* but Mr. Tuppin was as unmistakeably of Islington, as Tom Turbot was indisputably a personage accustomed to salt-water.

Presently the city family leave the carriage; and I go on my way north alone. I think of them and their destination still. The sandstones they will have mounted; the "Trifles from Hastings" that will be bought for those extraordinary little children; the bazaar they will visit, that is still "selling off;" the huge delight with which they will hear Mr. Snuffles' lecture on the individuality of the individual, Mr. Tickle on the personality of a person, and Mr. Flabby on the party feelings of a party; the miraculous curative properties that will be ascribed to the sea; the additional coat of grease that vigorous family will add to the leaves of the circulating library. Well, I hear the sea rippling along the shore; I see the frowning cliffs gleaming on my left, so my thoughts take a farewell of the watering-place. I hope that in its eccentricities, in the extravagant costumes, in my city friend's moustache, in the general neglect of strict conventionalisms, in the nautical assumptions of the acute conveyancer, and in the careless breakfasts in exposed parlours, there is much to be delighted with: —much that wears away the rust of dirty London:—something that dilutes a little the starch of Belgravia. Well, a cheer for my friend's sea-port, with all the extravagances appertaining thereto.

And now to see my luggage safely on board for Ostend. As I followed the porter along the wet quay, I am afraid I

asked with an ill-feigned indifference, whether the sea was pretty quiet. The rain drove me and all the passengers to the cabin, to witness the usual humours of a voyage from Dover to Ostend. The cabin was insufferable, from a diffused odour of creosote, which a prudent gentleman was mixing with a prayer for the repose of his stomach. I set that gentleman down from that moment as my personal enemy; but soon afterwards I erased the memorandum. The ship lolled quietly enough on her way, gently rocking us. The gentleman with faith in creosote lay on his back, white but quiet: a stout man above me snored for the general amusement: and there was not wanting to the scene that curious animal, half foreigner, half Englishman—that remarkable mixture of swagger, good-nature, officiousness, and ignorance—a tourist. This gentleman at first disdained the conveniences of the cabin, lit a cigar, and went up to brave the cold and rain of the night. Presently he returned, remarked that the cabin was close, but that the rain being severe, he must try to stand it. The knowing eye of the steward was upon him directly; but it was only when he threw himself on his back, and declared that he had been half way round the world (as far as it is possible to go by land? I inquired), that the steward rushed towards him with a convenience not suggestive of seaman-like qualities. The indignation of the tourist was tragic, and the steward retreated under the vehemence of his scorn: but presently, as the official lingered at the cabin-door, his assailant, grown weak as a dove, accepted, "on second thoughts," the proffered kindness, and availed himself of it most completely. The roar of laughter which greeted the tourist's complete prostration had, I thought, something savage in it; but when this unhappy gentleman raised himself on one arm, and began to give a parti-

cular account of the storms he had braved, to the entire cabin, a laugh came even from the quiet gentleman with the creosote. I wish Leech had been there to sketch him, and Thackeray to describe him. Here is my sketch of him:

On reaching Ostend we lost sight of him for a short time; but when we were all ushered into the long dark room where the luggage was to be searched, he turned up, speaking the best English-French, with lamentable facility, to an official, who contented himself with rolling the R's of a pet oath at him during his pauses. It turned out that the noise originated in the dogged determination of the tourist (who, of course opportunely, informed us, he had lived half his life in France and Belgium,) to translate *quatorze* into forty francs, the sum asked to book his luggage to Cologne. Now *quatorze* may mean forty at Clapham, but scarcely at Ostend.

Having passed our luggage, we went up stairs to breakfast. Here again the tourist became conspicuous. As a matter of course he had travelled one half Europe (I hope he is travelling the other half now), and had never seen so poor a breakfast. We had cold chicken, eggs, ham, bacon, capital coffee, particularly good Cognac; but the tourist was at once at loggerheads with the waiter.

As morning dawned to show us how dreary Ostend looks on a rainy day, we were summoned to the railway-station. I had already discovered two fellow-travellers, who were going to Stockholm, one the patron of the creosote. We walked together to the station, passing by the way the regular beggars posted here and there to catch the early penny from passengers. At the station, the woman who sold cakes, rushed after one of my companions (who wore goloshes, exquisitely polished and exquisitely little), and implored him to sell them to her. This offer was indignantly rejected; and the lady retired, deeply disappointed, casting longing glances at the prize, at intervals. Having watched the tourist into his carriage, we took our seats in that at the greatest possible distance from him, and went cheerfully on our twelve hours' journey for Cologne.

We travelled steadily forward, to the terrible noise of the signal-horns of a Belgian railway, through the flats of Belgium—past Bruges, with linen bleaching in its suburbs; Gand, now modernised and insipid—to Malines, where we dined. Is it welcome information to record that here we had an excellent beefsteak and unexceptionable omelette; that the tourist thought the cheap prices monstrously dear; and that we bought a Belgian paper of an extraordinary newsvender, whom I sketched roughly: here he is!

We returned to the train, and a shorn monk seated himself beside me. I was astonished. The middle ages seemed to be running into the nineteenth century. I should not be more surprised to be jostled by one of Odin's Berserkers in Fleet Street some quiet morning. A regular conventional monk, with the tonsure conspicuously cut, the hood, and the general aspect of the middle ages, seem curiously out of place in a modern railway-carriage, travelling its thirty miles an hour. I thought he must have stepped out of some old frontispiece, or walked out of some antique frame. I thought of the jolly songs about him, how

> "Many have told
> Of the monks of old,"

of the "Friar of orders grey," and wondered whether my neighbour would support the reputation of his order at a capon, or before a bottle. He was a mild man, with a noble expression, however, that seemed to rise above the silly taunts of "heretics;" and was particularly polite in bidding us adieu at the next station, when he took his large brown book under arm, and sauntered into a Belgian village. Altogether he seemed to be framed in a cobweb; a bit of the past that had escaped the modern broom; but in no way a despicable bit, to be joked about by the clever people of these days, when

religion pales or grows red in obedience to fashion, and creeds receive their colour from Almack's. I often think Carlyle is right: "With our sciences and cyclopedias, we are apt to forget the *divineness*, in those laboratories of ours."

We speed onward, and the country becomes undulating and fine as we approach Liège. Now the hills swell almost into mountains; the foliage here and there clings still to the abundant trees; the warm browns of the wood contrast happily with the varied greys of the tumbled rocks; the valleys hereabouts are laughing earth-dimples—full of snug cottages sending silver smoke into the bright air. And now the modern Liège, with its black chimneys, and its thousands of hammers, its dark artisans and busy commerce, burst upon us. Soon after leaving Liège dusk came. For a few minutes I watched intensely the grey rocks topped with fiery furze melt into the purple distance, and then threw myself back to sleep—to wake at Cologne.

"Cöln!" shouted a man, holding a lantern to my eyes. I woke immediately, and bustled out to the searching-room within the station. Here I submitted my collars and shirts to the criticism of the Prussian authorities; and in company with my two travelling companions (one of whom I shall for the future call the Captain, the other Poppyhead), got into a vast omnibus, having left the tourist violently stating in bad French to a Prussian official, who spoke only bad German, that he had lost his porte-monnaie, and therefore could not pay the proposed duty, nor the fee for removing his luggage. He appealed to me, as to the barbarity of the country, with tears in his eyes; but I never felt less sympathetic in the whole course of my life. He told me that he was going to pay a visit to a sister settled at Cologne—settled decidedly, I

thought. We rambled down a winding grove of poplar-trees, through the fortifications, down the narrow streets of the town, across the market-place, caught glimpses of the cathedral, stared at the famous Eau-de-Cologne manufactory, crossed the Rhine upon the Bridge-of-boats, and so direct to the railway station, *en route*, as the *Morning Post* says, for Hamburg.

The station is a fine building, and certainly has a fine refreshment-room. We had been travelling during four-and-twenty hours. To my companions, I remember, I remarked about this time that I felt "seedy;" but of course this expression would not do in a formal book of travels. But the truth is, I have not made up my mind whether I shall write a conventionally correct account; whether, like Talfourd, I shall publish my daily bill of fare, and comment on the "specious sophism of an egg" for breakfast; or, like Ida Pfeiffer, tell the reader how many people there are in Hamburg and other places, and go through the list of sights, at the risk of offending Mr. Murray, who seems to claim all the sights of Europe for his own. The regular thing seems to be something between a catalogue and a cookery-book. Now I have not the facts for a catalogue, nor the taste for a book on the culinary art; so shall attempt neither. I shall rather endeavour to seize the spirit of matters about me, leaving geography and statistics to Guy and Macculloch; the hotels to Murray; and the kitchens to Soyer. Those persons who want a history of Sweden may read Geijer; those who would like to form a thoroughly incorrect impression of the Scandinavian peninsula, may study Laing, who proves that Orebro is not Dumfries; that Norköping is not Glasgow; and who misquotes statistics to prove absurd dogmas.

In this railway refreshment-hall I found about thirty peo-

ple assembled, presenting a fine study of the various attitudes of fatigue and hunger. In the farther corner a little German child was sleeping, its mother tenderly watching it. Presently (while we were engaged upon a partridge each) the mother roused the child, and covered its head with the most coquettish pink silk hood, then a fantastic white lace veil; and thus equipped, she took it to brave the raw air of a November night in the train. Behind us a priest paced up and down the hall talking to a very serious young man, who seemed to think there was something in all the good man was telling him. Then there were fierce-looking soldiers grouped about the hall, and railway officials as fierce and martial. On my right, a portentous bundle of furs (from which a moustache protruded somewhere below a sable cap) was smoking sullenly. At the sound of a bell, the doors were thrown open, and the lady with her child rushed upon the railway platform; the bundle of furs showed convincing signs of animation; the soldiers pushed forward for good seats; and while I looked for the luggage, Poppyhead engaged to get a carriage where we could sleep comfortably. And he certainly did secure a comfortable berth. We went out of the station into the darkness; we talked drowsily for an hour or two—that is, I and Captain talked; but Poppyhead, who had slept only eighteen out of twenty-four hours passed on the way from London to Cologne, could not be expected to join in any conversation;—he contented himself with the most unmusical comments on our remarks.

We woke, cold and stiff, while the morning was pale, and certainly before the day was "aired," to quote Brummel. Having scraped the thick coating of ice from the carriage-windows, we found that we were travelling through a marshy

district, now covered with frost. The roadside-posts, striped with the national colours, told us that we were in Hanover—not the only country where the national emblems are displayed upon sticks.* I began to feel the cold intensely. The Captain (who had wintered in Sweden, but shivered in concert with me nevertheless) assured me that, when compared with the cold in Scandinavia, the present air was genial. The sun rose gloriously, and turned the frozen landscape into a land of sparkling jewels. But we were too cold to be romantic, and gladly exchanged the contemplation of the beauties of nature for a reasonable breakfast at one of the stations; where we warmed ourselves with scalding coffee, strengthened with Cognac, and secured a roll each, containing slices of German sausage—being determined not to spoil the breakfast that we anticipated at Hamburg. Thus refreshed, we rolled ourselves up, and talked quietly on our way to Hamburg. The conversation turned upon the honesty of the Hamburg merchants; but this being declared a tax upon the imagination, we amused ourselves with anecdotes of their dishonesty. We were told of a certain Hamburg merchant who had realised an immense fortune by taking the stock of traders about to become bankrupt, and holding it till after the bankruptcy, then making a large profit upon it. This course was stopped by a discontented bankrupt, who disclosed the system, and had the merchant condemned to pay a heavy fine. The merchant in question built one of the finest houses in Hamburg; and it is said that it drained his pocket so continually that, in a state of consequent low spirits, he attempted to drown himself.

The railway terminus is at Harburg. Here we took the

* In Denmark also the roadside-gates are generally striped with the national colours.

steamer waiting for us, and steamed up the Elbe to the great commercial city.

The cold was intense; the sky, an Italian sky; the air dry and quiet. In half an hour we were amid the busy shipping of the great free city of the Elbe. There was no searching of luggage here; no spying and noting; no toll-levying; no robbery of foreigners for the good of the state; we came and went freely—and I touch my hat to the Hamburgers for the freedom.

We seized the driver of a droski, after some trouble, and directed him to the Crown Prince hotel on the Alster Basin. In his droski—a rickety vehicle, something between a Clarence and a cab—we drove through some of the old parts of the town, down narrow streets, with massive doorways, and projecting points every where; past all kinds of costumes and people; surly burghers in their furs; brisk Vierlander girls, with their short dresses, snowy 'kerchiefs, and flat wooden hats; keen, dapper men of business; strutting dames, darkly-complexioned, all velvet and fur, followed by girls with caps trimmed with jewellery and gold lace; many Israelites, serious and sallow as usual. Presently, from a triangle of houses that seemed to jut one into the other, we emerged into a noble square—the square celebrated all over the world—in the centre of which is the Alster Basin, and beyond which flows the Elbe. Our hotel, and all the large hotels of the town, are in this square.

Seen from one of the upper windows of the Crown Prince, the Alster Basin, backed by the picturesque windmill, with palatial buildings on all sides;—the broad Jungfernstieg, elegantly planted with young trees, and gay with the beauty and fashion of the great free town, running on all sides; and droskis

rumbling hither and thither;—all this attraction, on a brilliantly clear winter day, when the cold is dry and the spirits excellent, is something to be remembered over many evening fires at home. The hotel is a small town in itself: cold in its corridors, but with excellent appliances for warming its rooms, in the shape of great earthenware stoves reaching to the ceiling, and warmed by substantial logs of wood. These stoves, once fairly heated and closed, will keep a room pleasantly and sufficiently warm for many hours.

A stroll in Hamburg has a confusing effect upon a stranger. The inhabitants are not of the city—they are of all nations, congregated here by the temporary calls of commerce. The only chief element, it appeared to me, was the Jewish. The mixture of races on the Exchange was something curious to contemplate; but here also, as I suppose on all the exchanges of the world, the Jewish element predominated. The Hamburgers, I should say, are a serious race of people—phlegmatic—perhaps ascetic. Intensely proud of their city, they think all beyond subservient to its grandeur. Yet they have their sufficient amusements. First, there are their luxurious supper-cellars, where the choicest delicacies are nightly served to those gentlemen whose gambling on 'Change affords the bill; where oysters are consumed in vast quantities, and champagne flows incessantly. Then there are the *cafés chantants*, where ladies in hat and feathers play the fiddle and guitar, and collect marks from the customers. There is also a casino, at the entrance to which a guard, in a splendid cocked hat and scarlet suit, decked out with gold lace, makes the visitor a profound obeisance. These, and other audacious amusements, are patronised by the Hamburgers. But the prevailing idea is money-making; to this all else plays a second part. I went

to the Exchange on a Sunday, and found groups of hard-featured men sternly studying the news in the reading-rooms, or sauntering nervously about the basement of their temple. Hereabouts I met a burgomaster in his strange, gloomy dress: —to me he looked like O. Smith in a translation, playing the villain who has come to his wealth by foul means, and who means to have his fling through three long acts before he disgorges.

Our Vierlander girls hover about the Exchange in summer-time to sell flowers to the money-changers and stockjobbers. Well, this may do its unseen good; but to me a stockjobber with a flower in his coat is a monstrosity. The flower withers; it is out of place. Throw it rather to the artist in his garret, who will immortalise its splendid harmonies ere they fade. Flowers, I am certain, have never been at a premium on any stock-exchange.

Our business lying in Sweden—in a region colder than that of Hamburg (it was cold enough there)—we were advised to equip ourselves at once for the north, and to provide ourselves with an ample supply of Swedish money. We could pay very little attention, therefore, to the sights of the town, although the hotel-guide pathetically assured us that we should not think of leaving Hamburg without having visited at least twenty celebrated spots in the neighbourhood. We resolved, however, to make the attempt. It was in vain that he pointed out to us the strangely-fantastic hired mourners, who improve upon our "solemnly performed funerals on the most reasonable terms," by supplying also the grief cheap; so that heirs have nothing to do in Hamburg but to call after the funeral to hear the will read. This is a fine custom for a purely commercial city. These hired tear-droppers also at-

tend weddings; their duties on these occasions being, I imagine, to provide sentiment and high spirits to the party. Thus joy and grief have their market-prices too; and tears are sold by the dozen—a great reduction being made, I should hope, on taking a quantity. I am afraid that the hotel-guide formed a very low notion of our taste when we stoutly declared that we must proceed north without having visited the acknowledged sights of the city. He looked upon me with particular pity when I declared my utter abhorrence of sights; that to me the tomb of the local poet was not an interesting spot; that suburban tea-gardens did not tempt me when the thermometer stood a few degrees below freezing-point; and that I had no particular inclination to inspect the house of the richest citizen. I talked (he thought) wildly about getting at the heart of a community; of visiting the least-frequented parts of a city—its byways and lanes, its odd and peculiar corners—where the natural life of the place is going calmly on, regardless of visitors. I hate historic relics dandled before you by avaricious beadles; ruins opened by silver keys. And so good day, brave guide; you will ring no marks of mine on your local shrines. Carlyle says, "Great men taken up any way are profitable company." Your sleek condition attests the truth of the philosopher's assertion.

But our business being to prepare for the north, I and Poppyhead placed ourselves in the hands of the Captain. The Captain was a man of experience. He instantly conducted us to a shop crammed with fur-coats, fur-boots, fur-gloves, fur-cloaks, fur-caps, and fur-gaiters. With the air of a traveller who knew exactly what he was about, and was not inclined to be done, even by a Hamburg tradesman, he requested the attendant to submit some fur "rocks" for our inspection—the

heaviest he had. Forthwith the man dragged forward (for it was hardly possible to lift them) some huge fur-coats (with collars about the depth of the skirts of a modern English coat), which the Captain handled, then set aside as too light. I protested that it would be impossible to wear any thing heavier. I was answered with the information that I had never wintered in Sweden. Thus rebuked, I suffered the bargain to be made for three fur "rocks," of terrible calibre, without venturing to interfere again.

It now began to strike me very forcibly that I was not born to endure a northern climate, and that I had chosen a bad season for my visit to Stockholm. I bought also a pair of huge fur-gloves; and when I was placed before a glass in my fur-rock, with my paws protruding, the ludicrous apparition was too much for my seriousness; and to the disgust of the attendant, who thought me a poor devil unaccustomed to travel, I burst into what novelists call "an immoderate fit of laughter." I had the moral courage to make a rough note of myself.

But our preparations were not yet complete. According to the worthy Captain, over-boots were absolutely necessary to keep the snow out. We repaired at once to a bootmaker's, where we were supplied with boots that would astonish an English ploughboy.

And often afterwards did we bless the Captain for them—and for the heavy furs.

Having secured these additions to our wardrobe, and exchanged mutual assurances that we looked ridiculous in them, the Captain suggested that Hamburg was the place where we should most advantageously convert our English money into Swedish paper. We deferred to his judgment, and went straightway to a little dirty office in a side-street—part parlour, part kitchen, part counting-house—where dwelt the best arithmetician (so we were told) in all Hamburg. Imagine the acutest follower of Cocker in a city of Cocker's devoted disciples! On entering, we discovered a long coarse deal counter, extending nearly the length of the room, behind which were an old man and an elderly woman. The man was in a dirty, shabby condition; the woman looked like a superior housemaid. A sturdy German or Dane had planted his elbows firmly upon the counter, and was intently watching the old man, who, with a bit of chalk, was wildly running a sum about the board. Presently, after mature reflection, and trying the calculation two or three ways, he gave the sturdy customer his load of Hamburg money; and the customer went on his way rejoicing, perhaps to have a *petit souper* in one of the cellars, with his chum. The old lady addressed us; and while the Captain was talking Swedish to her Danish, I amused myself looking about the queer little office. Behind the old lady lay a heap of filthy, ragged, greasy paper; and here and there, in careless heaps, gold and silver of various countries. Money seemed to be very carelessly treated, to a passing observer; but I noticed that it was as carelessly counted; at stray intervals, and dropped, as by accident, into little drawers under the counter, which by the merest chance

the old man happened to look. Presently, to my infinite disgust, the old lady caught up the heap of ragged, dirty, greasy paper, and threw it upon the counter: then with a look of inquiry seemed to ask the Captain if that was what he meant. The Captain's eye glowed with pleasure at the sight of the well-remembered dirt and grease; and forthwith he began to fumble about it, and in mysterious undertones to talk about rix and banco. Then the old man came to the help of the partner of his bosom and his bank, or, as I should think they would say in Hamburg, of his bank and bosom. Forthwith, after a glance at the heap of Swedish official rags and the bright English gold displayed by the Captain, the old gentleman seized his chalk, and ran a sum vehemently up and down the counter, here and there rubbing out a wrong figure with his cuffs. Having drawn a perfect boa-constrictor of figures (the earlier ones being in wide rows, tapering off gradually in graceful curves to a single figure), he opened a little drawer, and threw a handful of Swedish gold upon the table. The sight of this made the Captain exceedingly wroth; he declared that he had been in Sweden a whole year, had never seen one piece of Swedish gold in circulation, and that these coins had been recalled. But the old gentleman persisted in counting them out, while the Captain persisted in vehemently declining to accept them. At this point, with a look that hovered between indignation and despair, the old lady went to fetch her son—the man who could divide any thing by any thing, and, as he proved, subtract to perfection. This prodigy was a pale, spare, angular, yellow young man, with a forehead of astonishing proportions, and an eye, I thought, of remarkable dulness,—of shabby appearance, and with a lump of chalk firmly planted in his lean right hand. His father whispered

hurriedly to him, and forthwith he began to whirl a sum of terrible intricacy about the table. The old gentleman, presently catching his idea, also began another sum. And then the two seemed to race, running the figures of their respective sums into one another, without creating the least confusion; the father adding where the son was dividing; the son firmly planting his quotient upon the parental dividend. In the end the son gave a patronising nod to the father, intimating that the old gentleman's calculation was right; whereupon the old lady once more advanced to action, and began to count out the Swedish gold. This attempt threw the Captain into a terrible passion. He snatched up his English money, and began deliberately to replace it in his purse. The changer and his family looked astonished and disgusted; but at last the Captain agreed to take the paper-money (of which there was only ten or twelve pounds' worth), and with this we left the most remarkable money-changing establishment it has ever been my lot to visit. I noticed that the bankers returned our parting salute with an ill grace: we found out the reason of their disappointment at Stockholm.

I remember that we went direct from the money-changer's to the hotel, for refreshment. The expectant *gourmet* will pardon me that I forget exactly the details of the repast we enjoyed. I have a notion, however, that every thing was fat; that a most promising appetite was soon spoiled. This trouble passed lightly over all of us; and we went to rest, having given strict injunctions to be called two or three hours before there was any reason to be on the move.

In the morning we made inquiries as to the best mode of proceeding on our way; and were told that a boat would leave Kiel on the arrival of the afternoon train from Ham-

burg. In the hotel we could get no information from one official the soundness of which was not vigorously disputed by another.

We left Altona in the afternoon train for Kiel. Altona is a continuation of Hamburg; but a sorry continuation, being in Denmark, and therefore not presenting to strangers the hospitable freedom of its great neighbour. A gateway divides liberty from the region of custom-house spies, and all the annoyance and bribing thereof; but being an Englishman, and knowing Dover, I can say very little about custom-house urbanities. I often agreed eagerly with Nathaniel Hawthorne, that "neither the front nor the back entrance of the custom-house opens on the road to paradise." Altona, a very important place according to guide-books, and probably a very nest of wonderful sights according to the local ciceroni, appeared to me to be a very long, and a very wide, and a very straggling street, with here and there a faint attempt at a side street. I wonder what Mr. Murray will say to me if I venture to add, that this Altona is only second to Copenhagen in point of importance? because, if I remember correctly, he makes a remark in some sense approaching this in his *Northern Europe.*

We travelled from Altona to Kiel in three hours, to find that the steamer had left a few hours before our arrival, and that there would not be another boat for Copenhagen for seven days. This gratifying intelligence was communicated to us by a smug young waiter (who could talk a little English) with ill-concealed satisfaction. It soon appeared that he was touting for the railway hotel, and that he could offer us a local elysium for seven days, with good attendance. But before we left the station it was necessary to submit our linen and brushes to the critical eye of the Danish authorities; which

ceremony having been gone through, we placed ourselves in the smug waiter's hands, and were conducted to his master's hotel. Here we propounded the wildest schemes of progress. Murray was thumbed vigorously, but to no purpose, I am afraid. He informed us that Kiel had a university; we wanted to know whether it had a diligence, and whether that diligence went the next morning. With particular alacrity the smug waiter told us (as he uncorked our Baerisch ale) that there was no diligence. We then inquired when the mail went, and how. This was a fortunate question. We discovered that it would pass through Schleswig on the following day on its way to Copenhagen. We further ascertained that Schleswig might be reached in three or four hours; and to the evident mortification of the hotel authorities, we forthwith expressed our intention of at once sallying forth in search of a carriage and horses for the journey. With some reluctance the waiter procured a little boy to accompany us to a stable that we might inspect a carriage, and strike a bargain with the driver. Not knowing one syllable of the language, we issued forth; and by dint of extraordinarily happy pantomime, we got what we wanted. We then proceeded on our way for a stroll through the little town. We knew that it had an excellent university; for here Niebuhr—stepping aside from all the gaieties of student-life—crammed his head with much of that erudition which afterwards made him famous. Here also that memorable treaty was signed, on the 14th of January, 1814, by which Norway was annexed to Sweden; and all that the Count de Bernstorff could obtain, at the Congress of Vienna, to indemnify Denmark for her losses, was, that Norway should be liable for her own debt, and that Lauenburg should be added to the Danish dominions. On this cold night, the few ships quietly dallying with the tran-

quil waters of the harbour, and the town lying on the shores of the Baltic in silence, these recollections of the troubles, the bloodshed, and the anger which preceded the said treaty, came upon me heavily. It was outside this harbour that Nelson sailed with Parker; and within twelve hours of this, is the scene of the worst work the great admiral was engaged upon. We chatted about these mighty events, as we walked briskly home, to rest before the morrow's race for the mail-diligence. The watchman was shouting loudly on his way that the hour of eleven had come, as a broad hint (we supposed) to revellers, when we reached our hotel, and went straightway to bed. My bed was, with but unimportant modifications, like the drawings of Saxon beds to be found in the Harleian Ms.:—a narrow comfortless box, not much larger than a coffin, covered with a little woollen counterpane the size of the bed, destitute of blankets, and, on this cold night, not tucked up! This was the first occasion on which I thanked the Captain for my furs; and burying myself in them went to sleep, thinking of the quaint gentlemen who figure, with extraordinary hands and tortuous legs, in the said Harleian Ms.

We rose early the next morning, and found that a heavy fall of snow had covered the ground during the night. The carriage came to the hotel-door, and was quickly loaded with our furs, our luggage, and a bottle of brandy. The bill was not so soon settled; for it was a most extortionate one, with a tremendous charge for those terrible bougies, which are the curse of continental hotels. The Captain vowed that he would take the bougies with him; but finding this would be inconvenient, proposed to break them and throw them into the road. Throughout this discussion the hotel authorities maintained the most provoking coolness, and the quarrel ended in an

insignificant reduction of the account. The Captain spent a few minutes, however, in the endeavour to persuade the smug waiter (who spoke a little English) to translate into Danish the Captain's opinion that the proprietor was a thief; but this request the waiter persisted in refusing. We got into the carriage, and drove off along the fine roads to Schleswig. It was a bright cold day, and we went briskly forward through well-cultivated lands, over excellent roads, with material lying at frequent intervals at the roadside for repairing, topped with square flats of straw, which, being propped up on one side, served to shield the road-menders during their meals. Part of the country was very beautifully varied; part, hardly dry from the blood of the Holstein war. The posts by the roadside were every where resplendent with the Danish colours; the officials, who inquired whether we had any contraband goods in the carriage, particularly polite. Imagine any man belonging to an English Custom-house, touching his hat to a foreigner after searching his luggage!

Presently, while clouds were gathering and the wind was rising, we came upon an arm of the dark Baltic (the Sley), rolling his surly waves upon a fringe of ice near the wheels of our carriage. Beyond we could see the dark-grey Danish hills, picked out from the gloomy sky with snow:—all looked desolate and gloomy, but on the scale that raises gloom and desolation to grandeur. Not knowing exactly the hour at which the mail would pass through Schleswig, we entered this town, and rattled along its uninteresting streets to the hotel where the mail was to stop.

The doors were thrown open as we approached the hostelry, and a company of Danish soldiers presented themselves to take a leisurely stare at us. Our luggage had not been

cleared from the carriage, when the horn of the mail-diligence was heard. Had we waited, as advised, at Kiel, till ten o'clock, instead of starting on our journey, as we determined, at nine, we had missed our only chance of getting to Copenhagen direct. Again, the reader may be certain, we blessed the railway-hotel proprietor at Kiel, and sent our compliments to him by the coachman; and I take this opportunity of recommending his establishment to all people who like a good supply of wax candles, and have not the least objection to be overcharged extensively.

We rushed at once (after dismissing the Kiel coachman, who grumbled at receiving only double his usual fare) to the little office of the diligence, which was in the yard of the hotel, through a mass of half-thawed snow that reached to our ankles (here we blessed the Captain for our snow-boots). In the little office we found a man at least six feet high, dressed in a splendid scarlet suit, and enjoying (as it appeared) a prodigious pair of moustaches, which he was dexterously contriving to keep out of a basin of soup he was in the act of dispatching. Our appearance produced from his lordship a slight inclination of the head. We made known our business, and he directed the little clerk at his side to fill up our places in the coupé. We booked to Flensburg, where, we were told, we should find a boat for Copenhagen. Having been allowed to *begin* a very indifferent dinner in company with twenty Danish soldiers, we were hurried into the diligence, and to the sound of a horn rumbled out of Schleswig. After leaving the town, night soon closed in upon our journey; Poppyhead went to sleep, with Murray in his hand, to dream of the exchanges he had been trying in vain all day long to comprehend, and to snore for our particular amusement. About

eleven o'clock, I think, we reached Flensburg, to learn that there was no boat; so we booked to Copenhagen—or rather to Roeskilde. At Flensburg we rushed into the hotel (having had but an apology for a dinner) in search of refreshment. We were met with coffee and rusks of the shape familiarly known to mothers as tops-and-bottoms. And here I may make a passing remark on these terrible concoctions. They pursued us relentlessly from Hamburg to Copenhagen: every where, when we were famishing after an eighteen hours' fast, they were cruelly placed before us in company with coffee remarkable for every variety of flavour save that of the coffee-plant. It was in vain that we called for other refreshment; these were wholesome and abundant, and the inhabitants seemed generally to have arrived at the conclusion that man wants but tops-and-bottoms here below. On our journey between Schleswig and the Belt, the tall guard consumed enough, I should say—to speak moderately—to rear two remarkably healthy twins upon. Hamburg is famous all over the world for its tops-and-bottoms; in fact, the city appears to be one vast artificial mother, and one from whose peculiar sustenance I, for one, was very glad to be weaned.

We went forward towards the Little Belt, and reached the point of embarkation about five or six o'clock in the morning. We were ushered into a long low room, and once more offered coffee and tops-and-bottoms. Here we waited about an hour —I suppose for the dawn of day; and when the eastern sky glimmered, the tall guard, in his great scarlet cloak, appeared with a large lantern in his hand, and bade us follow him. Well wrapped in our furs, we dodged him closely along a low shore, where the waves were beating unseen (for it was still dark, and a heavy rain was falling), stumbling at every step over wet

planks, with the unpleasant noise of the hidden waters at our feet. The guard walked bravely forward, however, and we kept our eyes intently fixed on the light. Presently we heard the hissing of steam, and in a few minutes could perceive a little steam-boat, dirty and wet, waiting for us. As soon as we were fairly on board, the boat paddled on its way across the Little Belt that divides Jutland from the island of Funen. The passage occupied about half an hour, and as we landed at Assens, the day fairly broke, discovering no very beautiful prospect on that wet and cold November morning, after a lengthened fast—a fast presenting all the hunger of religious abstinence without the credit thereof, and therefore doubly provoking. We rushed to the house where the diligence was to be prepared, in company with the tall guard. Here this official, with a profound obeisance, wished us good morning, and handed us over to a guard (also in a scarlet cloak) who looked like a pressed copy of his predecessor, being short, but prodigiously stout. We were ushered into a long, terrible, dark room, with dark walls and dark furniture. We proposed to have a fire lit; but were informed that in ten minutes we should be on our way to Odense. We then asked for breakfast; and after a lapse of five minutes, a woman, on whom nature had played serious practical jokes in the matter of nose, eyes, and mouth, brought in three little cups of coffee, but an unlimited supply of tops-and-bottoms. The look of Poppyhead was ferocious. We called loudly for meat and bread: at last, the guard appeared, bearing the most repulsive lumps of bread and two or three scraps of meat (hard as iron) in a saucer. We seized these delicacies, and rushed with them into the diligence, and were glad to be dragged out of Assens. But the beef was too hard; we had the strength of appetite,

but not the strength of jaw to eat it, and we finally threw it out of window. Our notions on travelling in Denmark were not at this moment complimentary to the country; but at last we ventured to hope that at Odense—the capital of the island—we should certainly have that midday scramble which the Danish guard called dinner, or, properly, *mittag*. We passed the time on the road between Assens and the capital observing the well-cultivated lands of Funen, which supply oats and rye, and other agricultural produce, to Norway. At Odense we were not allowed to descend from our places, but were dragged over the terrible pavements of this great glove and leathern accoutrement manufactory, down terribly narrow streets, none of which suggested the neighbourhood of a business in any way resembling that of Jean Maria Farina. Sulkily enough we went on our way to Nyebourg, which place we reached about dusk. We were reminded that this was the birthplace of Christian II., and that the old palace was reduced to the purposes of a magazine and arsenal; but we were too hungry to think of history. Here we made an effort once more to get refreshment; and the result of vehement pantomime (I see now before me the face of Poppyhead, who always woke up to discover that he was hungry), and the help of a young Danish sailor, who was on his way to join his ship bound for the Indies, was the production of several triangular wafers of bread covered with wafers of fresh cheese and tongue. To this slender refreshment we added some excellent Danish beer, and were hurried away to the boat with tantalised appetites. The passage of the Great Belt from Nyebourg to Korsör is a more important affair than that from Jutland to Assens. Here the channel is wide, and the steamboat takes two hours to cross from one port to the other. This

strait, as the readers of Guy know, connects the Cattegat with the Baltic. It was this way that the prudent Parker would have led his fleet, had not the shallow waters prevented him, and compelled him to follow the van of the English fleet led gallantly through the Sound, past the hundred throats of Elsinore vomiting their red-hot iron at the fleet. All this work is not forgotten by the Dane in the present day; and his cheer would not be the faintest of any were Louis Napoleon to throw his hundreds of thousands of troops upon our shores.

At Korsör is found a diligence waiting on the landing-place. No dinner again! More coffee and tops-and-bottoms, and a slice of beef hard as iron! We proceeded at once on our way to Roeskilde, the old historic ground of Zealand. Here the warlike Absolon, of the time of Valdemar the Great, was bishop in the twelfth century, and busied himself with the wars more than with the faith of his royal master, in times when the Baltic and the country hereabouts were harassed with great wars, and Henry the Pious brandished his potent sword in the face of his enemies. Here, before Copenhagen was founded, dwelt the brave kings of Denmark, and here many of them lie buried in the old cathedral. In absolute contempt of these associations, Poppyhead and the Captain slept soundly all the way from Korsör to the railway station at Roeskilde; and they woke only to know whether there was a refreshment-room attached to the terminus. We found that there was the accommodation in question; that it was under the care of a very sallow gentleman, who was smoking placidly in a little office, surrounded by goutte glasses, wine and spirit bottles, cigars, and coffee-cups, with his knees nearly touching a coffee apparatus on a little fire. We asked for some beer and coffee, and then went to inspect a table covered with cold meats. Here,

when we could eat, we determined not to abate the ferocity of our appetites till we reached Copenhagen. There was a turkey garnished elaborately; but Poppyhead declared, after a minute inspection of the bird, that it was only fit to be sent to a museum of skeletons,—not one ounce of flesh remaining upon it. This was interesting to an anatomist, but a terrible disappointment to a gourmand. So we remained in the refreshment-room for two hours, waiting the first train, which left at seven o'clock. In the grey of the early morning, while the white mist was rising from the town, as the muslin seems to melt from before the gorgeous scenes of a modern spectacle, we left Roeskilde:—the morning sun was beginning to burnish the high points of its lofty cathedral as we lost sight of it. The railway ran through the flat surface of Zealand; and the sun rose magnificently into the clear winter air, as we neared the city of the potent Valdemar—the city of sieges—the city of Thorwaldsen—shall I add, the city of Hans Christian Andersen? Certainly as we approached, I thought of his *True Story* of his life, and of his friendship for the great sculptor.

CHAPTER II.

A STROLL ABOUT COPENHAGEN.

COPENHAGEN is, to give my first impression of it, a picturesque city. Its inhabitants are gaily dressed; the Amagra costume is full of colours; the ships lie alongside the canals in the street, and form floating market-places; the squares are noble; the houses tall and stately; the shops are picturesque, resplendent with brilliantly coloured goods; a taste for art seems to show itself in every street; the genius of Thorwaldsen presides every where,—he is worshipped, ay, as devoutly as my lord Eiderdown at Eiderdown. Yet Denmark is, in no sense of the word, a democratic country; rather, I should say, in temper and thought, aristocratic to the core. The Danish skull, according to my friend Professor Retzius of Stockholm (if I remember his lecture rightly) is one of the worst in the world. Though not phrenologically good, yet, I say, I think the Dane is constitutionally an aristocrat. I speak from observation, not from history; and without caring to intrude upon the reader my opinions upon the relative advantages of aristocracy and democracy. But I *will* say, that I liked the Danes; admired the tone of their sentiments; the enthusiasm in their souls for things noble and good; the warmth of their friendship towards individual members of a nation that cast its merciless missiles into their homes. There are men, I thought (as I walked about the streets), in this busy, happy city, who can remember

seeing Nelson, followed by the murmurs of the populace, make his way to the palace of the Prince Royal, and there endeavour to bring him to the terms proposed by Admiral Parker. These terms were, that Denmark should cease to belong to the confederation of neutral powers; that her ports should be freely opened to English vessels; and that a British force should be stationed in Denmark to protect her from the vengeance of her former allies. The reply of the prince was princely—he would sooner be buried in the ruins of his capital than consent to this base desertion. That year (1807) was a terrible year in the history of Denmark. Even now the Danes talk, I am told, with darkened expressions, of the 2d of September, when the English fleet opened its murderous attack upon the city. Sixty hours incessant bombardment; the sky raining shells upon these noble towers; three hundred buildings laid in ashes; and then a capitulation that made every brave Dane gnash his teeth with rage. The British fleet took possession of twenty-five ships of the line, sixteen frigates, and fifty smaller ships; and left the Danes powerless to oppose their authority in the Baltic. Of this proceeding much has been written. Vehement opinions have been given; but I leave the matter to Dunham and others. I have an opinion; but not being inclined to support a controversy on the subject, I shall keep it to myself. I and the Captain talked the matter over. I think Poppyhead objected to the bombardment as unchristian, seeing that it must have kept so many people awake for two or three consecutive nights. I will answer for Poppyhead, that he would have snored throughout the business.

I have said that there appeared to me to be a keen sense of elegant enjoyments in Copenhagen; that here "the learned pate" ducked not "to the golden fool." Everywhere are mu-

seums of art, of natural history, of ethnology; all open to the great body of the people; open—avert your pious head, Croly —open on Sundays! Your humble servant was a Sunday visitor to the Ethnological Museum; and in company with its learned founder, Thomsen, traced the gradual development of the arts among races still held by us to be barbarous. We saw the implements and manufactures of the natives (always excepting Europe) of cold climates, who do not use metals, and have no approximation to a literature; then those of nations of cold climates who use metals, but are still without literature; and lastly, those nations which use metals and have a literature. This classification is also adopted by the learned founder in regard to the inhabitants of warm climates. I followed the professor through the spacious corridors filled with his noble work: listened with earnest interest to his enthusiastic explanations of his comprehensive plan: watched the glow upon his face as he tapped the sonorous metal of the Chinese, and defied the most acute bell-founders of Europe to make any thing approaching its perfection. He loitered intelligently before the writing-materials of the Chinese: humorously described an immense piece of tapestry from India, on which were grotesque figures of English soldiers: exhibited the autograph of the Emperor of China: and with earnest sorrow lamented the poorness of his Persian collection. As we passed through the apartments of the museum, I watched the groups of spectators gathered about the various cases; the gay peasants in their bright dresses; the ladies in their comfortable furs; the soldiers in their regimentals;—all seriously observing—learning generally, I should say, from this ethnological lesson, not unchristian dogmas—not infidelity and scoffing —not contempt in any sense for religion. And then I noticed

that this crowd was particularly courteous to my guide, and at every point greeted him with respectful obeisances. Here was voluntary homage from the heart of learning to enlighten enthusiasm. My good friend (for in five minutes he was my friend) talked of his museum as a young man with poetic insight talks of his mistress. To get a dress from West Greenland was his first lock of his lady's hair; the arrival of a great instalment of Japanese manufactures equivalent to a young man's honeymoon. Well, I thought, this is good: enthusiasm in the work to be done—and the work is the meanest handicraft, if any work earnestly done be mean—is the right thing. There are higher temples than ethnological rooms perhaps; but in this Danish museum I saw much good thought, many high suggestions seldom talked of in temples proper; I fear seldom worked out by the high priests of these.

I also visited the Danish Museum of Natural History:—a collection beautifully preserved and admirably grouped. Here the birds were not glued lifelessly upon little clumps of wood, but were arranged in attitudes illustrative of their peculiar instincts. I remember a nest of owls admirably grouped, and other specimens equally good; I made a note of some. The cases are numbered as in the note below.* The advantage of this picturesque and instructive arrangement is obvious. The instincts and relations of animals are hereby impressed upon the minds of the unscientific—often an incitement to learn is aroused. This museum was also open on Sunday. The great

* Ordo v., species 24: Ardea minuta. Ordo ii., species 7: Garriulus glandarius. Ordo iii., species 2. Ordo ii., species 48. Ordo v., species 59: Crex pratensis. Ordo vi., species 47: Sterna nigra. Ordo i., species 36: Scops Aldrovandi.

art-temple of Denmark—that affectionately raised by a grateful people to one of her illustrious sons, where, amid his glorious works, he lies buried—the Thorwaldsen Museum—is the scene of Sunday recreation also. Here, amid the great works glowing from this dead countryman's immortal hand, all classes meet to pay reverence to, and to feast upon, the Beautiful. Here Paganism has its beautiful types; here Christianity is interpreted in masterpieces of devout tenderness. Here is Venus with the apple; here the solemn, the grand, the simple figure of the Saviour, with sermons in every fold of the garment—thoughts of Heaven in every line of the majestic head. Yet Exeter Hall cries, Close the doors of the art-temple on Sunday, and listen all day to Croly. In art there is no religion; in beauty and nature no hearty Christian lessons. Is it so? A certain Catholic money-lender, when about to cheat a customer, always drew a veil before the portrait of his favourite saint. Hazlitt says, "It seems as if an unhandsome action before the portrait of a noble female countenance would be impossible." Here, rather, is truth, to my mind.

The Thorwaldsen Museum was erected by the municipal body of Copenhagen, aided by public subscriptions. The edifice was begun in 1839, and was opened to the public in 1848; and in this year the coffin of Thorwaldsen was lowered into the mausoleum prepared for it in the central spot of the building. When I reached the museum, I found wreaths, fresh from the tender hands of friends and disciples, scattered about the grave. Not flowers strewn hereabouts in the excitement of a public ceremony; but laid upon the marble unobtrusively, in the presence of no eye to commend or flatter, in no expectation of popular applause. I could not help contrasting this worship of a great man's memory — this tenderness at his

long-closed grave—with the aspect of Sir Joshua's resting-place in the dusty crypt of St. Paul's; with Fuseli's half-effaced name in the same place. I thought of Hood's unregarded tomb; of all, in short, who were great in England, and ever have been slighted. Ay, on Sunday, after church, some Dane deposited on the great man's grave some winter-flowers; and no clerical gentleman snarled at the offering, I feel assured.

I might write a long description of the Thorwaldsen Museum; of the associations that cling to it; of the building, as a specimen of architecture. But those who care to know, know already that the building is designed after the fashion of an ancient Etruscan tomb; that its exterior is decorated with paintings illustrative of the life of the sculptor; that its interior, deeply and soberly coloured, to throw up the statuary, is divided into many distinct chambers; that these chambers contain the casts of Thorwaldsen's works, and many of the original marbles (as the Venus); that here the visitor may see the exact copy of the sculptor's room as he left it, his furniture, and the bust of Luther, on which he worked the day of his death. I think Andersen's account of him, and his landing at Copenhagen in 1838, is warm, and good, and brotherly. "Thorwaldsen, whom, as I have already said, I had become acquainted with in Rome in the years 1833 and 1834, was expected in Denmark in the autumn of 1838, and great festive preparations were made in consequence. A flag was to wave upon one of the towers of Copenhagen as soon as the vessel which brought him should come in sight. It was a national festival. Boats decorated with flowers and flags filled the Rhede; painters, sculptors, all had their flags with emblems: the students' bore a Minerva, the poets' a Pegasus. It was misty weather, and the ship was first seen when it was already close by the city,

and all poured out to meet him. The poets, who, I believe, according to the arrangement of Heiberg, had been invited, stood by their boat; Oehlenschläger and Heiberg alone had not arrived. And now guns were fired from the ship, which came to anchor, and it was to be feared that Thorwaldsen might land before we had gone out to meet him. The wind bore the voice of singing over to us; the festive reception had already begun. I wished to see him, and therefore cried out to the others, 'Let us put off!' 'Without Oehlenschläger and Heiberg?' asked some one. 'But they are not arrived, and it will be all over.' One of the poets declared, that if these two men were not with us, I should not sail under the same flag, and pointed up to Pegasus. 'We will throw it in the boat,' said I, and took it down from the staff; the others now followed me, and came up just as Thorwaldsen reached land. We met with Oehlenschläger and Heiberg in another boat; and they came over to us as the enthusiasm began on shore. The people drew Thorwaldsen's carriage through the streets to his house, where everybody who had the slightest acquaintance with him, or with the friends of a friend of his, thronged around him. In the evening the artists gave him a serenade, and the blaze of the torches illumined the garden under the large trees; there was an exultation and joy which really and truly was felt. Young and old hastened through the open doors, and the joyful old man clasped those whom he knew to his breast, gave them his kiss, and pressed their hands. There was a glory round Thorwaldsen that kept me timidly back."

All this homage and serenading is odd enough to us when offered to an artist. Very long may the genius of a Baily give souls to lumps of clay in England before the faintest echo of homage like this floats to his ear. I cannot choose but call

some little points hereabouts to the minds of those who would close every gate upon the artist's works on Sundays. I would bid them put two or three serious questions to themselves: give less attention to bishoprics, and a little more to the spirit of Christianity: care less about the surplice, and more about the humility it should cover. Then they might allow that an impulse which is as universal in nature as the instinct of self-preservation, attaches man to the True, which, whether manifested in the results of science, the graces of literature, or the realisations of art, is the Beautiful. There is, I believe, a kind of moral gravitation in human nature towards the Beautiful, that has only recently attracted the attention of men who have wielded the sceptres of nations; but now it is acknowledged in many places, and is about to be used for the good of the human race. The man, touched with a sense of beauty, alive to harmony, and filled with a feeling of reverence for the grandeur of the scheme of which he is taught to believe himself the highest emanation, may be reached and controlled by means that would in no way influence a coarser nature. It is a hard matter to treat with the sullen strength of ignorance; but the soul that has the light of the Beautiful burning within it is bound by all the highest attributes of which human nature is susceptible, and is easily controlled. Only a cord will bind the hyena; but emotions were given to bind men. Therefore, that civilisation which develops a mighty nation, glistening with gold, and loaded with the vast treasures of the inhabited world; which represents the perfection of cunning, and the highest elaboration of the means to wealth, is not, in the proper sense of the word, civilisation; while the picture, powerful as a battle-piece, lacks the touches of emotion—the emotional laws, which issue from the closet of the poet and the phi-

losopher, the laboratory of the man of science, and the studio of the artist. It is comparatively easy, as I think, to vote supplies; to make motions on the state of the nation; to frame smart sallies, and, in the midst of personal contention, to pick up here and there, as by chance, little bits of obvious truth that may be fairly added to the statutes at large; but it is not often that men are given to the world, who can demonstrate the reason of our position as a globe from the falling of an apple, or sketch the mighty proportions of the giant of the nineteenth century from the steam of a tea-kettle! Neither do the annual millions of births include always an infant destined to grow into a Shakspeare; yet many destined to flourish in lawn sleeves, and cry hush to music, and call for a veil to throw upon art. We may always find a serviceable prime-minister; but the sun seldom warms the temples of a new poet; we may generally command a man who can frame a passable budget, but not in everyday life do we meet a Phidias or a Raffaelle. If, in the present movements of social bodies, any unanimity may be discerned, it tends, I think hopefully, towards the Newtons, the Shakspeares, and the Raffaelles of their day. Lesser stars than these, all of them, yet leaders, discoverers, men with admirable jewels in their heads, worthy of attention before all other claims. The practical tendencies which have led us to our present prosperous commercial state will soon be regarded, I hope and believe, only as the baser part of civilisation. The best lessons of civilisation are not to be gathered from the successful merchant in his saffron coach, but rather from the modest artist, snugly painting in his studio—alone with his high thoughts, and comfortable with moderate comforts. He lives in close communion with the truths that are thickly scattered about the great solitudes of

nature. Say he is painting for the people, who are now beginning faintly to understand him. At his door thoughtful men must pause to gather hope. Bentham and his followers must sink into insignificance before the social reformers who present themselves at the baby's cradle, instead of waiting at the prison door. Shall the labourer see Beauty, in all her noblest manifestations, steadily approaching his threshold? She bears in her arms the glorious works of God's elect; her limbs glow from the touch of Phidias and Canova; and from her seraphic countenance the souls of Raffaelle, Guido, Murillo, Salvator Rosa, Angelo, and Rembrandt shine upon him. The sight is one to touch the hearts of us all, is it not, reverend gentlemen, seen, ay, on a Sunday afternoon? Why not see at once that the degrees of comprehension by which art is judged in a mixed community, prove the beneficial effect of even its rudest and most unsatisfactory development? Say we place Turner and a labouring agriculturist side by side on the brow of a hill, with a glorious landscape before them. Dissect the eye of the painter and that of the working-man, and you shall find that the former has an organ, in any physical particular, exactly resembling that of his companion; yet mark, reverend sirs, the difference of their vision. The countryman sees the river winding about the landscape; he can distinguish Jones's fields from those of his master; he can discriminate between oaks and chestnuts; he sees the bounds of the county, and he declares that it is fine arable land at his feet. The light in his eye is not very bright—it is not fixed; his pulse is placid; he sinks listlessly upon the sward, and busies himself with his pipe. But Turner's eye is fixed, and bright with the fire of genius. He sees before him all the marvellous beauties, that, with a magic touch, he will repro-

duce for the benefit, the enlightenment of his race. Jones's fields are to him so much opportune brown, that relieves the brightness of the swelling masses of rainbow-foliage which lie beyond them. What marvellous passages of beauty! what variety in the flow of the river—there, where it runs through those dark clumps of trees, it sparkles like a trailing serpent; and there, where the cornfields glow, a cloud lies between its bosom and the sun! And then how sweetly the fine lines of the sober foreground; that grey gable end, with the dim smoke rising in the golden light, and the groups of cattle panting in the shade of patriarchal oaks; how exquisitely all these send back the distances! And then how the clouds come growing from afar off, darkly red when they touch the horizon, and brightening as they rise, with the glimpses of the blue, purple, and green atmospheres that part them. That woudrous eye of the painter takes in all these harmonies at a glance; analyses and orders them; and then, with a power which I, for one, heartily reverence and worship, arrays them upon canvas to gladden our homes. Well, many people say, waken the ploughman to these beauties, if he have no other time, on every Sunday afternoon. I say, that the eye which lights daily upon a beautiful object, drinks in at least some of its beauty, and dwells ever afterwards with pain upon the ugly and the base. Also, the eye that delights in imitations will learn to love the Beautiful, and may presently yearn to wander in the realms of art for ever. Do as you will, reverend gentlemen have replied; but not on Sundays. This seems to be the preaching of men who have six days' holiday in any week to men who have one.

As I have written, I visited Thorwaldsen's shrine on Sunday. On that day I wandered amid the beauties of his glorious

genius; dreaming of no evil, thinking none, till taught by the speeches of reverend gentlemen, which reached me in the newspapers. "Erastianism, pluralities, prebendal stalls, and pony-gigging parsons; what work were they like to make against the proud, rugged, intellectual republicanism, with a fire-sword between its lips, bidding cant and lies be still; and philosophy, with Niebuhr criticism for a reaping-sickle, mowing down their darling story-books! High time it was to move, indeed. High time for the church warriors to look about them, to burnish up their armour, to seize what ground was yet remaining, what time to train for the battle." High time now too is it to speak more of the soul and less of the furniture of religion; to acknowledge that art and science have something divine in them as well as archdeacons. And thus I leave my Sunday visits to the tender judgment of my saintly countrymen.

I might indulge in long, orthodox descriptions of Copenhagen, — of the Amalienstrasse, the Gotherstrasse, and the other fine, lively, picturesque streets of this city, which, like Hamburg, owes its most remarkable features to a great fire. I may say that the Kongensnytorf is a fine square, displaying very commanding buildings to great advantage; and in one corner giving a highly picturesque view of the shipping lying in the port, laden chiefly, hereabouts, with fuel; and that the central space is occupied by an equestrian statue of Christian V. Of the great royal palace, near Thorwaldsen's museum, I shall not offer any description, for the simple reason that I did not visit it. I have no particular interest in the upholstery of strangers. I had seen Versailles and other palaces; I knew what long golden galleries and marble staircases were, and so rather preferred to wander idly about among the people, watching the operations of the lively market-place, noticing

the general respect with which, as Hans Christian Andersen passed along the streets, all people raised their hats to him. I was too much occupied watching the yawning cellars, which come half-way across the pavement, to pay my dutiful obeisance. Again, there are men to whom I would raise my hat before Christian Andersen; but this was not the question: I admired chiefly the sentiment that impelled his countrymen—they thought him a great man, and they paid deference to his greatness. In England we worship men of high birth who condescend to be clever.

The curse of Danish hotels, as of Swedish hotels, is the lack of good attendance, and the number of English waiters who cannot speak English. On our arrival at Copenhagen we were introduced to a boy, a prim, active fellow, who could say, "Yes, sir," "coffee," and one or two other words, but who could not comprehend one syllable addressed to him in English. With the prince in the *Lady of Lyons*, he could not understand English as we spoke it, and wondered probably, like the elevated gardener in question, who the deuce could. But here I should pay a passing tribute of admiration to the black guide of Copenhagen, known to every English traveller who has visited the city within the last ten or fifteen years. He speaks two or three languages, is an excellent arithmetician, has his confirmed opinions on most points of politics, enjoys his own particular theories on the beautiful in art, and is so proud of his perfect English that he has taken particular pains to collect from passing travellers the latest slang of good society. He would scorn to call money by any other name than "tin," unless, to avoid alliteration, he were compelled to take refuge in the less fashionable word "rowdy." Certain Danish exhibitions were "seedy," not to say "slow,"

according to his phraseology; and certain members of our aristocracy, to whom he had acted as guide, and by whom he considered he had been badly treated, were "scaly." He ventured an opinion that "there was nothing like leather," when Poppyhead expressed his determination to buy a third pair of over-boots; and was decidedly of opinion that certain notabilities of the city (all of whom he knew, and whom he seemed to regard as his inalienable stock in trade) were "bricks." He informed us that there was "no end of fun" to be found in Copenhagen, and pitied us sincerely when, after resisting his endeavours to lure us to the local casinos, we expressed our determination to proceed at once to Helsinborg.

Having procured a bill of health from the Swedish consul, and had our passports further defaced (for the benefit of the various exchequers concerned), we proceeded in a droski, crammed to the roof with furs—somewhere in the depths of which we contrived to stow ourselves—to the *Ophelia*, a steamboat plying between Copenhagen, Elsinore, and Helsinborg. The *Ophelia!* —Shakspeare's Ophelia! We were conducted on board by the black guide, who, when I inquired whether we should have a fair passage, replied, with a pedantic air highly ludicrous to behold, "Pretty bobbish!" We went rapidly out of harbour past the Danish fleet, lying covered, and resembling very closely huge copies of the Noah's arks offered to children. These fine war-frigates, all dirty, and covered with dirty roofs, with here and there a few dingy men crawling about them, did not present a very imposing spectacle. We passed some fine steamboats and some fine merchant-men, as we steamed out merrily about mid-day into the Sound. The view of the town from the sea is really very imposing; and the batteries which I noticed on either side of us as we steamed onward toward the strait which connects the Sound with the Cattegat, suggested that

the enemy's fleet must have had tough work in these waters. Every point of the coasts (to the right Sweden, to the left Denmark) has a peculiar and a striking historical interest, pleasant to dwell upon, but too familiar to most readers to need recapitulation; but the main point of attraction to an Englishman is the little town of Elsinore, made memorable to all ages by the genius of Shakspeare—a genius recognised, we find, even by the Danish steamboat company. Here, if I wished to make a pedantic display, I might open up old speculations as to the parentage and deeds of Hamlet; inquire (citing a terrible array of authorities) whether Shakspeare's prince be a pure creation of the dramatist's genius, or a character elaborated and refined from an old tradition; whether a Norse myth, or a substantial historical character; and whether the plot of the tragedy was a plagiarism or an original conception. But the truth is, I am not deeply interested in the question. I have a kind of comfortable faith in the suggestion, that from a misty, rugged, Scandinavian legend Shakspeare gathered an idea; but I know that the idea is his, and is a splendid and an immortal one, and that the legend is buried in the cobwebs of centuries, and probably to all ordinary minds not suggestive of much poetry.

We touched at Elsinore to land passengers and take others on board bound for Sweden—for Helsinborg, the Swedish town opposite, within half an hour's distance. At Elsinore we took on board several passengers, evidently Swedes. These were fair men, stalwart, polite in manner, truly the "French of the north," with Kentish faces. While we were alongside the quay of Elsinore, we saw two or three boats loaded with Swedes tumble out of the port to cross the lively waters of the Sound.

And now good-bye to the Danes.

CHAPTER III.

SWEDEN : FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

AND now the *Ophelia* points her bowsprit to the land of Thor and Odin,—to the great rugged peninsula, with its wild mythology and its wild granite hills; its old, old legends, and its great surfaces of ancient rock. The tremendous works of the old Norse gods rise to my mind,—the terrible labours of the Scandinavian Hercules. Of the beautiful tree Igdrasil too I think, with its solemn poetic interpretations, and the mist in which it is imbedded; and of the Norse heaven, the natural Utopia of the old Norse life. I think too of the terrible pirates, with their feasts of raw flesh and their draughts of blood; and of the mystical Odin, whose influence first gave an expression to the rude Scandinavian heart. The learned in these matters, the squabblers about the letter of the Edda, may tear the details of this old belief of the North about as it pleases them: I am content to think that a hero arose here in far-off centuries; that he represented and interpreted his time, and that his memory was worshipped; that he was deified. And he *was* the god of his time, and of centuries after his time; because the highest type of the nature in which he moved and which he governed. That he gathered about him followers; that these followers became lesser gods, is not wonderful; and that these were linked with the operations of nature and reverenced as the masters of them also, is not to me re-

markable. That this Odin's influence, and the worship of him, spread far and wide, in fact wherever the race that first deified him was located, is a matter of obvious sequence. He became master of all: the fountain of all power: the earth was his mother, under the mystic influence of night; the earth, under the glory of the sun, his mate. Matter vanquished in the body of the giant Ymir his vassal; and under the lowest roots of the tree Igdrasil is Jotunhem, the home of his born enemies the giants. The Scaldic revelation which says that Odin first taught the art of song appears to me to be the key to the entire mythology. Afterwards we trace the gradual falling off from the brutal and vehement faith of the Berserker, when the Junglings, without the great genius of the god or hero Odin, claimed descent from him. This rude mythology—with no Parthenons, no Phidias—rough and rugged, had a strong heart in it. It is possible to conceive Mr. Cobden's abhorrence of a tradition wherein valour was made the passport to heaven; where Nelson would have stood in the doorway before the Howards and the Wilberforces: but I am not inclined to say "brutal and benighted," and there end. I rather pretend to fashion, for my own enjoyment, great souls burning amid all this violence of old—burning with wildest and most ungovernable fires; baring the breast under the eye of Odin; invoking Thor, and in the tempest seeing his frown,—in the summer his times of good humour; welcoming the tenderness of Balder the sun-god, the mild and good. Fogelberg has taken these in hand, and with the true Norse vigour shaped the trio into enduring marble.

But the business to be done on the arrival of a traveller outside the harbour of Helsingborg, soon drove all mythological speculations from my head; and we prepared to get

into a little boat, which came out from the harbour to meet us. This business took some time, inasmuch as all the passengers had furs of immense weight with them. We touched Swedish ground at last; and as a matter of course touched a custom-house officer at the same moment. Our luggage was taken to a little house at the end of the harbour; and here we once more displayed our linen for the edification of a government. I will say, however, that the search in this instance was politely conducted. On emerging from the little custom-house we were assailed by two touters, each representing, as a matter of course, the best hotel in the town. In an evil moment we chose the Hotel Mallborg; and here I made my bow of introduction to the social life of Sweden.

It was not a night calculated to throw the best-natured man into ecstasies with his experience. The rain was falling fast, the wind was high and cold; the pavement consisted of hills and valleys of rough stone, not in any way adapted to the patients of Mr. Eisenberg. The hotel was a dark, rambling house, with a staircase as wide as its best rooms. After many ineffectual attempts to explain that we wanted dinner immediately, we contrived, or the Captain contrived rather, to make a man fairly understand that we required three bed-rooms. Forthwith we were ushered into apartments, furnished comfortably, except that there were no carpets. We were closely followed by four or five specimens of Swedish working-men. These shewed signs, at once, of particular shrewdness. They saw at a glance that we were foreigners; but the Captain's eye was upon them. They demanded payment for carrying our luggage, I think, of three dollars, which the Captain declared was more than their proper charge; but which he was about to pay, when they, seeing that a little extortion was successful

thought they would make the best of their opportunity, and declared they meant three dollars *banco*. Now the reader should understand that in Sweden all transactions (save those with government and booksellers) are conducted in dollars *rix;* and when it is stated that three dollars *banco* are equivalent to five dollars *rix*, the difference will be obvious. Thus these fellows, thinking that we had not penetrated the mysteries of *banco* and *rix*, attempted to gull us, and succeeded, after a long discussion, maintained on both sides with more anger than intelligence. Having suffered this little initiatory swindling, we again turned our attention to the subject of dinner. Poppyhead advanced to the girl in attendance (a fair, coarse-looking girl, dressed like a French *bonne,* except that she had a kerchief of gaudy colours and thick material tied closely round her head, covering all but her face, with one corner falling coquettishly over her forehead), and pointing his finger vigorously to his mouth, endeavoured to convey our wants in an intelligible form. But at last the Captain bore up with his Swedish, and the girl, laughing, tripped away to see about our refreshment. We had heard various rumours about a diligence for Gottenburg. One man assured us that it started in an hour or two; another that we must wait two days at least for it; a third that it was already fully taken. The result of energetic inquiries was, that there was no diligence starting that night; and that every obstacle would be put in our way if we attempted to communicate with the diligence proprietors. I began to think that if this was a primitive country, abounding in all the rude virtues which mark a people trained in close unison with nature, I had happened most unfortunately to alight upon one little spot of the blessed land contaminated by more civilised notions. Our predicament would not have been enjoyed with a

keener relish by any hotel-keeper in Dover, than it was by the people of this Helsingborg inn. It was of great importance to one of my companions to reach Gottenburg in two days after our arrival at Helsingborg; hence it became a necessity to strike a bargain at once for a carriage to take us on our journey without delay. We made inquiries, the result of which was the demand of a most extortionate sum. The hotel people were calculating too much upon our condition; they thought we must either pay them their price for a carriage, or remain for some days their unwilling guests. We firmly declined to do either, and forthwith threw our furs about us, and went forth in quest of more moderate dealers. We found the rival establishment of the town; and there, after a lengthened debate with the landlord (who was so afraid of his rival that he wanted us to go to his hotel to meet his carriage), we agreed to a bargain, by which he undertook to convey us to Gottenburg, in two nights and two days, for about 9*l.* sterling in English money:—a charge which the Captain declared to be still most extortionate. We also agreed that we should leave as soon as the carriage could be got ready. Having effected this arrangement, we returned to our hotel, to eat our first Swedish dinner, about nine o'clock in the evening.

And here, for the first time, I was offered the *schnapps* generally taken by all classes before dinner; and then I first tasted the celebrated *bran-viin* of the country, of which I shall have some observations to make in their proper place. But I should offend the readers of popular travels, were I not to state that the cooking of our dinner was unexceptionable, and French in character. The Swedish beefsteak was the most peculiar dish we enjoyed. It appeared to me to be beef beaten to a tender state, chopped, and spread into a circular mass: it was excellent; to be

critical, a little too fat. We had a bottle of excellent St. Julien, some good coffee and cogniac; and then we began to pack ourselves up for our night's journey.

When travelling in Sweden, I found the packing of luggage a secondary matter to the packing of myself. The weather was not cold on the night we left Helsingborg; and I felt a kind of vague disappointment, having screwed up my courage to endure a frightful number of degrees below freezing-point. Yet the Captain warned me not to forsake my furs, and to pack myself up for regular Swedish weather. I began and ended thus. First, I gave myself a substantial breast-

work of flannel; secondly, I hugged myself in a thick pilot waistcoat, which I buttoned up to my throat; thirdly, I drew

on a thick pilot coat; fourthly, I turned about my neck a woollen scarf; fifthly, I drew on a second coat, as thick as any double blanket; sixthly, I pulled on close over my head a thick cap; seventhly, I sat down while a sympathising bystander hauled on a pair of snow-boots lined with fur; eighthly, my huge fur rock, which reached to my heels, was thrown over me, and my arms drawn into the sleeves. Thus bandaged, I made my way by slow degrees into the carriage waiting at the hotel doors, that dark and stormy night, to take us on our way north. (On the opposite page is a portrait of the author, travelling.)

My companions followed me in a similar description of packing. How we wedged ourselves into that carriage, with two or three carpet-bags, and other luggage that could not be stowed outside; how Poppyhead's india-rubber leggings turned up every ten minutes, to the discomfort of one of us; how we requested one another to move a leg, or remove that arm from those ribs; how we cursed our fate as the carriage rolled and tumbled over horrible roads on that dark night,—are matters of detail which I will pass over lightly, though they did not pass lightly over me. But one grievance I must insist upon inflicting on the reader. When we had got about two miles away from the town, we discovered that one of the front windows of the carriage was wanting, and that the rain was pouring in upon my devoted back. An explanation with the driver drew from him the cool reply that the window was broken; but that we need not mind it, it would let in the air. This impertinent observation roused even Poppyhead from an incipient doze to make an indignant remark. But the matter could not be mended on the high road; so we went forward, and the rain played its worst upon my

well-covered back. The carriage was so small, that it was impossible for all of us to stretch out our legs at once. This inconvenience led to a solemn convention, which bound each of us to take his turn of the convenient posture, and to yield it up at a proper time. We occupied two hours of that dreary night arranging and re-arranging the luggage, which kept tumbling about the vehicle; at the end of which time we arrived at the first posting station. The house was closed; not a ight was to be seen; the rain was pouring down heavily. Our sturdy coachman bayed at the door, and presently roused the postmaster, who growled and went to the stables. After waiting about three-quarters of an hour, we were favoured with two inelegant specimens of horseflesh, and a second postboy, and went tumbling and rolling on our weary way once more. Every half hour we condoled with one another on the prospect of forty-eight hours in this cramped vehicle, on these terrible roads. Whether the country, during the first two stages of our progress was fine or tame, I cannot say,—a wall of impenetrable darkness was all I saw beyond a yard or two from the carriage-windows. We arrived at the second station about five in the morning; this was Engelholm, a Swedish seaport, situate in a bay of the Cattegat, chiefly noticeable, I believe, for the obstinate defence it made to the Danes in 1673. I believe also that it was chiefly noticeable on this occasion to us as affording a station, a rude wood-house, where we could unpack ourselves for a short time, and ascertain that we continued to possess legs and arms. Here our coachman intimated that we had better remain till the dawn of day. This proposal did not at all meet our views; and the Captain, in energetic if not in elegant Swedish, intimated that we were determined to proceed directly the horses had arrived. Here

I learnt my two first Swedish words, *Hastaer strax!** These syllables have been impressed upon my memory by the voice of the Captain, in the depths of dark winter nights! At every station these words were shouted vehemently from our carriage-window; in widely separate parts of the Scandinavian peninsula, I have awoke to these euphonious syllables on many a night; I have aroused others with them myself; I have a theory that with these two words any foreigner may, without inconvenience, travel even from Stockholm to Malmö.

At Engelholm we found that it was impossible to procure horses in less time than two hours; so we entered the station at the suggestion of the coachman, in the outer room of which a woman was lying in bed with a child at her side. This room had a counter in one corner covered with glasses and bottles, all putting me in mind of a little French auberge. The woman did not appear to be at all disturbed at our presence, and exchanged a word indifferently with our coachman as he conducted us into the inner room, which was especially set apart for travellers.

Here I first noticed that pervading odour of turpentine which fills all the country places of Sweden. At first this odour (which comes from the fir-twigs scattered universally about the floors) was extremely disagreeable; but gradually, (when it brought associations of a pleasant nature to my mind, I suppose,) I rather liked it. Even the game is flavoured with turpentine. In this travellers' room every thing was extremely neat and clean. There was a large earthenware stove in the corner which reached to the ceiling, was hot from top to basement, and diffused a pleasant heat throughout the room, while it kept the coffee warm for any visitors who might de-

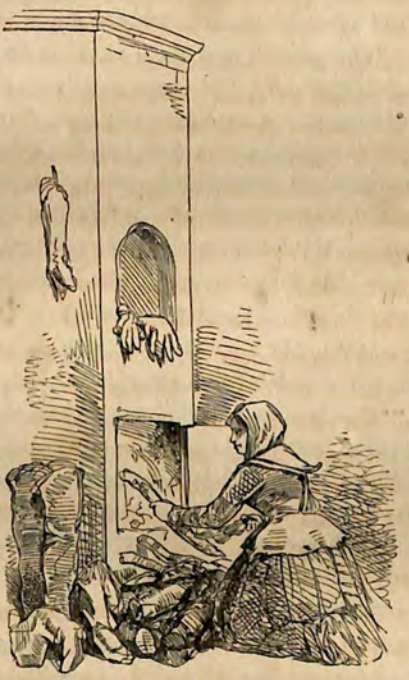
* Horses directly!

sire it. The table was covered with a snow-white cloth, and laid out with a silver service, as good as any to be found in ordinary middle-class establishments in England. And this I remarked in the poorest houses—always handsome silver spoons and coffee-pots; these are the pride of the peasantry. We, however, resisted the fragrant fumes of the tobacco, and contented ourselves with the amusement of burning sugar in brandy to make a sweet, soft, thick liqueur, which the Captain strongly recommended to me; and which I now strongly recommend to experimentalists in such luxuries.

At about a quarter to six we started once more on our journey, having packed ourselves a little more comfortably than at first in the carriage. The Captain produced a wax taper, which we lit, and held by turns. The road led presently through a dark pine-forest; and here the coachman declared that he could not see an inch beyond the horses' heads. The wind was roaring through the tall pines, the rain was falling in torrents, and before us was a terribly steep hill. The only method we could devise was to hold the taper against the window, so that it might throw a little light into the road. The coachman seemed to be in some dark cavern near us, for we could not see him; and the shrill shriek of the postboy had an awfully wild sound there.

Presently we moved forward, not even the most timid coachman in Sweden consenting to go at less than full speed down the steepest hill. The motion of the carriage, the horrible creaking and groaning of it, and the frequent lurches of the Captain and myself, all combined, were sufficiently exciting to keep even Poppyhead awake. We travelled, however, valiantly forward through Laholm, at the mouth of the Laga, and arrived somewhere about mid-day at Halmstadt, the seat of flourishing

woollen manufactures, and remarkable for the abundant salmon-fishery hereabouts of the Nissa, at the mouth of which the town is situated. But we cared neither for the woollen manufactures nor for the fish, considered as an article of commercial value,—our undivided attention was given to a breakfast. A welcome



odour of turpentine soon assured us that we were in a comfortable posting-station of the first class ; and a smiling *flika** soon

* Girl.

busied herself, at our suggestion, with preparations for a huge fire in a huge stove. The quantity of wood which an ordinary Swedish stove will stow away at once is something really astonishing. I have given a sketch of the girl at work.

The blaze of fire soon raised by the ventilator had a wonderfully cheerful effect; and when we threw the stove-door open, and saw the huge red logs, with fantastic flames curling about them, and felt the grateful heat about us, we threw off our furs joyfully, and kicked about like young colts, to regain the perfect use of our limbs. A wash even in a basin that held about a pint of water, refreshed me. I cooled my hot eyes and hands, and sat down with my companions to a breakfast of beefsteaks and woodcock, excellently served. Before breakfast we had a glass of bran-viin, and our clumps of rye-bread, and cured fish, and cheese, like Swedes proper. But I shall give a short and particular chapter to the Swedes at table.

Having rested a full hour from the fatigues of the night, we again packed ourselves, and returned to our terrible imprisonment. We now went briskly forward for two or three hours by daylight, and caught glimpses of Swedish landscape. Between Halmstadt and Fulkenberg (which we reached late at night) the country presents many of the general characteristics of Swedish scenery. The abundant streams of water that dance about Sweden give every where a life and cheerfulness to its landscape; the huge masses of granite that peep continually out of the earth, in the midst of cultivated fields, in peasants' cottage-gardens, give to it a peculiar aspect, not without its beauty. Our way this day lay across foaming rivers, rushing wildly over granite rocks, and through deep and tangled fissures, into the Cattegat; past streams threading their way down sloping rocks by the roadside; past straggling

wooden houses, all painted red (to preserve the wood); past well-cultivated lands, with huge masses of stone lying undisturbed in the centre of them, because the farmers believe these lumps of rocks, cast into their fields, shelter their crops from harm—a lingering bit of the old Norse religion. Then our way lay through hundreds of acres of barren moorland (all dreary enough), and then over a mass of granite sprinkled with coarse vegetation, with mosses of various hues, and coarse grass. Almost within any English mile of our progress, we passed foaming streams turning busy mills, and saw Swedish millers pause to enjoy a leisurely stare at us. But let me say at once the Swedes are all polite; in manners truly and thoroughly the French of the north. No peasant passes a carriage without raising his hat; no gentleman fails courteously to return the salute. I am inclined to think that in these passing courtesies there is something honest; and that their general observance says much in favour of the good feeling of the nation. While we were discussing these points, night closed in, or, as a particularly impressive Yankee expressed it, "Night threw her mantle o'er the earth, and pinned it with a star!"

Of the delays we experienced at the stations—sometimes of half an hour, sometimes of two hours—I shall not give the reader a particular account. We shouted *Hastaer strax!* lustily, every five minutes; we intimated to our driver, in the strongest language the Captain could command, our personal opinions of him; we talked wildly to the post-masters about reporting them at head-quarters; we discussed angrily the state of affairs in the Scandinavian peninsula generally, and the districts through which we were passing particularly; we all found that we were bruised from head to foot; I could not speak above a whisper, in consequence of the airy arrangement

of the vehicle from the absent pane of glass; and Poppyhead kept quiet, thinking, if I am not mistaken, of his happy childhood.

When day dawned we all looked miserable objects, and we found ourselves in a very dreary part of the country. All around was moorland and rock! Huge masses of granite rose to an immense height; brown, stunted vegetation filled up every chink in them. Dreary, and silent, and flat, the prospect was, without any signs of animal life. We heard no birds, could see none; and the winds howled over all, and the sky threatened. Thor's frown was upon the scene undoubtedly. We had left Fulkenberg and Warburg behind us in the night, —Warburg, with its foundation of rock and entourage of water. And now we had halted at the station of Asa. Here we found a number of travellers waiting to be served with horses. We

saw at once that we should be compelled to make a considerable stay here; so that we had full opportunity of observing the varieties of Swedish travellers to be met with on a Swedish highway.

First, there are the poorer class of Swedes, who are compelled, for the sake of economy, to travel in the peasants' carts, and who are generally enveloped in very coarse furs, their heads covered with very long-peaked caps. (See a rough sketch of one of these on the opposite page.) Then there are the independent class of men, who possess a carriole, and are up to all the "dodges" of Swedish travelling:—the mat-sack, the little luggage, the proper charges for postboys and horses, and who generally have theories about getting from one end of Sweden to the other for incredibly small sums of money. This class has generally a moustache of prodigious proportions. Then there are the commercial men, who travel in carriages very like those to be hired at Hastings or Ramsgate for two shillings per hour,—vehicles of most shabby exterior, which appear to have seen better days, yet have never been seen in their days of early beauty. These vehicles require two, and sometimes three horses, and are generally occupied by middle-aged gentlemen, who look gravely out from the depth of handsome furs, upon the peasants gathered about the vehicle. Lastly, there is the dashing travelling vehicle, evidently the property of the evident count within; the harness chiefly made of leather tells you this at once. Another feature of the scene is the money-bag. The carriole proprietor has his slung round his neck; the traveller in the peasant's cart has a coarse linen bag; the count has his money in the pocket of his carriage. In matters of refreshment I noticed differences also. The traveller per peasant's cart depended upon the

"cooked milk" and plentiful eggs of the station; the carriole provider had some provisions with him, some brandy and cured flesh; the count from his mat-sac produced jerper exquisitely cooked, substantial bottles of sherry, and steaks ready prepared and requiring only to be warmed, perhaps also pancakes rolled up, to be eaten in the fingers. Thus, to the station-master, the patron of a peasant's cart will generally, I should say, prove the best customer.

We spurred on our driver to get horses as soon as possible, and even to give a few skillings to the postmaster as a bribe. These incitements so far facilitated matters that we did not wait more than one hour and one quarter at Asa; and particularly glad we were when the postboy appeared with his two huge corn cakes under his arm, to be given to the horses when half way on their road. Our way through this dreary region was not without interest, for it called to mind the old legends of the North:—their desolate scenery, grand from their utter desolation. While performing this station, one of the horses became restive, and refused stoutly to move forward. In vain the driver whipped or coaxed the beast; it had a spirit above a whipping, and plunged and kicked from one side of the road to the other; whereupon the postboy declared that there was a devil in the horse. The method of expulsion must have been more amusing to us than to the animal. The boy jumped from his seat, seized the horse's head, pulled open his mouth, looked fiercely down his throat, and then spat down it; which processes, according to postboy logic or faith, had the immediate effect of expelling the devil. Certainly, the horse, in some way surprised by this treatment, became presently docile, and proceeded discreetly on his way, while the postboy glanced round at us with an air of triumph. We were inclined to cry

out "How barbarous!" and to hug ourselves very comfortably in our own national advancement; but suddenly remembered that we had left a native land teeming with rampant, powerful superstitions:—superstitions without the excuse of ignorance. Those of the ancients formed part of their religion; they consulted oracles as now men pray. The stars were the arbiters of their fortunes. Natural phenomena, as lightning and hurricanes, were to them awful expressions of the anger of their particular deities. They had their *dies atri* and their *dies albi;* the former were marked down in their calendars with a black character, to signify ill-luck; and the latter were painted in white characters, to denote bright and propitious days. They followed the finger-posts of their teachers. Faith gave dignity to the tenets of the star-gazer and the fire-worshipper. The priests of old taught their disciples to regard six particular days in the year as days fraught with unusual danger to mankind. Men were enjoined not to let blood on these black days, nor to imbibe any liquid. It was devoutly believed that he who ate goose on one of these black days would surely die within forty more, and that any "little stranger" who made his appearance on one of these *dies atri* would surely die a sinful and violent death. Men were further enjoined to let blood from the right arm on the seventh or fourteenth of March; from the left arm on the eleventh of April; and from either arm on the third or sixth of May, that they might avoid pestilential diseases. Such barbaric observances, when brought before pious people of modern times, as illustrations of the moral darkness of the ancients, are considered at once to be proof positive of the abject condition of these. The enlightened nineteenth century is forthwith trotted out to carry the vanity of modern men. I think Poppyhead was about to

make an observation on this head, when I ventured these remarks; but I think I confounded him with illustrations of my own. I instanced that excellent mother, that Peckham pattern of the social virtues, Mrs. Flimmins, who will not undertake a sea-voyage on a Friday, and who refused her consent to the day appointed for her daughter's marriage because it fell on this unlucky day of the week. She has profound pity for the poor benighted Red Indians, who will not do certain things while the moon presents a certain appearance, and who attach all kinds of sacred influences to certain poor dumb brutes; yet if her cat purrs more than usual, she gratefully accepts the warning, and abandons the trip she had promised herself on the morrow. Then, Poppyhead, my boy, there is Miss Nippers, who subscribes largely to the fund for eradicating superstitions from the minds of the wretched inhabitants of Kamtschatka! While she is calculating the advantages to be derived from a mission to the South-Sea Islands, to do away with the fearful superstitious reverence in which those poor dear islanders hold the native flea, a coal pops from the fire, and she at once augurs, from its shape, an abundance of money, that will enable her to set her pious undertaking in operation; but on no account will she open her list of subscriptions for the Anti-drinking-slave-grown-sugar-in-tea Society on a Monday, because she has always remarked that this day is her black day. Her poodle died on a Monday; on a Monday she caught that severe cold at Brighton, from the ill-effects of which she is afraid she will never recover. Then there is poor Mrs. Piptoss, whose unearthly warnings have well-nigh spoilt all her furniture; for, when a relation dies, the fact is not announced to her in the commonplace form of a letter,—no, an invisible sledge-hammer falls upon the Broadwood; an unseen

power upsets her loo-table; all the doors of her house unanimously blow open, and a coffin flies out of the fire into her lap!—yet she piously sits twice every Sunday under the Reverend Mr. Daniel I'-th'-lions'-den (of a very old family), and looks severely up at the windows of her neighbours (who do not sit under that gentleman) on her way to and fro. I might have pursued this theme to a considerable length, and perhaps to a satisfactory conclusion; I might have enlarged upon the absurdity of investing snuffers with prophetic power in the matter of husbands, and upon the improbabilities of any connexion existing between gifts and knots in stay-laces,—had not the Captain drawn my attention to the condition of the roads. I have seen considerable ruts in my time, in the by-ways of England and France and elsewhere, but they were trivial indentations when compared with the chasms now before us. The mud was soft, and the wheels were buried, sometimes for a quarter of a mile, beyond the spokes, so that we could fancy ourselves approaching Kensal Green rather than the station at which we were to have our first meal that day. The horses walked, and the carriage rolled and tumbled:—the exercise necessary to keep one's seat was most exhausting. The country was perhaps very fine hereabouts; but we could not notice it, the roads concentrating our exclusive attention. But we presently approached the great chains of granite hills, which warned us that we were near Gottenburg.

We crawled through this grand, this terrible region, past peasants in indescribably intricate costumes, but always leather aprons; past Swedish peasant-women, who looked like English farm-girls in French peasant dresses; past extraordinary bundles of clothes in extraordinary conveyances, all merrily travelling along this awfully muddy road. But presently the

sublime aspect of this vast region of rocks fastened its impressive thoughts upon me. I had already seen rocky country; but here all was rock,—Stonehenge a thousand times magnified; ruins of heathen temples all heaped up together! The masonry work of the world shot pell-mell upon a vast plain of stone, seemed to me hardly to approach, as an image, the grandeur of the colossal granite masses that lay about here, surrounded by their parental granite hills, glistening with silver-varied rivulets, or worn by foaming, roaring torrents. The sun was setting, and the hills brightened with a thousand colours. Every conceivable tint was here in the foreground, on the moss or on the stone, or reflected in the dancing waters. And now we passed the huge burnished face of a rock, with its thousand tints upon it:—a rock that I called Turner's palette. Here, exactly here, I thought, on the arrival of certain giant maids from Jotunhem, Odin certainly hurled his terrible spear amidst the people, which struck the fire of the first war:—for this majestic granite is of an age the remoteness of which we cannot estimate, compared with which Odin's time is the modern historical era. And the vault above me, let it be nothing but Ymir's skull, as of old,—the sea, his blood; the earth, his body! On all this great and suggestive expanse, this proper scene of the Scaldic songs, this natural home of the great deities of grand northern nature, Thor's eyebrows gather fiercely, Balder's sunlight fades fast, and leaves us to be jolted horribly for a few hours longer before we reach the suburbs of Gottenburg. Poppyhead was in a terrible condition; the Captain was voluble still, on the internal administration of Swedish affairs; and I was silent on all subjects save those of bathing and supping, when the driver threw the reins over the horses' backs, took off his huge cap, and wiped his manly brows before the Gotha Kellare.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COMMERCIAL CAPITAL OF THE NORTH.

In 1834 Mr. Samuel Laing described Gottenburg in these words: "Gottenburg resembles some of the old decayed towns of Holland, with its wide streets of good houses, canals in the middle of the streets, and nothing stirring either in the streets or in the canals. Few places have suffered greater vicissitudes. It had a flourishing herring-fishery; but the fish disappeared from the Skaggerack, and never returned. It had an East India trade, which failed; and during the last war, it had a third period of prosperity, which vanished with the return of peace."* This was perhaps a true picture in 1834; but it was ludicrously false in 1852. Gustavus Adolphus, the great founder of the city, prophesied that it would presently be the great centre of Scandinavian commerce; now that prophecy is fulfilled. Whether Gottenburg may rank with certain commercial ports or not, is a question open to discussion; but that it *is* the Liverpool of the Scandinavian peninsula even now, and that its streets are thronged daily with active merchants; that its port is filled with vessels; and that its commercial men are rising daily in the estimation of the merchants of Europe,—are points admitted in every market-place. The rapidity with which its commerce is increasing may be

* Journal of a Residence in Norway during the years 1834, 1835, and 1836. By Samuel Laing, Esq. *The Traveller's Library.* 1852.

shown by the returns of its exportations to England. For example, in 1850, 12,000 tons of wood left this port for England; in the following year, 27,000 tons were consigned to the same destination. In 1850, England imported from Sweden no less than 29,500 tons of iron, and nearly all the oats raised in the peninsula. In truth, the activity apparent in every part of the city, when, on the morning after my arrival, I strolled down its handsome streets, under cloudless heavens, and with the invigorating influence of a sharp, dry frost, was startling. Fine ships lay alongside the quays; English sailors were strolling about; the Swedish guards (tall, handsomely equipped troops) were marching to and fro; serious men were tripping hastily from office to office; and in the centre of the broadest street were two omnibuses, the appearance of which carried one mentally to Paddington. A flourish on the horn, in which the conductors indulged at starting, destroyed the illusion.

Gottenburg may be described in a few words, as a city consisting chiefly of three or four fine wide streets intersecting one another at right angles: each street ornamented with a canal running through its central space, flanked on either bank by fine rows of trees. When I write broad streets, I mean thoroughfares *considerably* wider than the Parisian boulevards. The houses in the principal thoroughfares are high and substantial, not remarkable for any architectural beauties, yet offering solid comfortable homes to business men. Their exterior and interior closely resemble large French houses. Here is the same huge gateway; the same division of the premises into floors for separate families; the same large rooms or galleries; the same snug ante-chambers, sacred often to scandal. The rooms are not crammed with furniture; pain-

ful displays of bad taste, in the shape of trashy prints and bad books well bound, cannot be observed; the space is free; the general effect elegant. In the public rooms of Gottenburg I noticed the same simplicity. For instance, at the fashionable dining-place, the Prince Carl, the rooms were plainly furnished, yet there was taste in the arrangement—something that I found a great relief after the overdone upholstery of fashionable clubs and modern dining-places. A fine porphyry table conveniently placed, a glass hung exactly in its proper position, curtains to break the harsh lines of the windows without darkening the rooms,—these were the points of arrangement. At the Gotha Kellare the same taste was observable, and I noticed it subsequently in excellently appointed establishments. The Swedes laugh at us for invariably planting a table of portentous dimensions in the centre of our rooms.

We spent the day after our arrival in Gottenburg in strolling about the town, in watching the shifting phases of its daily operations. In the evening, to my particular astonishment, the streets were brilliantly lighted with gas; an advance which Stockholm has not yet made in modern improvements, but is now on the point of making.

Under a full moon, on a cloudless night, Gottenburg, from one of its bridges, had a truly Venetian effect; nothing was wanting, save the gondolas. softly stealing about, and the dark Italians standing in bold relief from the white houses. The sounds of music drew a party of us over the bridge to the café at the corner of the square where the Townhall and the Barracks are situated. Here we found the young men of the town congregated in considerable force, drinking Swedish punch, from diminutive tumblers, and smoking, and listening to some of

Bellman's popular songs, sung by three Danish women and a man, planted in a corner of one of the rooms; the ladies ornamented with slouched hats, surmounted by prodigious feathers. These minstrels had only just arrived in the town, and appeared to be very welcome. In addition to Bellman's songs (which the young Swedes applauded immensely, and laughed at immoderately), the ladies chanted one or two of the Danish war-songs which came up during the last Holstein struggle. We sipped some Swedish punch (which is sweet and thick, and, I should say, unpleasant to contemplate on the morrow morning, if freely taken overnight), heard one or two songs, and left with the reflection that the scene was very French, and that the Swedish gentlemen, with their fair hair and pale blue eyes, looked strange in Parisian costume. This café, like all public and

private establishments in Sweden, was entered through a coat and boot room, where the immense furs and watermen's boots of a Swedish visitor must be deposited. These ante-rooms in

a private house on the evening of a party present a most extraordinary appearance. Fur-boots of every shape and size, some reaching to the ankles, others to the knees; huge coats with hoods, and furs of all colours and patterns; and servants waiting with lanterns to see their masters and mistresses home.

The conveniences and inconveniences of a Swedish hotel are not remarkable: those of the Gotha Kellare were not so. The house was a huge square house, consisting of two floors of long galleries, with rooms on one side of them. The general staircase was paved like our streets, but the rooms were comfortable, and remarkably clean. Herein were little Norman beds, like those we first saw at Kiel, with the water-bottle filled with pure spring water, placed upon a little square table near them. I never saw a Swedish bed-room without seeing a bottle of water and a tumbler conveniently placed near the head of the bed. There are double windows to all rooms, even in the poorest houses, with wool, in fantastic patterns, sometimes stuffed between the panes. I noticed too, that many of the windows are not made to open; and I was told that the Swedes very seldom, even in the height of summer, throw open their casements and let in the pure warm air. In Stockholm, whenever a Swede, as he passes along the street, sees an open window, he says, "Certainly an Englishman lives there."

The Gotha Kellare had, however, one particularly national inconvenience,—a want of bells; so that when I wanted hot water or breakfast, it was necessary for me to leave my room, walk along the cold gallery to the head of a staircase, and there to pull a huge bell swung over the banisters. Having gone thus far, I had to direct my attention to a dial placed above, round which the numbers of the rooms in the gallery were painted, and to point the hand fastened to the dial to my

number. Thus, it was an excellent practical joke for the sprightly visitors, to wait till an unfortunate man had rung the bell and had turned the hand to his number, to rush out, after he had returned to his apartment, and before the *flika* made her appearance, to change the position of the hand.

One fact I ascertained for a certainty, and I make a present of it to Dr. Latham, or any ethnological inquirer who may choose to use it,—it is, that the modern Scandinavians snore. Now I had heard some very creditable performances of this nature on my way to Gottenburg; but the Swede who slept in the room next to mine made Poppyhead's accomplishment appear contemptible. I should not like (lest some of the gentleman's family chance to glance at this page) to recite for public gratification the severe criticisms, which, in the dead hours of the night, I frequently pronounced on this Swede's unhappy head; I will say, that all I wish my worst enemy is, that some night, when he has been harassed throughout the day, and is thoroughly exhausted with physical fatigue, fate may so dexterously arrange human vengeance, as to deposit him next my unwelcome neighbour of Gottenburg.

We expected to find a terribly low thermometer here, in Gottenburg, at the end of November; but to the secret disappointment of all of us (for it destroyed the romance of the stories to be told on our return), the frost had not laid violent hands on the nose of a single inhabitant. Had kind Fate frozen a guard on the market-place, it would have been something! But no, the weather closely resembled London weather in November, except in the matter of fogs; yet the Swedes are wonderfully provided against cold, and I stick to my furs like a Laplander. This mildness, I was told by a neighbour at a private dinner-party, is not unusual in Gottenburg in Novem-

ber, but there had been a terrible frost, and the canals had been as solid as the rocks upon which the town is built.

By the way, I might write much about this same dinner, were I altogether at my ease on the subject; for of late years, a few people from my "great and glorious" country appear to have visited this part of the world with a determination to get as many gratuitous dinners, and as many pert descriptions thereof as possible, out of the hospitable Swedes. As I have remarked already, I am not, therefore, altogether at my ease on this subject. I should like to convey to Englishmen some correct impressions of the social observances here, but I tremble to think that a picture designed to present general characteristics should pass for individual portraiture. I am not at all inclined to herd with those who eat a man's dinner, that they may study the contour of his head, take an inventory of his furniture, and remark upon his wife. I will try to catch the general points of a Swedish dinner-party, without falling into personality. In the first place, then, I found the Swedish people essentially a ceremonious people. If a Frenchman, on a moderate calculation, removes his hat twenty times in the course of a morning walk, a Swede lifts his thirty times. In a room the bowing is incessant. The men bowed to one another as we bow to ladies; even intimate friends appeared to accost and take leave of one another with the nicest formality. This was all very French; but then the people looked English. Yet, I should add, in these formalities there was nothing restrained, nothing, after a time, freezing; but it was necessary to have experience, and the experience was troublesome in the getting.

You are about to address a lady. Say to her:

"Have you heard Normani, at Stockholm, in the *Pro-*

phète?" and you will commit a grave error. The young lady will perhaps describe you to her friends as an impudently familiar fellow. The form should have been:

"Has Mademoiselle —— heard Normani?"

This form of address is exacted not only by the Swedish ladies, but is observed also among Swedish gentlemen.

Dinner in Sweden is usually eaten at two o'clock. Punctual to the hour the guests make their appearance and their bow to their host and hostess. Soon afterwards, the ladies proceed to the dining-room to the snapps; but very few take it; and the gentlemen quickly follow, and *do* take the snapps. The party is then ushered to the table. Of Swedish dinners I hope to write something in a distinct and formal chapter: the subject is too grave to be passed over as an incident in a general description. The ghost of Vatel, the shade of Brillat de Savarin would haunt me, were I to pass by the kitchens of Scandinavia with a few flippant sentences.

But of people gathered about a dinner-table I may here write a few more notes. They are without restraint, and very conversational. Their after-dinner speeches (when they make them) are generally, I think, of the same butter-all-round description as those indulged in by the private curses of English society. The Swedes appeared to think with us that they were all "jolly good fellows," after a second bottle of wine, and that they lived only to increase their intense mutual admiration. After dinner, in England, each individual toasted is a happy illustration of every cardinal virtue: he is a model father, a model friend, a model brother—in short, a model man. He is Horace Mayhew's volume of model men rolled into one splendid organisation. Well, this splendid being struts about Sweden also every evening, but dissolves every

morning, as with us, when the sun and headaches come. There is a marked difference, however, between the English after-dinner orator and his Swedish brother. The Englishman about to pronounce or rather splutter a panegyric, rises, hooks his left thumb in the arm-hole of his waistcoat, and with an upraised right hand, opens fire upon the enemy. As he proceeds to tack wings to the back of his inestimable friend Tomkins, he warms sensibly; he raps the table, he spreads out his arms, his voice runs discordantly up and down the scale, and he concludes with a storm. During this exhibition the bashful Tomkins busies himself with his watchkey. The Swedish orator does not rise from his seat. He speaks in so low a tone of voice, that at first you pay no attention, thinking he is addressing his neighbour only. The voice throughout preserves an even intonation; there is no perceptible rise or fall of passion in it, and the words are given in spasmodic threes and fours, thus:

"I am anxious—that we should—do all honour—to the toast—which has been—intrusted to my care. Herr G— has been—for many years—engaged—always—in the undertaking—which has now—been brought—to—a very successful issue." These words are pronounced with sharp, short pauses; the voice falling to a whisper at the end of each sentence. The guests are silent throughout. No table-rapping here; no hear, hears! no tremendous cheering: all is quiet and ceremonious. But Herr G. does not act like Tomkins. This gentleman, the instant his name is mentioned by his panegyrist, rises, and continues standing till the company have drunk the toast proposed in his honour.

When the toasts are over, the dinner is brought to a conclusion by a movement on the part of the host and hostess.

Suddenly the guests all stand up, and retreat from the table to an adjoining room, where coffee is immediately served; after which the guests bow, about seven o'clock, to the host and hostess, and retire, to return (if they please) in the course of the evening.

To praise the manners of the friends I met would be but a poor compliment. Inclined generally to agree with Theodore Parker, that in these days "friendship is deemed too romantic for a trading town," I halted here in my estimate, and said to myself: All is not yet levelled in this place to a debtor-and-creditor account; not here yet do men all feel inclined to keep their accounts with heaven by double entry. There is still a little honest feeling left, something of the religion of the heart, that has but the frailest connexion with the established forms of religion, something bound to the spirit of Christianity rather than to its hired professors and selfish interpreters. What is the duty of a good Christian? To pay his church-rates punctually, says the pluralist parson; to have a kindly shake of the hand and an open heart for all his neighbours, says a sadly ignorant man, who has never read the Fathers, knows nothing of Latin, it may be signs his name with a cross—a signature, by the way, that, when contrasted with the delicate wave of the professor's ancient name, aptly typifies all the differences that lie between the two. On the one hand, erudition, all the history of religion, the ready arguments in support of the fashionable formula; on the other, noble affections, loving all things, not with a view to salvation, and therefore as a matter of spiritual economy, but for the irresistible pleasure of loving; because love possesses every pore, breathes in every breath, and is full of hearty thanks to the Great Parent; religion as Kingsley preaches it, rather than

as some of the bishops fatten upon it. Yet even here, where these thoughts of serious matters that are passing before all of us daily, occupied me, I heard that persecution in religious matters, in this country of Gustavus Adolphus, among this people, whose ancestors fell like heroes for religious emancipation, was cruelly practised. Ay, the "enlightened Protestant" cuffing and binding the "bigoted Catholic;" the followers of Luther imitating the cruelties from which he freed them. Well might this strange turn in recent history attract the attention of the House of Commons; well might living readers be startled at the revelations in Mr. Gordon's dispatches from Stockholm. The retort on the part of a Catholic member, that the persecutions of Catholics by Protestants were calmly allowed by English ministers, while they were glad to earn popularity by writing pompous dispatches when Protestants were in any way persecuted by Catholics, was severe, because it was just. "O bigotry! Devil who turnest God's love into man's curse! are not human hearts hard and blind enough of themselves, without thy cursed help?"*

But, as I have already written, there was to me, an utter stranger here, a heartiness about the men with whom I was brought in contact—a sincerity and a grace, which opened my heart towards them. I had been told that the Swedes generally were mean and treacherous. I found them, to a stranger from whom they had to expect no benefit, gentle, full of attention, and magnificently hospitable. But of the Swedes as a nation I shall venture to write more at length presently. For the present I must return to my business in Gottenburg.

I attended here the first public meeting on the subject

* *Yeast: a Problem.* By Charles Kingsley, Jun., Rector of Eversley.

of a railway ever held in Sweden. In the history of a country like this, such a day was not an unimportant one; and as witnessed by an Englishman, it was a curious scene. The cool, business-like bearing of the English promoters, contrasted oddly with the excited aspect of their Swedish co-operators. To one gentleman, however, in particular that second day of November was a day of triumph. The years during which, through good and evil report, in the face of obstacles that would have daunted most men; the Count Adolphe Rosen endeavoured to secure for his country the great modern advantage with which most foreign states had for a long time been familiar, viz. that of steam locomotion; I say, the years spent in this single endeavour, spent in difficulty, and regardless of the fierce opposition of the House of Peasants, who voted almost to a man against the introduction of any railway into the country, were nobly spent, and were on this day crowned with triumphant success. Therefore to the Count this was a day of particular rejoicing—one which closed the long period of his struggle, and began his time of tranquil self-congratulation.

The meeting was held at the Townhall, and was attended by about thirty of the first class Gottenburg merchants. These were regarded by the "canal party"* as traitors to their country; by these it was vehemently asserted that railways would ruin the country (as they were to have ruined England and all other countries into which they have been introduced). To all the Swedes present the day was one of great excitement. The plans were examined, Count Rosen was voted to the chair, the royal charter was read, and mutual compliments were exchanged. One director informed me, in confidence,

* The proprietors, and friends of proprietors, of shares in the Gotha canal.

that his wife had allowed him to join the board, on the strict understanding that he would never put his foot into a railway train when the line was completed. Strange enough did it seem to me (who had lately travelled from London to Cologne in twenty-four hours), to hear men talking of a railway almost as we talk of balloon navigation.* Strange, as we stood there, looking at the ships sailing along the broad street before us!

I wandered in company with the Captain to that part of the town where the seafaring people live. Here, on one side of the street, were houses; on the other, tumbled masses of rock! The houses were of wood, in some instances fantastically painted; every where the double windows. We ascended the heights, and obtained a fine view of the town, encompassed by its granite hills, with water flowing in intricate patterns on the map; the ships rocking lazily in the harbour, and the steeple of the highest church (strangely modelled) towering beyond the surrounding buildings: on the opposite hill a telegraph that reminded us of the times in England when electricity was only used to terrify women at the Polytechnic, for one shilling. We descended from our pleasant elevation very cautiously. The way was steep and rocky, and sheets of ice filled up every hollow.

We began to hope that in a day or two the sledges would be out, and the merry bells of the horses heard along the sparkling roads of snow. And with this prospect (always remembering that we had the Hamburger's heaviest furs with us) we walked back through the town about two o'clock. We re-

* The English gentlemen present at the above meeting were, Sir John Rennie (who is constructing the first Swedish railway *now*) and Mr. Charles Henry Edmands.

paired to a money-changer's to get more Swedish money for our English gold; but found the offices closed, and learned that the Swedish merchants suspend business for about two or three hours in the height of the day, that they may dine comfortably; and that they return to their offices for about an hour's leisurely attention to affairs, after dinner. I can imagine the disgust with which your regular ten-hours-a-day English merchant (who takes a chop at his desk) would hear of these proceedings. There are many Scotchmen flourishing at Gottenburg, who, with "precocious sagacity, left their native country at an early age:"* I should say that *they* do not lose two or three hours in the day over the dinner-table.

It was late in the afternoon when we returned to the merchant's counting-house to change our money, and receive, in return for bright English sovereigns, bundles of soiled paper; losing, by exchanging 40*l.*, the sum of 1*l.*;—in other words, paying sixpence in the pound for the accommodation! And this monstrous price was taken within three days' journey of Hull! Then we really and truly blessed the promoters of the railway that was to introduce English engineers, English business, English activity, into the country, to connect the Wenern Lake with the Wettern, and so make the journey from London to Stockholm an easy holiday trip, affording to miners a cheap highway to the markets of the world, for their minerals. Therefore it will bring Englishmen and Swedes into constant communication; it will tempt the Fudge families, who have exhausted Paris and the Rhine, to the Falls of Trollhaettar and to Stockholm; it will deposit "Our own Correspondents" at Orebro; it will carry brave sportsmen to brave sport; and so, when the frost thaws next year, I hope to give three hearty cheers as Sir

* *Biscuits and Grog.* By James Hannay, Esq. R.N.

John Rennie marshals his men for the work to be done in two summers between Köping and Hult. Presently, I believe and hope, Englishmen will be able to change British money throughout Sweden, her Majesty's portrait (on gold) being as familiar to all people in Dalecarlia as in Sussex or Kent. I should have written Wiltshire, but that in this part of magnificent fatherland it takes a labourer three weeks' hard work to clasp his sovereign's portrait in gold.

My last day in Gottenburg was spent in desultory rambling: gazing at the foaming mill-stream close to the hotel; watching the troops at the guard-house; inspecting the fine site where the statue of the great founder of the city is to stand; leaving cards with the friends who had welcomed me; examining the light literature of Sweden at a bookseller's (illustrated with jocose drawings of ladies and gentlemen falling out of sledges, and other local suggestions); laying in a huge bagful of copper skillings for the post-boys we should have to fee on our road to Orebro; and personally inquiring into the exact quantity of food and wine, of our own choosing, to be stowed away in the carriage: — we had had experience enough of the romance of limited refreshment, and were determined, during the remainder of our journey, to try the gross materialism of abundant eating and drinking.

On the eve of our departure we gathered a pleasant party in our sitting-room, the conviviality of which was, I fear, a little saddened by the fact, that we could not possibly make our *flika*, Catherina, understand the difference between rum and brandy. Now, some of the company objected decidedly to rum; therefore Catherina's obstinacy was particularly trying. I held up the bottle of rum before her astonished eyes, and shouting, "*Inter dat!*" thrust it back into her hands, roaring vehement-

ly, "Cognac!" But all to no purpose: she didn't understand Herrer. Even the Swedes present could not make her comprehend our meaning; so those who could manage the rum partook of it; those who could not manage it had punch! And then we began a social evening—we, Englishmen and Swedes. Had you seen us then, you would have said, Here is a party of fellows who knew one another intimately years ago, and have just met again to renew the warmth of their old friendship,—to kindle it anew with cheerful potations, and temper and soothe it with Raleigh's immortal plant! Whereas we were friends all of a week's standing, yet we *were* friends; and this, I take it, says something for the Swedes. Graceful and warm-hearted and accomplished I found them all. Knowing more than many scented pedants from Oxford or Cambridge, who strut about the Temple, and mouthing Latin scraps, look down upon pure English,—they had all the modesty of true scholars. Not one of them said "*Tempus fugit*" when he found that the hours had stolen a march upon him, and not one of them was ignorant of Latin. But it is not of their accomplishments I wish to say much; I would rather dwell upon their qualities as friends and companions, for on these qualities I can dwell with pleasure. Their abundant animal spirits, their keen sense of humour, their kindly interpretation of all events, both private and public, are conspicuous characteristics I noted with delight. We, Englishmen, amused them with stories of the wonders of railways; they, Swedes, had twenty tales to tell of their merry sledges and harmless tumbles therefrom, of the wolves they had occasionally seen, of friends of theirs who had shot bears, and of the frozen lakes they had crossed behind Norwegian horses with wonderful speed. Of course, one of the certain questions put to a Swede by any Englishman is, whether they skate. To

this question every Englishman receives with surprise a reply in the negative; for the truth is, the Swedes do *not* generally skate, even in a country where the ice throughout whole months of the year would bear loaded wagons. They sledge incessantly, they shoot; but the very amusement for the gratification of which their climate is peculiarly adapted they do not indulge in.

Towards the close of the evening the Captain and a Swedish gentleman (Herr M——), with whom we were going to travel on the following day, opened a conversation on the relative merits of the armies of Europe. Herr M—— had been an officer in the Swedish service, and could speak therefore with some confidence on the military qualities and accomplishments of his countrymen; that is to say, of his adopted countrymen, for Herr M—— was by descent a Scotchman—a member now of the Swedish house of nobles, yet justly proud of his extraction. It was curious that, as the Captain and Herr M—— talked, they gradually discovered that they were related to one another, representing severed branches of one common family. Herr M——, although he had never been in Scotland, was as familiar with every corner of it, talked in glowing words of the beauty of the Highlands, and knew the stories of all the clans. He spoke English also excellently, and was well grounded in our literature. Altogether, this gentleman—a proprietor of vast estates in the central part of Sweden, and living thereon, with rare visits to Stockholm, Gottenburg, or Orebro, apart from the great struggles, and progresses, and discoveries of this rattling, go-ahead modern life—was as conversant with the politics of the *Chronicle* or the *Times* as the most "constant reader" in London could be, and had even a knowledge of the lesser English journals. But the Captain soon drew him from

a conversation on these points to that subject in which he felt a particular interest; and then a regular military conversation was opened.

I heard how a certain lord could no more manœuvre his cavalry regiment than a child; how he was told by his superior officer that the evolutions of the regiment in question would disgrace a d—d yeomanry troop; how a refusal to go partners with a horse-racing colonel may injure a lieutenant's prospects in life; and how fresh cornets are subjected to practical jokes of the most boyish character. These revelations of British service (which are not revelations to Englishmen) highly delighted the Swedish portion of the party; and then we heard something of the Swedish service. Its pay, I remember, was stated to be very small. I also remember that we were informed that only four regiments are kept in active service throughout the king of Sweden's dominions, the rest of the army being located on crown-lands, and pursuing the arts of peaceful life, on condition of military service when required, and subject to periodical drilling. Of the success of this system—established thoroughly, if I am not mistaken, by Gustavus Adolphus—I heard glowing accounts. The Peace Society will be sorry to learn that an English military authority, who passed through Stockholm lately, after having made the tour of Europe to witness the evolutions of the troops of the various states, declared that the Swedish guards were the best-appointed and the best-drilled regiment, without any exception, that he had seen.

The Swedes generally keep good hours. They are up early in the morning, and in bed generally before midnight. On this evening, although the general conviviality sorely tempted many of us to break through the good rule of early rest and early work, the knowledge that on the morrow three of us must

go away on our road to Orebro, determined at last an early separation. We were all to meet again in a few weeks at Stockholm, and we promised ourselves some lively entertainments then. And so I took my leave of Gottenburg.

The impression of this town conveyed by Mr. Laing's book is, I must, in justice to the Swedes, repeat, totally erroneous. It is *not* a dull town. Its trade is increasing with marvellous rapidity; it is growing in size most wonderfully; it is the part of Sweden where all modern improvements find a ready acceptance. Here gas was first introduced, and here English merchants have settled and made considerable fortunes. The town is represented in the House of Burghers by one of the most important merchants of the city, Herr —— Wœrn, jun., a gentleman who appears at a very early age to have linked himself prominently with the liberal party in the country—to be a stanch advocate of free-trade in a country eminently protectionist; and the stern defender of the railway, that had its thousands of inveterate opponents in his native town as well as in every part of his country. This enlightened zeal has met with its proper reward from the king, who has appointed Herr Wœrn the president of the railway company.

And so good night to the worthy citizens of Gottenburg! May timber rise in their dreams, and every thing be at a premium with them! They may well be savage with Mr. Laing, who has misrepresented them, republishing his misrepresentations of 1834 in 1852. Of these I may have something to remark in a future page. On the commerce of Sweden I may here touch in a separate chapter, the facts of which have been gleaned from the Baron Knut Bonde's book, which contains the last published official statements. Tables of Swedish exports and imports will be found in an Appendix.

CHAPTER V.

SWEDISH COMMERCE.

THE vast peninsula of Sweden and Norway, extending over more than 13,000 square geographical leagues, contains scarcely 5,000,000 inhabitants. Sweden comprises the southern and eastern part, which is the best cultivated, the most fertile, and the most peopled: on a surface of 3868 square miles of the country (8,000 geographical leagues), within the 55° and 69° of latitude, there are considered to be 3,500,000 inhabitants. Its shore, washed by the Baltic, rises little more than 300 feet above the level of the sea, upon a breadth of 12 or 15 leagues, covered with meadows and fields variously cultivated.

Beyond this zone the land rises towards the interior to the Koelen chain of mountains—the natural frontier of Sweden and Norway. Some branches of these mountains extend towards the northern provinces of Jemland, Heridalie (Herjedalen), and of Kopparberg; while others abut on the great lakes of Wenern, Wettern, Hjelmarn, and Maelar. Their least height is from 3000 to 4000 feet above the level of the sea; but in Laponia we find Sulitelma rising to 6342 feet; in Heridalie, Sylfjell to 5920 feet; and in Jemland, Areskutan to 4919 feet. In the centre of Sweden there are no mountains; only chains of hills, such as the Halandûs and the Kullen,

from 3000 to 4000 feet high; and some peaks here and there in the middle of great plains (as Taberg, near Ivenköping, in Smaland, and Kinnekulle in Westrogoth), which attain the height of 900 feet.

Although the mountains of Sweden do not reach the elevation of those of Norway, and there are immense plains, the country ought not to be considered flat, for scarcely *a third* of the surface is situated below a level of 300 feet. The rest is thus divided: 1488 miles above 800 feet, and 329 miles above 2000 feet. In these last there are 16 miles to be found beyond the limit of perpetual snow. This limit is at the elevation of 5800 feet at 60°; 5600 feet at 61°; and 3600 feet at 69°, the most northerly point of Sweden.

These mountains are chiefly composed of granite, marble, and gneiss. Sweden possesses few of those beds of more recent formation, such as mines, which are the source of riches of other nations. For compensation, the formation of chalk is found almost every where; and even the isles of Gothland and Oeland rest wholly upon a surface of lime, which contributes not a little to their great fertility.

But that which particularly attracts the attention is the immense quantity of the most malleable and ductile iron with which nature has endowed the mountains of Sweden. From Laponia to Scania it is to be found nearly every where; and the single mount Gellivare, in Laponia, 1800 feet high, is wholly formed of an ore containing from 70 to 80 per cent of the best iron, which, worked with energy and with sufficient capital, could furnish the whole world with this metal. In addition to iron, there are copper, cobalt, lead, sulphur, vitriol, zinc, nickel, silver, and even a little gold. Up to the

present period the only mine they have met with is in Scania, and that in small quantities.

The numerous rivers have their sources in the mountains, and precipitating themselves into the valleys of Sweden, fall into the Baltic; others, following a more capricious direction, lose themselves in the North Sea. Of this number is the Gotha (Gôethaelf), which rises in Norway under the name of Clarelf, crosses the lake Faemund and the province Hedemark, then the lake Wenern, whence it goes by the name of Gotha, which it keeps till it falls into the sea. The valleys which these rivers water are generally of great extent, and interspersed with little lakes, peat-holes (bogs), and marshes, which are being drained for the purposes of agriculture. It is calculated that there are in Sweden 8,000,000 turmland, or nearly 4,000,000 hectares,* of these peat-holes, marshes, and swamps, of which 1,000,000 hectares, or 2,468,750 acres, in the southern part, could be redeemed by clearing, or a grubbing up of the soil, and converted into fertile fields, fat pasturage, and rich forests.

These rivers are generally navigable only for short distances; but this inconvenience is compensated by the immense lakes which the nation has linked together, at enormous sacrifices, by magnificent canals. All travellers must admire the Trollhâtter canal, with its fourteen sluices or dams, cut out of the rock, to a height of 114 feet. This canal unites the Atlantic with the lake Wenern—a body of water covering 48 square miles. The Gotha canal, with its fifty-eight sluices, joins the Wenern to the Wettern, the surface of which is 27

* Or 9,875,000 acres.

square miles; then, joining the lakes Boren, Boxen, and Asplonzen, achieves the junction of the North Sea with the Baltic.

Numerous other canals (such as those of Waeddoc, Akers, Stroemsholm, Carlstad, Soedertelje, which unites the lake Maelar to the Baltic, and Hjelmar, which joins the lake of this name with the Maelar,) bear witness to the great works executed by the nation, and the immense sacrifices which she has imposed upon herself to facilitate the communications of the interior of the country. Yes, sacrifices; for all similar stupendous undertakings have been accomplished in the midst of difficulties without number; and almost insurmountable for a state which, to maintain the enviable position of being a country without debt, has always hesitated to contract a national loan.

The development of every kind of industry, the increase of all productions, have followed close upon the opening of the lines of steam-packets; and these happy results have encouraged those who represent the people to make new efforts to increase still more the facility of communications, by laying down tram-roads throughout the country. A company which undertook to join the ocean to the Baltic, by means of a railway between the lakes Wenern and Maelar, has been guaranteed by the state, for forty years, the interest, at the rate of 5 per cent, on the capital expended on this work. The great wealth in timber and metals will thus, without much expenditure for carriage, be thrown advantageously into foreign markets. Numerous other schemes are under consideration, and the present Diet will be called upon to give serious attention to the propositions of various English capitalists.

One of the natural consequences of the large extent of country—which, from its northern boundary, bordered by Norway and Russia, to its southern point, washed by the Sound, is in extent no less than 212 leagues (geographical)—is a variety of climate and vegetation. Thus Scania, between the 55° and 56° of latitude, has a mean temperature of 8°; while the isle of Gothland, still more favoured, enjoys a mean temperature of 8° 66′.*

In these two localities, the mulberry, chestnut, and walnut trees shoot in the open ground; and the vine even, planted *en espalier*, yields ripe fruit; while at Stockholm, at 59°, the mean temperature falls nearly to + 5° 66′, and the beech-tree can no longer bear the inclemency of the winter. Thus, while the interior of Sweden produces grain in quantities exceeding the consumption, the north, beyond the town of Gèfle (61° lat.), yields hardly sufficient to reward the cultivator, who often sees the result of a laborious year's work destroyed in a day, in an hour even, by a frost or a tempest. Wheat and hops only ripen at 62°; the cherry-tree produces no fruit at 63°; and oats are not grown beyond 64°. Rye and barley alone arrive at maturity at the northern limits of Sweden; and yet nature must be thanked for her vigour in these regions, advancing without transition from winter to summer.

At Stockholm, at 59°, the thaw commences towards the end of April; and in a few days the sun produces, as by enchantment, both verdure and flowers. As we approach the northern regions, this phenomenon becomes more remarkable; there, during the summer solstice, there is, so to speak, no

* Mean temperature of Berlin, +8° 15′; Copenhagen, +7° 92′; and Paris, +10° 34′.

night; the earth, heated for so many hours by the burning rays of the sun, has not time to lose any of the warmth; vegetation is as in a hot-house, and barley is in full ear, generally, six or seven weeks after sowing.

At Torneo, the longest day is 21 hr. 1′ 2″, and the shortest 2 hr. 1′ 2″; at Stockholm, the longest day is only 18 hr. 1′ 2″, and the shortest 6 hr. In Scania, the shortest is 7 hr., and the longest 17 hr. 1′ 2″.

One can imagine the privations and the fatigues thus imposed on the people of these thinly inhabited regions, almost polar, obliged to gather from this poor soil the necessities of existence. Thus, while we see the population of the southern provinces increasing rapidly, those of the north remain almost deserted. It is curious to remark how the number of the plants of a country bear analogy to that of its inhabitants. In studying the *Flora sœcica*, we see, that in the government of Malmö, bordering on the Sound, there are 6000 people and 915 varieties of plants for every square league; at Hernæsand, between 62° and 64°, 400 inhabitants and 310 plants only; and still more north, at Pittéo, between 65° and 69°, 60 inhabitants and 93 various kinds of plants.

These proportions will change, however; for the population increasing considerably, carries forward the science of agriculture, and causes the disappearance of all hardy plants.

This increase of population has taken especially a great start the last 40 years; for Sweden, which had only a population of 2,400,000 in 1810, has now more than 3½ millions; which constitutes, without noticing Norway, a population superior in number to that which she possessed under the great king Wasa, when Finland, Ingria, Lavonia, and Pomerania,

belonged to her. Thus, without aiming at the political influence which she had under Gustavus Adolphus, and his successor the great Charles, Sweden has so profited by these last years of peace, by increasing her material strength, and stirring that energetic spirit which is the characteristic of the Scandinavian race, that she will always be able to maintain her dignity among the nations of Europe.

Agriculture and industry are making giant strides a-head. At the commencement of the century, an importation from 2 to 300,000 tons of wheat was necessary to the subsistence of the people, and now a population, considerably increased, *exports* at least as much. In 1849 the exports of corn amounted to 500,000 tons.

The industry displayed in metallurgy yields nothing to agriculture; by the adoption of all improvements, this wealth daily increases in value.

In fine, the manufactures, which under a régime of protective duties could not, until 1824, exceed a produce of 7,000,000 dollars banco, have since, under a more liberal system, although yet *quite protective*,* arrived at a value of more than 24,000,000 dollars banco. The commercial navy has increased since 1830, from 72,000 to 112,000 lasts. The freight of these ships produces yearly many millions. This does not include Swedish ships sold to foreigners, by whom they are generally esteemed for their elegance and perfect build. The development of the chief manufactures of the country entails, of necessity, an increase of the general consumption, and the extension of commercial relations.

* The tariff of Sweden still contains many prohibitions.

The commerce of the interior, which we are about to treat of at greater length, has made such progress since 1824, that the exports and imports, which then amounted but to 21,000,000 dollars banco, are now doubled, and make 48,000,000. In continuing wisely in this progressive line, Sweden has attracted the attention of the world; and not only will she herself be the gainer, but she will offer great advantages to nations which, instead of waging a war of customs with her, would enter into a liberal measure of active exchange.

The year 1850, the last for which there are any official reports, ought to be regarded as exceptional, for the bad harvest in the northern provinces has drawn the overstock of the corn of the south to them, thus limiting the usual export to foreign markets. Thus the exports of 1850 were only of the value of 24,000,000 dollars banco, while 1849 showed a sum of 26,300,000; and 1847, a good year for agriculture, saw the exports rise to 30,900,000 dollars banco. The following tables show more clearly the states of the commeree of the country during late years. We give the value in dollars banco: the dollar is worth 2 fr. 12 cent.

Exports.	By Swedish vessels.	Total.
1841 . . .	14,371,000 . . .	22,827,000 Dollars banco.
1842 . . .	15,701,000 . . .	23,373,000 ,,
1843 . . .	13,794,000 . . .	,,
1844 . . .	14,540,000 . . .	,,
1845 . . .	14,872,000 . . .	,,
1846 . . .	15,930,000 . . .	,,
1847 . . .	19,440,000 . . .	,,
1848 . . .	18,540,000 . . .	,,
1849 . . .	17,790,000 . . .	,,
1850 . . .	14,685,000 . . .	24,505,000 ,,

Imports.	By Swedish vessels.	Total.
1841 . . .	14,726,000 . . .	20,663,000 Dollars banco.
1842 . . .	12,658,000 . . .	,,
1843 . . .	. . .	,,
1844 . . .	. . .	,,
1845 . . .	. . .	,,
1846 . . .	. . .	,,
1847 . . .	. . .	,,
1848 . . .	. . .	,,
1849 . . .	. . .	,,
1850 . . .	. . .	,,

The following table will give more in detail the exports and imports of Sweden for each country.

Table comparing the exports and imports of Sweden with those of the nations named below:

	Value in Dollars banco.	
	Exports.	Imports.
Finland	641,000 . .	422,000
Denmark	3,673,000 . .	1,733,000
Prussia	1,374,000 . .	451,000
Mecklenburg	452,000 . .	51,000
Hanover and Oldenburg . .	89,000 . .	1000
Belgium	266,000 . .	74,000
Great Britain and Ireland .	7,741,000 . .	3,332,000
France	2,074,000 . .	479,000
Spain	342,000 . .	245,000
Portugal	839,000 . .	153,000
Gibraltar and Malta . .	52,000 . .	,,
Italy	248,000 . .	152,000
Austria	82,000 . .	,,
Egypt	11,000 . .	,,
Algoria	298,000 . .	,,
Other parts of North Africa .	5000 . .	,,
United States	2,518,000 . .	1,639,000
Other countries of North and South America . . .	31,000 . .	,,

	Exports.	Imports.
Cape of Good Hope	131,000	,,
Norway	778,000	2,317,000
Russia	272,000	1,698,000
Lubeck	1,313,000	4,083,000
Hamburg	111,000	647,000
Bremen	186,000	243,000
The Netherlands	468,000	561,000
West Indies	,,	161,000
Brazil	299,000	4,330,000
East Indies and Australia	211,000	1,215,000

The commerce, of which we have just given the value in dollars banco, is counter-balanced by importations of colonial provisions, drugs, wines, salt, a quantity of manufactured articles, and even the produce of fisheries which Sweden obtains from Norway.

To balance these imports, Sweden exports the productions of the soil, viz. grain, timber, and ore.

A detailed list of the articles of importation and exportation will furnish the best knowledge of the nature of Swedish commerce. We give throughout the value in dollars banco, worth 1*s.* 9$\frac{4}{8}$*d.* each. The quantities are stated in the weights and measures of Sweden, the value of which are explained.

The skeppund, in German schiffpfund, signifies literally pound, or ship-weight, or measure for freightage. There are two kinds of skeppund in the following tables,—the ordinary or commercial skeppund, and the skeppund measure for rations.

The first, skeppund victualievigt, abridged v. v., provision or commercial weight, and which is used in the commerce of colonial provisions, alimentary and otherwise, as well as in

accounts of importation, contains 169·42 kilog. This skeppund is divided into 20 lispund, 400 livres, and 12,800 lod.

The other skeppund, the skeppund staplestadsvigt, abbreviated st. v., measure for rations or the warehouse, iron ore and metal measure, and on which ores, excepting gold and silver, are rated, contain, 400 livres st. v., or 320 ordinary livres (provision measure)=135·53 kilog. A skeppund measure for rations contains then 16 lispund, ordinary weight, or provision measure (v. v.), and a livre, provision measure $=\frac{4}{5}$ livres (v. v.)

The centner (cwt.) of Sweden contains 6 lispund v. v., or 120 livres v. v.=50·82 kilog.

The lispund contains 20 livres v. v.=8·47 kilog.

The livre contains 32 lod.=423·54 grammes.

The Swedish ell of 2 feet contains 593·7 millim, or 2632 lignes (Paris), or 23·376 inches, English.

The foot (fot) is equal to half an ell, and is divided according to the ancient custom, into 12 inches, or 144 lignes, or decimally into 10 inches,=100 lignes, and contains 296·87 millim; 131·6 lignes (Paris), or 11·688 English inches.

The tunna (barrel, or tun) for liquid measure, is divided into 48 kanna, 96 stop, and 384 quarter; and contains 125·57 litres; 6330·24 cubic inches (Paris), or 27·637 gallons.

Kanna, 60 of the aime, equal to the 10th part of a cubic foot, is divided into 2 stop=8 quarter — 32 jungfrur, and contains 2·616 litres, or 131·88 cubic inches (Paris), or 4·606 English pints.

Tunna, corn measure,=2 spaun=4 halfspun or fjerdedelstunna=8 fjerdingar, 32 kappar=53·5 feet cubic (Swedish),

strike measure, = 146·50 litres; 7385·28 cubic inches (Paris); 4·030 bushels.

It must be observed that for every tunna of wheat, barley, oats, and peas they add 4 kuppar; which makes the tunna 36 kuppar, or 63 kanna: it then contains 164·81 litres, or 8308·44 cubic inches (Paris), or 4·534 bushels.

The articles which especially attract attention in Swedish exports are, timber, grain, and iron, the chief productions of the country. We give here some details of these exports:

TABLE OF THE EXPORTS OF TIMBER.

	1847.	1848.	1849.	1850.
Sawn planks of pine and of fir . . . . dozens	682,426	501,185	609,146	715,034
Beams and small beams of pine and fir . pieces	474,888	336,685	257,441	314,402
Sleepers . . . pieces	129,949	64,530	32,607	10,588
Masts, bowsprits, and spars of pine and fir pieces	14,464	12,857	12,045	10,194
Staves for the sides, and bends of casks, pieces	7,830,280	346,651	5,348,128	7,177,014

The export of pine and fir into England has considerably increased since we have thought proper to bring down the old customs. We give the official reports of this commerce for the year 1850: in the year 1851 the importation of this timber more than doubled. France also, where rapid progress is being made in naval architecture, seeks more than ever the Scandinavian timber. Moreover, Sweden has herself used for some years past, for ship-building, a large quantity of this timber.

The increased value of forest-lands has taught the Swedish government that such an important resource ought not to be

left to nature; and now special schools furnish the proprietors with men destined solely to survey and preserve the forests. It cannot be doubted that science, thus applied to the felling of trees, could double and treble the exports, without danger of deteriorating the property.

According to the statistics of a competent authority in such matters,—the head-director of woods and forests,—Sweden possesses 25 millions tunnland in wood, yielding yearly 5,700,000 famnar, 5,525,000 of which are consumed in the country, and 175,000 only are exported, in manufactured articles, masts, planks, &c.

The exports of grain, which in 1850 amounted only to 340,820 tunna, the bad harvest in the northern provinces having been the cause of the absorption of the surplus of the southern states, were in 1849, 529,000 tunna; in 1848, 439,000; in 1847, 532,000 tunna of corn, besides considerable quantities of flour. This decrease is also observable in wheat and rye. Thus, wheat, which in 1847 was exported to the extent of 44,306 tunna, shows a return in 1850 of only 743; and rye, which the same year gave to the exports 156,000 tunna, fell in 1850 to 418 tunna.

The table we have just given proves that, excepting in 1850, when a bad harvest was the cause of the diminished export of corn, there has been an immense development of the cereal produce of the country.

We have shown that Sweden has become, by dint of sacrifice and labour, able to transform her northern provinces into an agricultural district, capable not only of satisfying the wants of the population, much increased since the commencement of the century, but even of adding to the exports. More than nine-tenths of the population are now engaged in agri-

culture. The people who live on the coasts devote themselves naturally to navigation; but the small number of manufactures in the country are in a condition much below the rest of Europe.

Far from establishing in cities the focus of an agglomerated and unhealthy population, and thus engendering physical and moral corruption, the factories are established usually in the country, where each workman can annex to his cottage a small field, with the cultivation of which he can occupy his leisure time and add to his comfort. This constant communion with nature raises elevated sentiments in the breasts of the Swedish workmen, who, secure as to their future from their agricultural pursuits, escape the leprosy of communism, so fatal in great manufacturing towns. The schools and agricultural societies have popularised the study of husbandry; a better system of manuring has increased the productiveness of the soil; but it is especially to the extension of arable land that we must attribute the immense increase of grain.

The great change of climate has, of necessity, rendered this progress very unequal. Thus, the six most northern provinces produce but 2 hectares per cent, while the centre of the country gives 16 per cent, and Scania 28. It is in this part that we mark the most notable progress of agriculture; notwithstanding, the country is far distant from the agricultural development of Denmark, which produces 40 hectares per cent, while Belgium, France, and England, favoured by a milder climate, yield respectively, 48, 54, and 55 per cent.

Indeed Sweden is now in a fair condition to advance with certainty in the path of progress: she has no possible fear that her peace and repose will be disturbed; and more, she possesses in her own territory a large extent of raw material,

which only awaits sinew and capital to make it fit for every market. In the southern provinces alone, which comprise 2287 square geographical leagues, there are millions of hectares of virgin land.

The attention of speculators begins to be awakened in this quarter; and already some Danes and Germans have found an ample return for their investments in Swedish agriculture. The increase of produce, an infallible proof of careful tillage, has caused the value of these lands to rise:—in fact, every thing tends daily to increase in value, through the arrival of foreign capital, and the advances obtained on landed property.

These advances enable the large proprietors to undertake works of embellishment and improvement, and to import foreign cattle to improve the breed of native animals. These loans do not exceed 20,000,000 dollars banco, and the results obtained, proved by the lists of exports of grain and alimentary provisions, are sufficiently productive to satisfy the country as to the wisdom of investments.

The annual produce of Sweden from 1822 to 1832 had not risen beyond 7,000,000 tunna of grain, and 3,000,000 tunna of potatoes: but during the last ten years, grain has risen to 11,000,000, and potatoes to 7,000,000. The mean value of the produce of these last years, without counting potatoes, is then, at least, from 20,000,000 to 25,000,000 dollars banco, including 3,000,000 tunna (nearly 5,000,000 hectolitres) of barley, and 350 tunna (577,500 hectolitres) of wheat, &c. To avoid exaggeration, let us deduct half, viz. 10,000,000, or 12,000,000 dollars banco for expenses of tillage, &c., and there will remain 10,000,000 or 12,000,000, for revenue, making a capital of from 200,000,000 to 250,000,000 dollars banco for increased value of the soil.

As no progress in husbandry can maintain itself without abundance of animal production, the attention of the cultivator has been drawn to the improvement of cattle; and the Diet has allotted large sums to the establishment of several small model farms. But this department still leaves much to be desired; for although there are in Sweden 400,000 cows, 500,000 oxen, and 500,000 calves, making a total of 1,400,000 horned cattle, the exports of butter and cheese are very insignificant.

Still there is certainly progress, since for many years the commercial navy has been victualled completely without having recourse to foreigners; but there remains yet much to do, when we remember that Denmark, with a total of 14,000,000 horned cattle only, exports butter to the annual value of 400,000*l*. We see from the experience of small farms, how much production can be increased; for while the mean yield of one cow is from 40 pounds of butter and 40 of cheese, the cows at these model farms give from 90 to 100 pounds of butter, and from 120 to 130 pounds of cheese.

In addition to cattle, the country possesses 400,000 horses, 560,000 pigs, and 1,550,000 sheep. These last are generally of the poorest kind, in spite of the efforts of the government and the endeavours of private individuals to encourage cross-breeding with the races of Germany, England, France, and Belgium.

Under the reign of Gustavus Adolphus and his daughter Christina, the introduction of all kinds of foreign beasts was attempted; but it has been fully shown, from long experience, that the breed which succeeds the best is the English South-Down; their wool is good, it resists the worst weather, and fattens the easiest. The farmer prefers, generally, to be en-

32839

gaged in the breeding of those horned cattle, which he regards, with reason enough, as most profitable; cows find food more easily than sheep in the centre of the southern heaths; they are less subject to illnesses, demand less care, and yield much more manure. Again, through the winter, they thrive on turnips and dry branches of the trees,—the birch, aspen, and alder, very common trees in Sweden.

The produce of wool has not by any means arrived at a satisfactory result, for the Swedes are obliged to import large quantities. The tables of imports will show that Sweden imported, in 1850, 2,076,578 pounds, and in 1849, 2,688,161 pounds.

The amount of exports of iron show that this branch of industry has undergone few advantageous changes during late years. The exports rose in 1850 to 572,378 skeppund of bar-iron, and 17,750 skeppund of steel; in 1849 this exportation amounted to 550,000 skeppund of iron, and 23,000 skeppund of steel; in 1848, 490,000 skeppund of iron, and 17,000 skeppund of steel; in 1847, 604,000 skeppund of iron, and 18,000 skeppund of steel; in 1846, 558,000 skeppund of iron, and 16,000 of steel.

It would not be just to attribute this fixed position to the carelessness of the manufacturers; on the contrary, they have made the most laudable efforts to improve iron manufactures and economise the material.

But the price of wood has not only followed the increased consumption, but it has undergone also the influence which the opening of new paths of communication has had upon commerce generally. Landowners, who formerly possessed no other means of disposing of a part of their forests but in the form of charcoal made upon the spot, find now, thanks to

the facility of transit, an advantageous market for their planks, masts, manufactured timber, and other materials.

Charcoal has also become less common; and the more they have brought economy to help them, the more the prices have risen, which has, of necessity, increased the cost price of Swedish iron. It is also to be remarked, that while England, developing with giant steps her iron trade, has undertaken to export iron at a low rate, Sweden, deterred by the cause above explained, has only slightly forced her production. Up to 1740, Sweden manufactured 68,000 tons (340,000 skeppund), while England had only produced 17,000! Since that time, the face of the matter has entirely altered; for while the produce of Sweden is still but 92,000 tons (650,000 skeppund), England has attained the enormous amount of 2,000,000 tons. The English ton is equal to 7·46639 skeppund, in Swedish stapelstadwigt. The annual exports of Sweden are 80,000 tons of iron, and 3000 tons of steel; those of England (without counting more than 1,000,000*l.* of machines, &c.) are 800,000 tons of iron, and 10,000 of steel made with Swedish iron.

But while the scarcity and dearness of fuel present an obstacle almost insurmountable to the activity of this production in Sweden, England has but to dig to find, often side by side, not only ore and the coal which melts it, but lime, used in smelting, and fire-clay, indispensable in the construction of high furnaces. In addition to these advantages, she has in abundance the means of transport of every kind: at each mine, at almost every factory, there is close at hand a canal or a railway, which, having received the cast-iron or the steel, conveys it, at little expense, to any part of the United Kingdom.

It is not therefore in cheapness that Swedish iron can

Hope to rival that of Belgium, England, or any other country using pit-coal. England can sell her iron at 12 or 15 francs the cwt., while that of Sweden could not be sold, even in the country, for less than 20 francs; and the superior qualities, intended for the manufacture of steel, cost in the ports 30, 35, and even 40 francs the cwt. We count 4 dollars banco for expenses of fuel and hand-work.

However, in spite of its high price, Swedish iron will always find customers, and will be always indispensable where material nervous and pliant is required, and for the making steel.

Notwithstanding all the beautiful discoveries of science, steel made with either English iron, French iron, or Belgian iron, is always poor. We are not blinded by national prejudice, for we know that the manufacturers of every nation agree with us in declaring, that without Swedish iron, steel is not good. We repeat, that every country which would do away with protection, and manufacture all its steel with our iron, would have nothing to fear for its own industry in metallurgy. Limited in its production by the want of fuel, Sweden will never become a serious rival, in spite of her mineral riches, giving from 45 to 50 per cent on iron, and even 70 in the inexhaustible mines of Gellivare.

We have, however, faith in the future; for a real spirit of industry has arisen: the immense progress made during the last 30 years invite us to new efforts; the Swede, used from infancy to work and privations, and impressed with right and honest sentiments, will not be slow to tread in a path that insures to him material welfare and moral improvement.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE NAVIGATION OF THE EXTERIOR.

In legislating with respect to navigation, for a number of years Sweden has followed in a liberal track; and if she has not yet renounced protection, it is solely to reserve to herself the right of making those concessions which other nations give to her flag. We have seen her desirous of following England in the repeal of the navigation-laws. With the exception of the coasting-trade, which is yet exclusively reserved for natives, the government has insured the same treatment to every nation which, by treaties, have admitted the Swede to the same advantages in their ports.

Such treaties have been made with Norway in 1825, with Russia, in '38; Prussia, in '27; Mecklenburg Schwerin, in '46; Denmark, '26; Hamburg and Bremen, '41; Oldenburg, '43; England, '26 and '49; Sardinia, '39; Pontifical States, '33; Portugal, '37; Brazil, '44; Greece, '36 and '37; Turkey, '27; Austria, '31; the United States, '27; the two Sicilies, '49; Tuscany, '48; Egypt, '18; the Republics of Venezuela and Chili, in '40 and '51.

The differential duties of Sweden consist in the surcharge levied: 1st, upon custom-house duties; 2d, upon tonnage; and 3dly, upon lighthouse dues.

The surcharge on customs consists, for every vessel not privileged, of 40 per cent on the imports, and 50 per cent on the exports.

For tonnage dues, a Swedish ship, or one enjoying by treaty the national treatment, pays 12 skillings banco (about 5*d.*) per last; while foreign ships pay 36 skillings banco—three times as much. Even lighthouse dues, which are only

10 skillings per last for the national flag, or those regarded as such, are 20 skillings per last for those not assimilated.

All these duties are collected by the gage of the strong last (swâr laest), equal to 18 skeppund, ration table, or 2448 kilogrammes. The strong last is thus equal to 4000 pounds.

The strong last must not be confounded with the light last (laett laest), which is generally called the Swedish last in freighting, and which is only 15 skeppund, 2020 kilogrammes, or a little more than 2 sea tons. The sea tons (or of freight), the value of which is, for heavy merchandise, 1000 kilogrammes in France, or 20 cwt. or 1 ton in England, 2000 lbs. in Germany, and in Spain, &c., contains 5878 skeppund v.v., or 7348 skeppund st. v.

The other duties levied in Swedish ports, in addition to those already named as differential, are for the most part much above the same customs in other countries. But there are still two taxes little known to the stranger, and which we ought to mention here, as having great influence upon the expenditure of every loaded vessel entering a Swedish port: these are the tolag and the conveyance duties.

The tolag, derived from the German *zulage*, is a sort of octroi or towns-due of an additional tenth, given to the towns that have stations or halting-places, upon all merchandise imported and exported. This due is about 2 per cent on the value, or more correctly $1\frac{3}{5}$ per cent on the value of all merchandise imported, and $1\frac{1}{7}$ per cent on exports. For all provisions or objects not rated in the tariff of the customs, the tolag is regulated upon the invoices and bills of lading.

The conveyance dues is a tax of 10 per cent on the duties of the custom-house, levied upon all merchandise at entrance or departure. This tenth part additional feeds a special ex-

chequer, called "Commercial and Navigation Fund," for the maintenance of these two branches of industry, and in a great degree to defray the expenses of the Swedish consuls.

Sweden and Norway, represented to the foreigner as of the same political bias, have a diplomacy and consulate common to both countries. Each contributes in a ratio stipulated by convention to a common exchequer, which amounts to 550,000 dollars banco. The two governments, understanding how far the vast development of commerce has added, in our times, to the importance of consular duties, have recently been engaged upon a new organisation of this element of international law.

Following the example of all countries which have aspired to influence in the commercial world, Sweden and Norway have resolved to profit by the large funds at their disposal, to have for the future, in commercial places of the most importance, permanent paid agents, instead of being represented, as now, by merchants, often natives, and consequently not fitted to protect the interests of their foreign constituents. A merchant is almost always absorbed in personal matters, which do not give him time to exercise that vigilance necessary to ensure performance of treaties, and to cause every infraction of these treaties to be actively prosecuted.

The claims and observations of a native will have necessarily less weight with his government than those of a person having a special mission from his country, and not mixed up with any interest in the nation to which he is accredited.

This new organisation is already in vigour by royal order; and the united kingdoms of Sweden and Norway have actually a consulate composed of 24 general consuls, 53 consuls, and 423 vice-consuls.

The commercial navy has not ceased to increase the last 20

years; thus in 1830 Sweden had 1841 ships registering 72,074 lasts; in 1840, 2174 ships of 87,779 lasts; in 1849, 2624 vessels of 107,893 lasts; and in 1850, by the latest official reports, 2744 vessels, registering 112,983 lasts.

By the reports received from the consuls during the year 1850, 3702 Swedish vessels had arrived in foreign ports, registering 209,835 lasts. The number of Norwegian vessels rose to 7058, registering 352,278 lasts.

In giving a table of the general movement in the ports of Sweden, the reader can easily see the returns with regard to the national flag.

Arrivals in Swedish Ports.

	Under National Flag.			Total.		
1841 . . .	3035 vessels of	102,281	lasts ...	4580 vessels of		195,407
1842 . . .	2808 ,,	97,775	,,	4555	,,	184,498
1843 . . .	2970 ,,	95,237	,,	4399	,,	178,879
1844 . . .	3306 ,,	101,763	,,	4934	,,	201,002
1845 . . .	3647 ,,	114,104	,,	5630	,,	246,763
1846 . . .	4086 ,,	122,952	,,	6289	,,	262,987
1847 . . .	4194 ,,	121,187	,,	6707	,,	270,451
1848 . . .	3148 ,,	116,325	,,	5240	,,	225,422
1849 . . .	3161 ,,	111,233	,,	5762	,,	245,424
1850 . . .	3171 ,,	113,774	,,	5274	,,	262,029

Departures from Swedish Ports.

1841 . . .	3031 ,,	103,725	,,	4567	,,	198,085
1842 . . .	2844 ,,	99,565	,,	4491	,,	185,820
1843 . . .	2992 ,,	99,903	,,	4425	,,	185,365
1844 . . .	3344 ,,	106,266	,,	5018	,,	209,388
1845 . . .	3699 ,,	115,207	,,	5705	,,	252,557
1846 . . .	4025 ,,	124,321	,,	6266	,,	272,769
1847 . . .	4029 ,,	127,404	,,	6347	,,	281,197
1848 . . .	3031 ,,	111,041	,,	5373	,,	221,814
1849 . . .	3150 ,,	118,228	,,	5231	,,	253,327
1850 . . .	3152 ,,	117,668	,,	5345	,,	271,414

VIEW OF THE PORT OF STOCKHOLM.

A GENERAL MOVEMENT IN THE PORTS OF SWEDEN.

Arrivals from the following nations.

	Swedish Flag.		Foreign Flags.	
	Vessels.	Lasts.	Vessels.	Lasts.
Norway	215	4874	666	39,116
Finland	95	647	327	16,696
Russia	80	4287	22	1922
Prussia	113	4736	26	1848
Denmark	1987	34,815	554	11,188
Mecklenburg	100	3982	45	2566
Lubeck	243	6758	37	2710
Hamburg	32	2616	26	2089
Bremen	12	880	12	734
Hanover and Oldenburg	1	23	9	355
The Netherlands	21	1216	16	1491
Belgium	23	1901	20	2008
Great Britain and Ireland	306	19,935	457	43,722
France	33	2807	160	17,328
Spain	54	6303	6	671
Portugal	50	4130	2	164
Italy	19	2250	6	797
Algeria	1	116	,,	,,
Other parts of Africa	1	139	,,	,,
United States	14	1571	7	18
West Indies	4	494	3	319
Brazil	59	6736	5	432
East Indies and Australia	17	2558	1	202
Total	3480	113,774	2407	148,25

Departures from Sweden for the following Ports.

	Swedish Flag.		Foreign Flags.	
	Vessels.	Tonnage in lasts.	Vessels.	Tonnage in lasts.
Norway	207	5465	391	8285
Finland	103	1033	271	11,515
Russia	55	2258	32	2194
Prussia	124	4708	89	4368
Denmark	2040	34,593	319	12,548
Mecklenburg	87	3375	72	4710
Lubeck	167	5617	60	4118
Hamburg	6	203	3	163
Bremen	3	107	11	755
Hanover and Oldenburg	,,	,,	10	373
The Netherlands	28	1531	18	1081
Belgium	19	1425	36	3482
Great Britain and Ireland	299	20,596	561	59,333
France	94	8935	307	32,462
Spain	42	4489	5	581
Portuga	45	3833	2	139
Italy	19	2150	17	2514
Gibraltar and Malta	16	1809	,,	,,
Austria	6	447	,,	,,
Algeria	22	2881	2	305
Other parts of Africa	2	248	,,	,,
United States	40	5502	24	4501
Brazil	22	2587	,,	165
East Indies and Australia	12	1486	1	,,
Egypt	1	112	,,	,,
Cape of Good Hope	13	2278	,,	204
Total	3472	117,668	2232	153,746

CHAPTER VI.

THREE DAYS IN THE FROST.

BRISKLY along the crisp roads came Herr M.'s carriage to the door of the Gotha Kellare on the following morning. The day was cloudless, and there was not a breath of wind stirring. As I looked out from my warm room, it seemed to me the most ridiculous thing in the world that there should be people huddled in furs, creeping about the streets, and that ice was sparkling in every direction. Presently I went out for a stroll, and found the air light, and sharp, and invigorating. I enjoyed it immensely, even without my fur—dressed, in fact, as I should have been equipped in Fleet Street, had I been there on this morning. But Herr M. laughed when I said that I was certain I could bear Arctic degrees of cold without inconvenience: he bade me think so if I chose, but not to forget my furs and my over-boots. I was strongly urged by the Captain to try Herr M.'s suggestions. About one o'clock we began the process of packing ourselves for the journey; and having completed this labour, and wished the *flika* Catherina a merry wedding (she wore the silver betrothal ring, and was very proud of it), we were packed at last in Herr M.'s travelling carriage, and said our parting words to some kind new friends who stood to the last in the hotel door-way.

And so we went on our way to Orebro. We drove past the cemetery of Gottenburg, situated out of the way of the

living—not under their noses, at their back-doors, or under their parlour-windows. There was no snow about, but the frost was hard enough. As the carriage rattled forward, the splinters of ice flew about on both sides of us; and the noise suggested that we must be travelling over the floor of a glass-house, or over the ruins of some gigantic crystal palace. The scenery was wild and grand. The huge hills of purple and grey granite encompassed us on all sides; and the road kept winding right and left, endeavouring to avoid a precipitous ascent; but at last the engineer seemed to have had his patience fairly exhausted, and to have smoothed a broad pathway for us up the granite steep. These were here and there covered with glistening ice; and the horses skipped and tumbled about in the most active manner, snorted, and seemed to be as fairly afraid of the business as the passengers. At one moment certainly they had nearly turned us all down a terrible place, all bristling with pointed rock, and shining with fantastic ice-patterns. The streams were ice-bound in all directions. A torrent of water falling perpendicularly was one solid transparent column; and in all directions we could see rapid streams bound in the midst of their gambols,—bound for a long winter's rest.

For miles on our way, the Gotha, still struggling against the frost, but congealed firmly all along its banks, could be seen on our right, winding its way among the stern granite hills. Presently, on its banks, we saw a mill—a huge square red-brick building, that reminded me of the outskirts of Manchester. It was the speculation of a Scotchman—it looked Scotch too. Not far beyond it, on the opposite side of the river, was a formidable fortress, that frowned in days gone by on the Norwegian plains beyond; and hereabouts also, im-

bedded in rocks, and backed by hills covered with dense pine-forests, was the little town of Kongelf, celebrated, if I am not mistaken, for nothing more formidable than its spice-bread or ginger-bread. At a posting station in this vicinity Herr M. purchased a lump of this bread, which closely resembled in taste the *pain-d'épice* of childhood, sold at the various fairs of France, and at the ducasses of the villages. A curious compound this, that gets better the longer it is kept, according to the old French gossips, who tell wonderful stories of the number of years it will keep pure; but I never saw the child who gave it the chance of proving these marvellous powers of self-preservation. But gingerbread eaten after sunset, with the thermometer a few degrees below freezing-point, in a jolting carriage that compels you to dodge your mouth, is not a happy species of refreshment.

By the way, before the sun went down on this day, we passed a Swedish speculator in pork, who was conveying his venture to Gottenburg, upon a sledge, in the following manner.

He was droning a song as he passed us—a monotonous, grumbling air. I remember that I envied him his active limbs, and his apparent contempt for the cold. *I* was beginning to feel it in earnest. Not that damp shivering sensation which we know as coldness in England, but a piercing, uncompromising cold, that seemed to benumb the limbs to the marrow of them:—that was not painful, but particularly unpleasant. The air was very clear, the stars bright as diamonds—there was not a breath of wind. Every time I opened my mouth for an instant, I seemed to inhale an icicle, and my teeth were chilled terribly; sneezing, under the stiff circumstances of my face, would, I am certain, have been a physical impossibility. As I glanced right and left, my moving eyeballs chilled my eyelids; and fur that caught my breath stood out round about my mouth, a perfect *chevaux-de-frise* of icicles. Under all these cooling circumstances, I enjoyed this ride; for I had never before beheld the heavens through cloudless air. The stars were marvellously brilliant, and appeared to be larger and more lively bodies than those we see through the thick films of London air; and the blue in which they were set was so profound in its depths, that its solemn grandeur was increased tenfold.

We travelled two or three stations only on the day we left Gottenburg, and pulled up for the night about ten o'clock before a neat post-house, at which our forbud had ordered refreshment and beds for us. We were shown into two little low rooms, each of which had a huge stove in it; and the air herein was so warm, when compared with that out of doors, that we seemed to be in an oven. I felt like a mass of ice, that no degree of heat could possibly affect; a moving glacier, not to be thawed under any circumstances. I allowed

the servant to relieve me of my furs, to take off my overboots—I think to remove my cap; and then I began to pace up and down the little rooms by way of experiment, for I was not at all certain any kind of animal heat was left in my anatomy. Herr M. was not in the least degree inconvenienced; and ordered his man-servant to bring in the mat-sac without delay. The flika of the establishment was also summoned; and she at once consented to provide any quantity of eggs; some salmon, cold, in jelly; finkel of course; and coffee, to the board. The Captain and Herr M. closed at once with this proposition, while I continued my exercise, and began at last to feel my blood rushing and burning about me. This feeling was not at all pleasant; and when at last I sat down to take snapps before our evening meal, my face felt as though it had been well beaten, my head felt bald, and my hair dry as tinder. The glass of spirits I had on that occasion was delightful; and as I took my little bits of dried fish on bits of rye-bread, I began to feel thoroughly comforted. Soon, as our meal progressed, we chatted merrily enough; and a conversation that seemed to have been dropped by general consent on the journey, after the sun went down, and which was about the condition of the Swedish peasantry, was resumed.

Herr M. was a conservative; he said, a tory. He was a noble, brought up to enjoy all the privileges of his class, and retaining those strong opinions held in all countries where the classes of society have for centuries been firmly marked off one from the other. He had strong sympathies, and was evidently a kind master, but was not one who would abate a single privilege of his order. Excellently educated, as I have already written, subtle in argument, and strong in his prejudices, he was exactly the man with whom it is profitable to talk on

the social phases of his native country. He knew well the laws of the land; he was familiar with the administration thereof; he had large experience of the various methods of agriculture; he had seen the peasants of his country under every change of season; and, as a legislator, had made it his particular business to watch the operation of the laws upon the national destinies. These happy circumstances had been enjoyed by a man who was at heart a true and a sound man; a perfect gentleman in all that makes the appellation honourable and covetable: a patriot, with pride in the poorest as well as the richest of his countrymen. Yet a man less like an English liberal it is hardly possible to conceive. I met him with prejudices very much opposed to his; yet I found, at heart, there was no great difference between us. I learned from him many facts and suggestions as to the condition of the Swedish peasantry, which I shall presently beg leave to offer, with such comments thereon as I may choose to make.

I am very certain, that an ordinary Englishman, with the average supply of information, and the average stock of marketable liberality—who is perhaps a very wealthy manufacturer, drawing his wealth from Spitalfields, as a fire-fly feeds upon sores—if asked his opinion of the Swedish peasantry, would throw up his hands, and offer his sovereign in aid of funds for their emancipation and amelioration. His knowledge on the subject would be, of course, of the most limited character; but he would be sentimental and "liberal" on a notion gleaned from some odd old newspaper, caught in some desultory conversation, or snatched from some extract out of some obscure book, that the Swedish peasantry were in a dreadful condition—nearly on a par with the negroes of the southern states of America—bound and whipped and starved, and look-

ing with wonder, like Chimpanzees, upon print. This notion would represent very fairly the general impression—the blind and gross ignorance of the Swedish people, which has reached down to this present year; for it could not be expected that a gentleman who travelled helter-skelter through the country in a sulky some twenty years ago, conversed with nobody and saw nobody, could be a remarkably good authority on the condition of the people through whose provinces he scampered.

The truth on the subject of Swedish peasant-life, so far as I could ascertain it from intelligent Swedes with whom I came in contact, I shall tell without theorising much. In the first place, then, I ascertained from Herr M—— that the Swedish peasantry were cursed generally with a love of finkel; yet, strange to say, throughout a journey of about twelve hundred miles through the country, I never once encountered a man thoroughly drunk; that is, describing a series of very acute angles on his way, or exhibiting that boisterous merriment which, with some men, is the result of undue familiarity with the bottle—yet, as I say, these Swedish peasants took considerable quantities of the popular spirit. The explanation, I believe, lies in the peculiarity of the climate—in the prevailing cold. Take a lady up one of the Scotch mountains, and she will tipple whisky with impunity; return with her to the valley, and she will not be able to taste the national liquor. If I might obtrude my own experience in Sweden, I should say that I consumed more spirit there in the course of one day, than I could, with comfort to my friends, consume here in a week. It was possible to drink pure spirits before breakfast with impunity as we travelled on our road to Orebro. I do not record this fact with the view of turning the tide of English emigration to the Scandinavian peninsula, nor

for the purpose of realising a licensed victualler's Utopia. Men tell you every where in Sweden that finkel is the curse of the country from one end of it to the other; that it stupefies the national energies; that it wastes and dulls the national brain. It is distilled in every part of the peninsula with the utmost freedom; it is wonderfully cheap, and, as a consequence, very pure. Here it might be asked of certain retailers of English spirits, whether the comparative impunity enjoyed by the spirit-consumer of Sweden should not in some degree be attributed to the purity of his beverage, and whether the terribly disfigured noses which an observer may notice in any street in London—varying from the port-wine nose of an alderman to the gin-nose of the cabman—whether these should not be laid at the door (and they would be serious deposits at the door of the strongest man) of certain purveyors of spirits, who burn their neighbours' stomachs with capsicum and verdigris, and other terrible matters? The Swedes indulge in a pure distillation called finkel; the English indulge in an impure mixture, chiefly poisonous. I will not say that the pure finkel is no enemy to the Scandinavian nose; for I noticed here and there remarkably convincing proofs to the contrary. The driver who conducted us from Helsingborg to Gottenburg had a nose that was ripening gradually from a raspberry to a mulberry tint; and many of the noses that arranged themselves about our carriage-windows at the posting-stations, suggested a prevailing partiality for alcohol. Our discussion on the subject lasted for hours, and was illustrated by humorous as well as tragic instances, with which I shall not trouble the reader. These related to jocose, as well as serious, systematic drinkers —to men who drank to enliven themselves, and men who tippled because they loved spirit. We said some poetic things

about the whole soul of a man revealing itself after a second tumbler; we enlarged upon the fine social qualities developed by the magic power of the grape; we touched upon the career of noted drunkards; and, generally, did not evince any irresistible desire to take the pledge. However, we did not personally illustrate our position, but contented ourselves with seeking a sober couch at an early hour. In a little Norman bed, buried under my furs, with a bottle of the purest conceivable water at my side, to the sound of a neighbour's performances on a nasal instrument (of which I have already had to complain grievously), I went to sleep.

Among the pleasant occurrences of life I cannot reckon the tumbling out of a Swedish bed on a Swedish winter's morning, some hours before the dawn of day, to dress by the light of a miserable yellow dip; to wash in a basin which a man would be justified in mistaking for his breakfast-cup; to swallow a pint of boiling coffee and a lump of rye-bread; and, finally, to roll out into the morning air, and scramble over the sheet of ice before the post-house, to a carriage—an open carriage! How the cold instantly twists your nose! How you recoil from the touch of every thing! How you begin to wonder why you left London! How you think, with jealousy you cannot suppress, of the Cockney friends who are lying snugly in their beds, dreaming that the Timbuctoos have risen an eighth! How you resolve to make the best of your way back from Stockholm, without wandering east to see any celebrated falls, or south to admire any ruin! What possible interest can you have, under these unpleasant circumstances, in hearing that the triangular frames which lie about the roads are snow-ploughs? Why are you bored with the information that the greatest agriculturist at present in Sweden is a Scotchman?

You only know that there are seven quarters of a Swedish mile between you and your breakfast-table, and that this fact is of too unpleasant a nature to allow any indulgence in a general conversation on passing topics.

In a mood like this I set out on my second day's journey between Gottenburg and Orebro. It was a cloudy morning, and a thick sleet was falling. The roads were bad; the country hereabouts was not very interesting; we had not breakfasted; I had not fully rested; I had a violent cold, that reduced my voice to a whisper; and my cap would not keep in its place—and a thousand things.

About nine o'clock in the morning the sleet turned to rain, and this poured down with a heavy, incessant flow. A little excitement relieved the tedium of the morning at one point, where we found an old lady, who had been tumbled out of her sledge, calmly waiting till some passenger passed who would have the kindness to right it, which Herr M—— did with hearty good humour.

When we had breakfasted, we asked where we were to dine—at once. Herr M—— decided that this solemn daily event should take place at Lidköping, where he promised us some splendid salmon, and other delicacies. How weary was the time as we slowly passed those fields fenced with sloping palings (nowhere is a hedge to be seen in Sweden); those snow-ploughs; those bright red and yellow and blue cottages; those endless iron-works; those interminable forests; those wearisome hills and duller plains; those peasants (all like one another) lifting their hats and forcing us to disturb ourselves in our nests of fur to return their salutations; those road-side peasants' children dropping curtseys in the hope of winning skillings; those charcoal-burners with their huge black

baskets mounted upon sledges; those snaky streams twisting about the landscape in every direction, so that some of the plains, when the sun came out for a few moments, looked like an adder's nest!

At last we approached Lidköping, a wooden town just recovering from a calamitous fire. This town is an average Swedish provincial town;—a very sleepy place apparently, where one year is an exact copy of the past; where no astounding fortunes are made, but where all contrive to live pretty comfortably; where the peasants sell their frozen pigs, and where the passing of the weekly diligence from Gottenburg is the great event of every seven days; where all the houses are painted red, or bright blue, or green; where the paving is as bad as that of any French provincial town, and the drivers are obliged to take the carriage in an acute angle into the ruts; and where you may not smoke in the streets. One long, irregular street, with here and there a *cul-de-sac*, and an attempt at a square, at some point of it; this is a simple description of the ground plan of many of the innumerable Köpings through which I passed. This plan is easily accounted for. First a few houses were grouped on a road-side, and then they spread along the sides of the road; the new-comers never thinking of concentrating the assemblage, but always building at the roadside next to the last house. And thus when the houses had flanked the road for a considerable distance, the peasants came to offer the produce of their farms, gathered upon an open plot of ground, and laid the foundation of a market-place. And thus the town grew; and thus developed, travellers see it, and rumble along its long street, wondering where it will end.

As I have written, these inland towns are generally dull.

They appear to be little inert capitals dotted in the centre of vast forests and granite hills, and supported by the few travellers who pass from Helsingborg, Gottenburg, Christiania, or Orebro to Stockholm, and the scattered peasants of the neighbourhood who buy of and sell to the townsfolk. Lazily the oxen of the peasants draw their sledges through the street; lazily the marketing goes forward; but rapidly is the finkel consumed in the tavern. As I noticed all these signs of torpor, I thought, how will the shrill whistle of the coming locomotive stir up these good people, as it stirred up country townsfolk in England; as it woke the torpid energies of thousands; as it carried to forlorn men in various countries of the civilised world, tidings welcome to the least-believing ear! Now, all these peasants have a horror of the steam-engine; and see in Count Rosen's railway their impending ruin.

Herr M—— had not deceived us on the subject of dinner: it was excellently cooked. We left Lidköping in a heavy shower of rain, with ice under foot—a pleasant combination. But in spite of these obstacles we went briskly on our way out of the town, and wandered over hills, and through dense forests, till far in the night-time, when we drew up at a posting-station for the night. All the refreshment we could get here was coffee and crisp sweet cakes. We contrived to content ourselves with these, and went to bed to dream of happier times, when we had sat opposite glazed tongues and lobster-salads!

On the following morning we woke to find a clear day and a sharp frost. These welcome changes enlivened us; and we went forward towards the shores of the great Wenern in an amiable mood. We had an invitation to dine at Hult; a small place on the great lake where the steamers stay in the

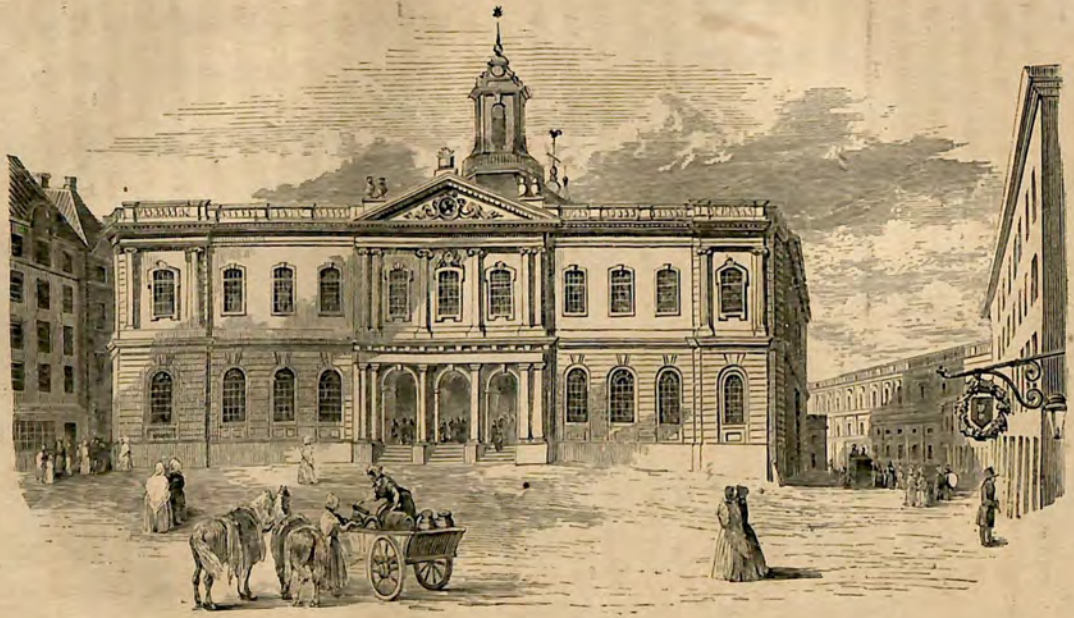
summer, and where some ships take their cargoes of iron. We arrived at this point just before sunset. The great lake was rolling its waves upon a low shore about us; we were encompassed by a gloomy forest, and were endeavouring to walk upon the smoothest possible ice into the inn. We glanced at a fine ship of 200 tons burden, built on the shores of the lake in the autumn; gave our opinion (knowing nothing whatever about the subject) on the merits of certain points of the shore for a harbour; and agreed that here, where the railway-station is to be, a large town will soon arise and prosper. And with these assurances we entered the dining-room prepared for us; and placed ourselves, with pleasure, in the hands of our host. We drank success to the railway; had some coffee at a window that looked over the bosom of the great lake now darkening fast; and then went on our way to pay a visit to some relations of Herr M——, who lived about fifteen miles distant, through a vast and splendid forest.

As we dashed along at a tremendous pace over the snow and ice; as the postboy shouted joyously one of Bellmann's quaint and lively songs,—I thought of many things. As, of far-off friends who were even then anticipating Christmas festivities; of the possibly rough sea between Copenhagen and Kiel to be endured before I could reach London again. I thought, too, of this vast forest through which we were scrambling, with its dull, dark-green foliage, loaded at all conceivable points with snow. I was told by the bundle of furs behind me (somewhere in the depths of which lay one of my travelling companions) that these forests are fast disappearing, that all this grand scenery is being chopped into deal boards rapidly. And yet we were travelling for hours together through the densest conceivable forest, all deal. To the songs of the

postboys, who all practically adopt the now popular axiom that "there's nothing like leather," by clothing themselves in this strong material (the woolly side in) from head to foot, we went on through the mazes of this vast forest at full gallop. Will this forest never end? I asked repeatedly. A voice from the depths of opossum-skins answered me once more, that the Swedes were beginning to think (so popular is the "forest hair" of their mountains) that the face of their country would soon be bald. We had seen many sturdy men at work in the depths of these great solitudes—many woodmen refusing to spare any tree; but then their material appeared to exist in incalculable quantities! Companies of charcoal-burners passed us on their loaded sledges, all singing a very monotonous air; one, however, that their flikas probably considered equivalent in effect to Mozart, sung by Mario; and so may they continue to sing, and may I not continue to be within hearing! But it is chiefly of these terrible charcoal-burners that Swedish economists have a dread. It is feared that they will consume all the vegetation of the country in their rapacious pits; that they will darken, with smoke and charcoal-dust, the entire surface of the country.

But I am not an economist; and if I share these fears, it is because I should be sorry to see the country bared—these splendid solitudes intruded upon. Here, says an enthusiastic Swede in the depth of his forest, here may a Scandinavian Manchester arise. Rather, I reply, be content and hug nature reverentially, and live on as you are. Forest thoughts are in every way as good as Manchester thoughts,—the song of the lark as enlivening and as *useful* as the whirr of the shuttle.

The forest surely will never end, I thought, as still we scampered over hills through its winding roads. My thoughts



THE POST-OFFICE, STOCKHOLM.

wandered, I remember, then, to other forests: to those great solitudes of America, and to Epping forest! But here the traveller has not the splendid richness of the American forests, the everchanging foliage, the thousand tints always shifting as he passes onward. A saunter only a few hundred yards from a New Brunswick settlement will suddenly bring you to a barrier of trees, firmly rooted, side by side, in the severest military order, and you are told that *that* (pointing between the crevices of the trees) is your way into the forest. The reflection at once flashes through your mind, that the famed Daniel Lambert would have been an indifferent backwoodsman. In a Swedish forest this gentleman might have wandered leisurely enough. However, my thoughts were in a North American wilderness, a few hundred miles away from the most distant approach to the comforts of civilisation; and I had a strong resolution (being comfortably in a carriage, a long way off from my thoughts) to make the best of matters. With one of those desperate efforts which rapidly pump the blood into your face, a way is forced through the barrier. We are in a vast solitude. The chirp of the birds is heard at a great height. It is March, and we are reminded that about this season of the year the black bear, having sucked the thick part of his paw throughout the winter, and taken no other kind of nourishment, issues from his den in quest of more substantial fare. This reflection, unpleasant at first, is soon dispelled by the marvellous variety of the scene. Life in a thousand forms is busy about you. Pussy is changing her winter coat of white for the grey of summer, and the fox is quietly speculating upon the hen who is setting under your neighbour's shed. Say, after a quarter of an hour's scramble, we emerge into an open space; and are surprised to find a

busy band of people at work. On inquiry, we shall learn that we have surprised the workers of a maple-sugary. In these noble maples about twenty holes have been bored, and are bleeding into a trough!" Hereabouts, in kettles over brisk fires, this maple blood is being prepared for human purposes. Well, we pass on, leave behind us graceful rows of silver maple, that look like fairies' wands planted amid the stunted grey oaks, and overshadowed by the majestic butternut trees, rearing their lofty heads eighty feet from the earth, sheltering the flowery dog-wood. On the rising ground shoots the tall and slender canoe-birch, surrounded by black spruce and hemlock, and enjoying for a splendid neighbour the yellow birch, with a stem like a shaft of gold. This kingly timber disdains to shoot out a branch at less height than forty feet from the earth. From this splendid tree comes that subtly-scented oil from which Russian leather obtains its peculiar odour. Here and there we come across a specimen of the iron-wood tree: individuals of the white and red elm families rearing their lofty crests sometimes one hundred feet from their roots. These are varieties which enliven a ramble in an American wilderness; but in a Scandinavian wilderness the solitude is awful, is grand, but is not beautiful. It does not tend to raise the spirits: it does not exhibit Nature in her holiday dress, but rather in "puritanic stays,"—stern and unbending, and without apparent tenderness.

These reflections served to keep me awake, and to make me a very dull companion, till we suddenly issued from the forest into a park. In a few minutes we saw the house, gaily lighted up, that we were approaching, and where we were to find shelter for the night.

I remember vividly the warm greeting that awaited us in

the hall of Herr N.'s house. I remember, too, the good-nature with which our host showed us to our rooms (warm and snug, and brilliantly lighted), where he left us to prepare ourselves for our entry into the drawing-room. We were in a very fair specimen of a Swedish gentleman's country mansion. It was constructed entirely of wood; but was so excellently put together, that it was one of the warmest and most comfortable houses I have ever had the fortune to enjoy. The rooms were lofty: the approaches to the rooms, spacious: the general appearance, solid and elegant. I should say that the entire building contained about twenty apartments; and I was told that such a house can be built in Sweden for about one thousand pounds sterling: the cost in England would be about 4000*l.*

Our travelling companion Herr M. came to usher the captain and myself into the presence of the circle of friends assembled in the drawing-room. The evening we spent with these friends was a most pleasant one: all the ladies spoke a little English, and we talked of the architecture of the old Norwegian churches; of the Great Exhibition of 1851 (which was even here a stock subject); of the Scotch families settled and flourishing in Sweden; of the inconveniences of Swedish travelling, and the conveniences of English railways. Then Herr M. sang some quaint national songs, played some national airs; and then we went down stairs to supper, which the guests ate as they walked about the room and chatted with their neighbours. It was a substantial and elegant meal, closed by the production of some hot chocolate, that was very refreshing. After supper we returned to the drawing-room, and examined the collection of Swedish paintings it contained. I noticed some excellent pictures of the Webster school, but nothing of

a very high character. Yet the art-collection contained a group by Sergell worth a long journey: it was one of the celebrated pieces of this great man. Of Sergell, however, I shall have something to say presently.

After a sound night's rest I was roused to resume the journey to Orebro. The day was cold, and from my bed-room window I saw the forest stretching far away, powdered with snow. I heard the clanking of the iron-works in the rear of the house, and presently saw our carriage, followed by a sledge, come rattling along the crisp road up to the front door. An excellent breakfast was concluded by a glass of port handed to each guest; for which we, who were about to be nine hours in the frosty air, were particularly thankful. We took leave of our kind host and hostess, (a young couple just returned from a wedding-tour through Italy,) and having been carefully packed up, re-entered our carriage, and to the waving of one or two handkerchiefs, drove into the forest, and on our way to Orebro.

I remember that I was particularly pleased when this day's journey was brought to a successful conclusion, and we were fairly installed in the posting-inn of Orebro. We had suffered a dull day's work. Here and there the scenery was fine, with its wealth of tumbling waters, its wooded hills, and its solemn rocks; here and there it was excellently cultivated: but generally it resembled so closely the scenery which we had seen so often, that it was monotonous to us. We contrived to spend a pleasant hour at the posting-station where we dined; but as we approached our destination we felt jaded, and, as a friend loves to say, "languid as yesterday's roses."

We knew when we were approaching the town, by the number of sledges we passed. And here I may remark that

sledging, on a peasant's sledge, is fraught with ever-recurring little dangers that are apt to mar the pleasure of this mode of travelling. An unskilful driver will probably be thrown into the road at least six times in a day's journey; and although these falls are not of a severe nature, they are sufficiently unpleasant to make the travelling distasteful. The skill of a sledge-driver, however, is exhibited in turning a corner. The captain told me that on one occasion he nearly ran his sledge into that of the king; and that he actually did upset a poor woman out of her sledge in the presence of royalty. He spoke with warmth of the unaffected kindness with which the king came to the woman's aid; he dwelt also with enthusiasm upon the cheapness of the Swedish hospital-charges, where the old lady was treated at his expense.

At the Orebro posting-inn we took leave, for the night, of Herr M., and were at once shown to our rooms,—large, lofty apartments, with the buds of the pine strewn about them, as I learned to my cost when I had removed my boots. Imagine a bed-room covered with tin-tacks, and you may have some idea of a Swedish bed-room sprinkled with fir-buds!

CHAPTER VII.

THE SWEDES AT TABLE.

I HAVE promised to write a special chapter on Scandinavian society, taken from that very interesting point of view,—the dinner-table. Rather, I have promised to devote a chapter to Scandinavian gastronomy,—to the great Norse genius as developed in Norse kitchens of the present day. The task is not an easy one. A man may flirt with many subjects; but when he approaches a dinner-table, and pretends to be critical, he must be very solemn indeed. A pun is very well, thrown at a minister; but thrown at a scientific cook, it is disgraceful. Flippant sentences may serve to describe a nation, but never to describe a dinner. Therefore I am not in love with the chapter before me. I might as vainly invoke the spirits of Vatel, of Ude, of Savarin, to aid me, as poets of a certain school call for the tuneful Nine, not one of whom attend the summons nine hundred times in a thousand. I might cry, "Oh, for the shade of Brillat de Savarin!" but I am certain that the supplication would not help me to a single fact—would not furnish me with a solitary excuse for omitting the impending contribution to the literature of gastronomy. Just, then, as I started from Stockholm one Sunday, with a vague notion that some day within that week I might reach Helsingborg, I open this chapter with the general declaration, that Swedish cookery is based upon French principles, and varied by local circumstances. Soups are eternal here, as in France;

you may always command a variety. A general love of disguising food in all kinds of sauces may be set down also as a characteristic which the Swedes and French have in common. The two nations share also an indifference to roasted joints; in fact, I never saw a joint of meat throughout my travels in the Scandinavian peninsula. A consumption of horse-flesh is common also to both nations. In France this consumption is disguised; in Sweden it is acknowledged. A love of coffee is common to the French of France and the French of Scandinavia; and here I may gratefully state, that Stockholm is not second to Paris in the production of a really excellent cup of this aromatic refreshment. If it may be stated without disturbing the *entente cordiale* between England and France, I will record my experience of the bad coffee, the terrible concoctions sold under this name, in many houses of the French capital. In fact, good coffee is not very common in France.

Certainly the Swedish cookery I saw and experienced did not appear to me to have any nationality about it. It had not all the exquisite taste of a perfect French *cuisine;* it had none of the wholesome simplicity of an English table. In a few dishes I could trace a certain originality, something exhibiting the true original taste of the nation; but generally I noticed that a love of sauces had enchained the national palate; that a passion for extraordinary combinations had destroyed the hearty national appetite. With a thermometer stationary for months below freezing-point, you find the Swedes living upon food with no more real strength, and warmth, and good in it than that consisting of *salmis* and *sautés*, and all kinds of happy combinations of all things indigestible, which issues from a good Parisian kitchen. A more natural food would surely be plain meats, with some of their sustaining juices left in them. I

confess that the French style is the more pleasant; that indifferent joints of mutton cannot be too effectually disguised: but I have no faith in little cutlets sailing about a yellow sea of fat; and I enter my protest unhesitatingly against peas served up with sugar! Shallow people pretend to assert that the cookery of a nation forms no part of its economy that is worthy of a stranger's attention; others vehemently assert (and I strongly believe with some show of justice) that you may make some very shrewd remarks on a state, seeing it from its kitchen.

A breakfast in Sweden is certainly a substantial meal. Generally you will find your caterer has provided a Swedish beefsteak (which I have already described), a hen-roost of eggs, some excellent fresh butter, and some fine bread, also sweet bread. At breakfast, tea is as often taken as coffee. With these provisions no ordinary man can fail to make an excellent preparatory meal for the day. Breakfast is an early ceremony in Sweden.

About two o'clock the Swedes generally dine. The Hôtel de Suède, in the Drotning-gatan, is so like a Parisian restaurant, that no description of it is necessary: I may merely remark, that the frame extending the entire length of the principal room, and covered with furs of all kinds belonging to the diners, and the countless over-boots, of the most extraordinary shapes and proportions, scattered about the floor, are the only features of the place that prevent a stranger from fancying himself in the Palais Royal. The tables are arranged in the same manner round the room. There is the *comptoir*, after the Paris fashion, where some person presides in state; but here *flikas*, gaily dressed (also on the French model), wait upon the guests. Even the *carte* closely resembles those mysterious Parisian volumes in which so many men are deeply read. The dishes,

however, show slight variations. For instance, the Hôtel de Suède offers to its visitors some of the fine fish peculiar to the great Scandinavian lakes—the capercailzie, brought frozen from the north; and the delightful wood-partridge, dearly loved by all who have visited Sweden. Of these the visitor may partake, have his preliminary brand-vin, and with it his snacks of bread and dried fish and caviar; and with his dinner a bottle of excellent beer, for about two rix—less than half-a-crown! All these things are well served; but the fish is invariably swimming in hot butter, and is thus spoiled. The rye-bread, which the diners eat in large thin biscuits, is really and truly an invention worth the attention of gourmets. It gives a zest to the appetite during those pauses between the courses, which are so trying to the epicure's temper; it clears the mouth to enjoy the wine; and its digestive properties also recommend it.

There are one or two clubs in Stockholm where excellent dinners may be had, where the choicest wines may be procured, with a proper production of dollars rix; and there are one or two suburban establishments, as celebrated in the Swedish capital as Blackwall and the Richmond Star and Garter are in London. I visited one of these suburban establishments in company with five friends, including the Captain, Poppy-head, and Herr M——. Here we certainly had an elegantly-served dinner, ordered with excellent taste by Herr M——. The wines were very good, and here we tasted some really good coffee; and we went merrily back to Stockholm, about eleven o'clock at night, along the white glistening roads, covered with snow, hard as iron, and shining in the brilliant moonlight:—past the dark waters of the Malar lake rushing to the Baltic:—down the long Drotning-gatan to the *hôtel*

meublée. We passed very few sledges on our road, with their silver bells ringing their occupants merrily homewards through the clear sharp air.

Private dinners in Sweden may, as I have written, be characterised as based upon French culinary principles, improved or damaged, according to individual taste, by Swedish genius. Game is served at odd times. You get iced punch in the course of dinner, which is very good. A fish-pie is offered to you when you think dinner is over; and you have neither cheese nor dessert. The wines generally are abundant and excellent:—as with us, port and sherry are the prevailing favourites. The mode of drinking wine is peculiar. Your friend first deposits a little wine in his glass, then fills yours, and then fills his up. You bow, drink off all the wine in the glass, then incline the glass towards your friend, to show that it is empty, and then bow a second time. This proceeding requires caution, or terrible consequences may ensue to the diner who cannot take wine with impunity. The gentlemen, however, seldom or never ask the ladies to join them.

In a chapter on the Swedes at table, I should remark that they eat very few sweets, but that the pastry they do have is generally light and elegant. I remember particularly some cold pancakes, stuffed with apples, which the Count produced one frosty morning at a posting-station, on our way from Orebro to Stockholm; which we gravely shared with a gentleman high in office at the Swedish court; and which we all enjoyed. You, Count, ate four, I remember.

My travels in Sweden have possibly suggested to the reader already, that in the country places, at roadside inns, the cookery is not that which I can conscientiously praise, except always for its cleanliness. I never saw a soiled cloth, or a dirty spoon

or fork, throughout my Scandinavian travels. There is one concoction, however, produced with some ceremony as an attractive luxury, upon which I must write a few words. This concoction is called fruit-soup. It has exactly the appearance of thin glue, with dark lumps floating about it. Its component parts are plums, apples, and other incongruous substances, all stewed together. This fruit-soup, slimy, and wonderfully unpleasant to the taste, is eagerly inquired for at the posting-stations by Swedish travellers. I saw Herr M—— dispatch a pint of it with remarkable zest. He told me it was very wholesome. I had already come to the conclusion that it must be, as it was repulsively unpalatable.

Swedish potatoes deserve a passing remark. They are about the size of marbles, and are generally fried very delicately. I might write a very instructive paragraph on the subject of Swedish pork; but I refrain. I *will* say, however, that I advise all tourists to imitate the strictest Jews in the matter of pork throughout their Scandinavian travels.

These are, in a few words, my experiences of Scandinavian cookery. The abundant game and splendid fish of the peninsula rescue the *cuisine* of the Swede from insignificance. The perseverance with which the capercailzie and wood-partridge are pursued and eaten, threatens, I should think, to make these birds as wonderful to the eyes of future naturalists as the dodo. The national address to these devoted birds seems to resemble in spirit that supposed to have been issued by Louis the Sixteenth, and addressed to the poultry, game, &c. destined for his table.* And while there is yet time, may not a second attempt

* "Il faudra donc vous croquer tous!
Tel est en bref mon manifeste;
Sur la sauce décidez vous,—
Mon cuisinier fera le reste."

be made to domesticate the capercailzie? I should recommend the wild gentlemen who are now fanatically worshipping the golden plumage and feathery trousers of Cochin China fowls, and discussing vehemently the proper length of deaf ears, to turn their attention presently to the domestication of these fine northern birds. I will not trust myself with a description of the capercailzie as he appears, in a solemn moment, at the dinner-table. A description, when well done, is only tantalising; therefore I leave one of these noble birds, in his proper sauce, to the vivid imagination of the reader. The wood-partridge I decline to desecrate with a single sentence of criticism.

And so I bring my short chapter on the Swedes at table to a close, with the Dutch salutation to the tantalised reader,—"Smaakeylt eeten!" (May you eat a hearty dinner!)

CHAPTER VIII.

SLIDES ABOUT OREBRO.

Long before daylight dawns, noises are heard about a Swedish inn. If there be a bell in the place, it is rung; if there be no bell, loud voices travel about the long passages, and down the broad staircases. Your own room is unceremoniously opened, and the great stove in the corner blazes like a burning forest in little. Sledges go jingling by; post-boys scream; travellers, according to the extent of their passion, shout a thousand or tén thousand devils; and the bustle only subsides a little as the day coldly breaks. I will remark here, that the Swedes have a very national method of swearing. Thus, if I were on a Scandinavian highroad, and were in the way of a traveller, he might possibly shout from his sledge, "A thousand devils!" If I were to take no heed of so insignificant a number of devils as one thousand, he might improve his position by the exclamation, "Ten thousand devils!" Say that I remained unmoved, even in the face of so fearful an array, he would cap all by the exclamation, "Ten thousand Pomeranian devils!" And then, of course, I must let the excited gentleman pass me. This illustration will explain my meaning, viz. that according to the intensity of anger is the number of devils. A man must be in a paroxysm of rage, however, before he commits himself with, "Ten thousand *Pomeranian* devils!" These specimens of Swedish oaths may be of use to those gentlemen who have a

fancy for varying their swearing, picking out a pet oath, as they pick out a hat, for each season.

There are many points of interest about Orebro. It is the centre of much Swedish activity. Here there is an agricultural society, where the improvements in modern farming are discussed, and where Swedish gentlemen meet to detail their experiences of the improvements they have adopted. I was introduced to one gentleman who had the care of a model-farm in connection with government. I was told that on this farm might be seen, in full operation, all the modern applications of science to agriculture,—here, in a country of which Englishmen know so little. Indeed, as I advanced into Sweden, I was daily more and more impressed with the belief, that the two nations have only to be known one to the other to become fast and cordial friends. In sentiment, in appearance, and in vigour, the two peoples have a close resemblance: they are natural associates, whom accident has long kept apart. But I hope to see the day when the lakes of the Scandinavian peninsula will be crowded with English tourists, and when the society of many Swedish gentlemen may be habitually enjoyed in London. Also, I think I shall see the day when commercial intercourse between the two nations will be fully developed for their mutual advantage. Sweden possesses rich stores of the materials upon which English industry feeds; and this truth is beginning to be generally appreciated.

Orebro, however, when I issued from the posting-station on the morrow of my arrival, did not certainly present a very cheerful aspect. The street, which had been coated for some time past, I believe, with trampled snow, was now very sloppy, the thermometer having suddenly risen some degrees above freezing-point. Still the sledges dashed about upon the thawing

mass, or moved slowly behind oxen, laden with agricultural produce. Still people persevered in adopting leather clothes from head to foot; still the better classes hugged themselves in their furs.

The town consists of one long street, here and there breaking into a square or an irregular open place. Parts of it, as from the bridge near the castle, where the foaming river rushes through the town,—and where the market is held, opposite the picturesque church,—were extremely pleasing. There were variety of colour, exquisitely broken lines, and good moving life in these scenes. The houses reminded me of a French provincial town, with their gay shutters, covered with devices illustrative of the trade carried on within. But I made these notes, it must be confessed, under great difficulties, for my attention was chiefly directed to the sheets of ice upon which I had to tread. It is difficult to gain sea-legs, but to accomplish ice-legs is yet more difficult. Therefore, in my rambles, I was compelled, for the preservation of an uncertain equilibrium, to throw myself into the most grotesque attitudes, to the amusement of every body except myself. A dark and scandalous rumour was buzzed about the town, that I had been seen making an impression of my entire length upon the snow; but this malicious report was "devoid of foundation,"—like much scandal of a more disastrous nature. During my slippery rambles I gleaned many points of historic interest, and saw at last in the troubled history of this central town, a story that might well tempt a Swede to write all that is known about it. Some points of it may interest English readers.

Orebro is situated on the summit of a sand-hill in East Nericia, a little more than twenty Swedish miles from Stock-

holm, and twelve from Norrköping. The lively Trosa, which dashes across its long street, comes bounding from the lakes of Lekebergslag, winds about the castle, and then flows, turning many flour-mills by the way, through beautiful downs to the Hjelmaren lake. The country round about is excellently cultivated, and is dotted with pretty country-seats, belonging to the owners of the rich estates situated in the vicinity. The town itself has undergone many changes. Like most of the Scandinavian towns, it has been consumed by fire, and its oldest archives have been burnt. Setting aside learned conjectures on the subject, it may be safely affirmed, that a Scandinavian town has existed here for at least seven hundred years. It is certain that at the end of the eleventh century the town was in a flourishing condition, and was the home of artisans, who in 1107 cast a very large and heavy church-bell for the town of Westerås, where it remained in use for 540 years; when, having been damaged in tolling on the death of Gustavus Adolphus, this fact was made the subject of a memorial to Queen Christiana.* The site of the town naturally points it out as the most convenient mid-way point between the capital of Sweden and Norway; in the olden time it was chosen probably as on the line of the most direct communication between Sweden, Norway, and the neighbouring parts of the kingdom of Gothia,—protected on the west by the Lekebergen mountains, and on the east by the waters of the great Hjelmaren. Another point which probably tended to the selection of the site is, that the Trosa near the castle has a good fording place, which was the road of communication between the old kingdoms of Swed and Gothia. Here, too, the Swedes naturally built a fortress to command the only passage between the two king-

* Dated the 14th of February, 1647.

doms.* "Old as the street of Orebro" is a local proverb. But these questions are of interest chiefly to local antiquaries; and I must leave them to debate them. I have been betrayed into this detail, so far as it has gone, by the personal interest I have felt for gentlemen intimately connected with the little town—its struggles, and its commerce.

THE CASTLE OF OREBRO.

The town is divided into two parts,—north and south,—of which the northern is the oldest part. The south part is said to have been built in the dynasty of Folkungarne; but it

* The oldest documents dated "Orebro" are some letters of King Magnus Ladulås, in the royal archives, of the years 1278 and 1279.

appears to have been considerably enlarged when the traders of Lubeck arrived to traffic in the mineral wealth of the mining districts round about. And in this southern part of the town the chief commerce of the place appears to be carried on to this day. With the exception of the public buildings, the houses are generally built with wood, and roofed indifferently with tiles or turf; here also, therefore, the inhabitants may not smoke in the streets. A considerable commerce has been carried on for centuries. According to Palmschöld, Orebro at an early period had the liberty to trade to foreign parts, and its inhabitants actually carried on a considerable commerce, having vessels at Södertelje, to trade in iron between that port, Lubeck, Hamburg, the Netherlands, and England. Here was the centre of the great mining districts of Nora, Linde, Lekhyttan, Carlskoga, and Serbark. But dark times came upon the town: a devastating fire consumed its chief buildings, and other towns arose to compete with it. And now again the inhabitants are expecting times of brisk commerce—since the first Swedish railway, now being laid down, will connect the town with Stockholm on the east, and with Gottenburg on the west. That this railway will revolutionise the capital of Nericia there can be no doubt; for here will be the great centre of the vast mining operations that will arise at the nod of the giant Steam. Already have capitalists from England invested large sums of money in the mines of Nora and Linde, and in iron-works, to be established at Köping. These speculations will do infinite good to the Scandinavian people, and will remunerate the capitalists; for it is now an ascertained fact, that English coals can be delivered in the centre of Sweden at prices far below those which Swedish charcoal fetches there; and when to this advantage the fact is added, that sea-

coal yields eight times the heat of charcoal, the gain that must accrue to the mining interests is proved to be enormous. To these advantages I might add that which the railway will afford in the cheap and rapid conveyance of minerals. But these utilitarian considerations may weary those of my readers who have been led to this point of my story by the light and careless tone of it,—by its mere good-humour, and the constant endeavour on the part of the author to be jocose. But if these will pardon me, I must explain that I have a serious as well as a light purpose in my performance: I by no means wish to write two or three hundred pages of flippant paragraphs about the Scandinavian people, and then end my work. On the contrary, I cherish rather the serious part of my task. I hope to send across the North Sea, on a voyage of profitable discovery, many of my countrymen; that they may see there is a splendid country not far off, where competition has not done its worst; where capital, without gambling, may be honourably and profitably invested; and where a hearty welcome awaits all honest folk. This is a homely purpose I have set myself, and one I have thought to push rather by showing, in lively touches (that is, in touches I have endeavoured to make lively), the hearty enjoyment with which I travelled over hundreds of miles of snow; through dark and gloomy forests; up gaunt granite hills; along the borders of inland seas, with dark waves lazily beating upon shores of unbroken rock. Therefore, if I still gossip somewhat about this little town of Orebro, the reader will possibly bear with me. Yet, as I continue, I fear frequently that, at the close of this paragraph, many a chamber-candle will be lit,—many a reader here turn down the leaf and saunter off to bed. Well, even at this risk, I must still repeat some of the gossip, as I heard it from various groups

assembled on a certain occasion in this little central town of Nericia; for its history is a matter of very hot debate indeed; and wildly and earnestly enough men gather around here to talk about its arms, its coins, and its archives. On the one hand, the historian Messenius is dragged forward to prove that even during the reign of King Magnus Ladulås coining was carried on in the town; and that the clergy of Strangnäs were the earliest known pawnbrokers of the vicinity, having received some coin stamped at Orebro as a pledge from the king. On the other hand, Brenner is made to prove that the coin (No. 1) showing the head of Queen Margaret on one side, and the letter O (the initial, it is conjectured, of the town), was stamped at Orebro. This fact having been settled to the satisfaction of certain gentlemen, it is said to follow that the coins marked 2, 3, 4, 5, copies of which are to be found amongst Ehrenpreu's collection of ancient coins at Upsala, must also be the produce of Orebro. But the debate concludes when the Orebro coin (No. 9) of the time of king Enius of Pomerania is produced, and antiquaries are requested to explain the meaning of the letters S.T.R.I.O. or T.R.I.O. And I, having no particular penchant for the study of old coins, and being quite willing to give the credit of all the old coinage of the Scandinavian peninsula to Enius of Pomerania, provided a sufficient quantity of the current coin be always in my keeping,—I say, I, being in this vulgar state of mind, am not sorry to hear the antiquarians brought to a dead halt.

What if I saunter to that group in a distant corner of the saloon? I have heard now and then a laugh ring through the room from this direction; but I find the group talking seriously now, or not very lightly. The question is the commerce of Orebro. A learned old gentleman is descanting on the ancient

right enjoyed by the town to fit out ships, and pointing to the resolution passed by Charles the Ninth in 1604, still existing among the archives of the town, which gives to Orebro the permission to trade by sea to all foreign towns, whether friendly or unfriendly. A liberal permission this, I thought, for 1604! And then the old gentleman complained bitterly of the merchants from Lubeck, who, in the olden time, spread themselves like locusts over the richest mineral districts of Sweden, and sucked from the inexperienced inhabitants all that was valuable in the country. But the time came, according to this old gentleman, when the Swedes began to be traders in their turn, and to drive better bargains; and then Stockholm arose amid a hundred islands, to rival in the icy north the island city of the south—to give a welcome to Dalecarlian boat-women, who may vie in picturesque effect with the gondola tenanted by its swarthy proprietor. And when Stockholm rose into importance, and the privileges of towns were granted to Nord, Linde, Philipstad, Christineham, and Askersund, the foreign commerce and the inland trade of Orebro fell and dwindled. But it recovered again, and is now steady. Its chief iron-trade, I should say, is with Stockholm; for when the price of iron at Gottenburg is higher than at Stockholm, the iron-masters of Wermland ship the ore at Christineham; and when the highest prices are quoted from the capital, the place of shipment is at Orebro. But soon, I thought, the railway will alter all this; soon these slow old gentlemen will find it necessary to be on the alert all day, or their sons will. They will find crowds of strangers about their wealthy town eager to buy and carry off its precious commodity; they will see the hard faces of Birmingham and London peering through their office-windows.

I will not say that I envy them the visitation; but I hope to congratulate them upon its pecuniary result.

I joined the group; and to divert the conversation from iron to something a little lighter, I asked whether fairs were held in Sweden. I found that there is a great gathering, called the Henricksmärso, every January, in the depth of a Swedish winter, and one that lasts for eight days. There are also an annual Larsmarso ox-market and a Matsmarso ox-market—one in August and one in September—each of which lasts only one day. There is also, I may here write, a Saturday market, at which all the peasants sell their country produce, and buy town commodities—some tea, and coffee, and sugar, and probably tobacco. These peasants flock to the town upon their narrow sledges from the provinces of Sudermannia, Westgothia, Ostogothland, and Nericia.

Having heard thus much about the fairs, I asked the number of inhabitants. In 1750, the population was 2215; it is now between 5000 and 6000, in round numbers. Even here, then, where there has been no great stimulus in trade, no great commercial energy among the people, the population has nearly trebled itself in a century. I wandered away thinking of this—thinking of the far-off time to come when no solitude may be found throughout the world; wondering how this great scheme, always advancing, "spinning hourly" down "the ringing grooves of change," will end—whether the awful increase of the human family will be stayed by some tremendous agency, or continue till every acre of God's ground shall find its human owner. Truly, when this question seizes upon you, and turns you rudely about to face it, and will not let you go, and insists that you will think it out, the boldest spe-

culator trembles, and is not glib with his answer. But here, in a gay saloon, with kind voices about me, and kind faces bidding me welcome from every corner of it, I could not be gloomy nor very thoughtful; and so the reader has escaped a very dull disquisition.

I now joined a group of gentlemen who were discussing the probability of finding coal in the vicinity of Orebro. The geological authority of the place was very glib on the subject. He found that the geological strata near Orebro were very like that in the coal-districts of England; and he informed me that this analogy led to the formation of a coal-company in the year 1777, which made borings for coal on the English plan, but was suddenly stopped for want of capital, having pierced eighteen different layers of sandstone. At Garphyttan, an extensive bed of clay, exactly like that found in English coal-pits at Whitby, was reached; but at this point the operations were suspended for want of capital, and they have never been resumed up to this time. And at this point of the conversation I broke from this group of gossips to join a very serious coterie, of which Poppyhead was the centre; and Poppyhead, having had two consecutive nights of unbroken rest, and it being at the time not later than nine o'clock, was actually awake. He was even interested in the serious information that was being communicated to him; and there was strong human interest in the conversation, for its subject was the career of an illustrious native of the town, who, born a blacksmith's son in 1497, lived to do good and useful work to his country, to receive lessons from Luther, and to make good use of them afterwards.

Let me repeat the story. Olavus Petri studied first at the Carmelite monastery of Orebro, which he left in company

with his brother, Laurentius Petri, to repair to Wittenberg. Here he met Luther; and from the great reformer learned those religious truths which have civilised the world. He graduated at the university of Wittenberg, and returned to Sweden in 1519, when he was made *Cancellarius Episcopi* to Bishop Mats Gregerson in Strengnäs, and shortly afterwards *Diaconus* and *Canik*. Having had another step, he proceeded with his brother to attend upon Bishop Mats at the coronation of King Christian. While on this expedition they nearly fell victims to a terrible massacre. The story runs, that the executioner's arm was already lifted for the death-stroke, when a German loudly exclaimed that they were Germans, and innocent; and so saved their heads. Olavus preached before Gustavus the First at Strengnäs; and the king listened to the preacher's denunciations of the Popish priesthood—listened, and did not take Olavus for an enemy. Nor did many others; for in 1524 Olavus was appointed secretary to the town-council of Stockholm; and having fulfilled the duties of this post during seven years, was married, in the presence of King Gustavus, to a lady of high birth. On this occasion, it is said, mass was sung in the Swedish language for the first time. He seems also to have been the victor, at Upsala and Westerås, over Doctor Peter Galle, in controversies on Popish doctrine. He appears to have been loaded with honours by the king. At the coronation he officiated as herald; and in 1531 the great seal was intrusted to him. But these temporal duties wearied the heart of the reformer. That reformed religion which he loved, he longed to administer and propound from the pulpit. Accordingly, in 1539, he took holy orders, and became the spiritual director of a Stockholm parish. While in this position he became implicated in a conspiracy that had its origin in

Lubeck; or rather he was privy to this conspiracy, and had been imprudent enough not to reveal his secret. For this offence, in those hard times, death was the solemn penalty, and to this Olavus was condemned. And here, about his scaffold, did the good people of Stockholm raise loud voices on behalf of their earnest preacher; and five hundred pieces of Hungarian gold were offered as the price to save the Orebro peasant's head. His life was spared, but his parish was taken from him. In the year 1543, however, his place was restored to him; and from his parish pulpit and elsewhere, up to the close of his vigorous and useful life, this child of the Orebro blacksmith, who had raised himself to be the keeper of the seals, and had resigned the glitter of these to be once more the exponent of Luther's reformed faith to his countrymen, repelled, with all the eloquence of which he was capable, the attempts of the Papists to undo the glorious work of the Reformation. Well might Poppyhead listen to so good a story of a life; well might his friends of Orebro be glad to tell it. Olavus died in 1552. Something remains to be told of Laurentius, who, having been with his brother during the early years of their life, left him to take the professorship of theology at Upsala. Here he taught the reformed faith, and with success so conspicuous, that his fellow-teachers turned from the spirit of the holy lessons to envy the distinguished Professor Petri. This uncharitableness was properly met by the king. The professor has found enemies among his brethren because of his superior abilities: let him henceforth be permanent rector over them. Here, at Upsala, the two brothers vindicated, before the high clergy of this seat of learning, the doctrines of Luther, and exposed those of Rome. The two were excommunicated; but

they survived the excommunication, like many more good men. The king thought it well to bring the rival disputants to a decisive conflict. He ordered Laurentius to draw up in a formal document the essential points of difference between the doctrines of Rome and those of Luther. Bishop Brask, the boldest of the Papal champions, was challenged to refute and destroy these differences, or to argue upon them, that thus, from the controversy of partisanship, some wholesome truth might be produced for the real advantage of the world; but Brask declined the contest.

In 1531 Laurentius Petri was made the first Evangelic Archbishop of Sweden; and two days afterwards he officiated at the coronation and nuptials of Katharine of Saxe Lauenburg, who married Gustavus the First. At the close of these ceremonies the king expressed his gratitude to this noble Swede, by giving him in marriage Elizabeth Mattsdatter—a noble lady connected with the royal family. Laurentius also officiated at the marriage of the king with Margaret Leijonhafond; and a third time, when the same king married Katharine Stonbock.

He did good with the wealth of his position. He maintained fifty students; printed many good books; and, in conjunction with Laurentius Andræ, translated the Bible into Swedish, and had it printed in the year 1541. He lived to see many changes. He travelled in 1557 to Moscowa to negotiate peace, and distinguished himself there in a controversy; he officiated at the coronation of King Enius XIV. at Upsala, in 1566; he crowned John the Third and Queen Katharine Jagellonica; he wrote against the Jesuits from his bed when they were strong at court; and died in his seventy-fifth year;

but his memory is still green, it appears, in the hearts of all Swedes, but particularly in those of Orebro. This, it must be confessed, was a history to talk about.

The peasant has no chance in the game of life, mutters the surly politician of a certain school even in the present day. Let him think of the time when the brothers Petri flourished, pushed their way from an Orebro anvil to the throne-room, by the sturdy use of their intellectual force; and say how it all happened, according to his theory. Always, under a despotism or a republic, or both, for they have been seen together, the strong man lifts his head where it may be seen, and its intelligence be acknowledged by all about him. At this moment in Sweden, a man who began life as a sergeant is the honoured governor of a province, with his sergeant's medal still proudly hanging upon his breast.

And so good night to our friends of Orebro, or Poppyhead will be musical in a way that is not generally gratifying to a social circle.

The morning of the day on which I left Orebro I leaned over the bridge that spans the noisy and rapid Trosa, before the castle. It is an old historic place, with stories in every chamber of it. It has been the residence of many kings, probably the scene of many passages of life not pleasant to recall. Here, I am reminded by a friend at my elbow, lived Charles IX., while Duke of Sudermannia. Here Sten Sture ensconced himself to the inconvenience of the Queen Dowager of King Christophorus of Bavaria. The castle is associated with the name of Engelbrecht Engelbrechtsson; and hence Magnus Ericsson issued a general common law for Sweden. Here, in 1540, before the drawn sword of Gustavus, Sweden was made an hereditary monarchy, and the oath of allegiance was taken.

Here Gustavus Adolphus was declared of age, and solemnly armed by his father with weapons which he nobly used. Here, in short, many solemn assemblies have been held; here many Diets have determined upon laws. Hence this big castle, with foaming waters about it, is a place to look seriously upon. It has been taken by the Danes; it has been besieged by Engelbrecht Engelbrechtsson; it was nearly destroyed by Olavus Bonde in the time of Gustavus I. These matters, hinted to me as I leaned over the bridge, were interesting.

And then, when I had made slides to the southern part of the town, on my way to the carriage that was to carry me with Poppyhead and Count R—— to Stockholm, I was once more brought to a halt before the old church, built, it is thought, about the end of the fourteenth century. It contains some old paintings and monuments, and is the tomb of some eminent patriots. First of these, Swedes always mention Engelbrecht Engelbrechtsson, the brave man of the fifteenth century,—who led the Dalecarlians against the cruel Danish governors,—who, on behalf the Danish people, dictated terms to Ericus of Pommerania, and with his strong arm kept him to them. This fine man was murdered upon an island of the Hjelmaren lake, where he was resting for the night on his way to Stockholm. He seems to have been in all essentials a great man.

And now farewell to the gossips of Orebro, to its pleasant stories, and its pleasant people; its slippery streets, and its frosty markets; its roomy posting-station, and Lota, the flika thereof, who sits twisting worsted, to be woven in the long nights of this winter.

Let us pack up in our furs and be off; for there is a long, long road before us even now; and our forbud has been gone

ahead many hours to warn the station-masters by the way of our approach.

We draw some rein-deer skins closely about our feet, and so wave our hats to the good friends we made; and in a minute the ice flies about like broken glass from under our coach-wheels.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SWEDISH PEASANTRY.

I AM not inclined to pronounce a pompous opinion on the Swedish peasantry; to examine into their grievances; to assail the classes above them; to pity their servitude; and to deplore the general aspect of the social scenes on which they move. Yet I may tell how far I really observed them; and repeat the stories of them which I gleaned from some of their most intelligent countrymen.

In the first place, most people know that the peasants are effectually represented in the government of their country. Here there is no need of freehold-land societies, and other machinery, for warring against class legislation; since there exists truly a House of Peasants, as powerful to make law as any other body in the state; a house that threw out unanimously the first and only railway-bill that has ever been presented to them. Of this house, and its simple dignity, I heard many anecdotes in the course of my travels. It literally consists of peasants who guide the plough over their native fields, clad in rustic guise, presenting themselves in Stockholm as legislators, and as simple rustics. They are in no way cowed by the glitter about them. They do their work for their class honestly and thoroughly; and indicate before the rest of Europe, not excepting England, the capacity for sound legislation that resides in all great working populations. In this light they assume a dignified position, which no thoughtful stranger travelling through their villages should

for one moment forget. They have all claims to his respect. In all their homes lie books they can read; for the Lutheran priest will not marry them till they can understand the meaning of a printed page, and write their name. To compare the Swedish peasantry with the best portion of our Irish peasantry would be to insult the Scandinavian people. Therefore let not Englishmen approach the kingdom of the most accomplished prince in Europe, with any feeling that he is a highly civilised individual about to cast a patronising glance at a state of affairs that will remind him of the dark ages of his own country. A broad and distinct line separates the noble from the burgher, and the burgher from the peasant in Sweden; yet I found that the nobles are always ready to grasp by the hand any member of either of the classes below them in station, who has done the state any signal service, or raised himself from poor obscurity to affluent celebrity. Surely this liberality is as enlightened at least as that practised in "enlightened England" at this hour! The Swedish aristocratic body may be imbued with strong prejudices, which would not be very mercifully judged at a Chartist meeting; but at least they have a hearty reception always ready for the men who deserve the national gratitude.

As I have said, a broad and distinct line separates classes in Sweden; yet I observed a hearty good-will pervading the entire people. The Swedish noble has certain privileges over the Swedish peasant, which would not be allowed in this country; but the Swedish noble talks with his servants freely, and it is rare to see, on the part of the servant, that debasing shyness which is often exhibited by a free Briton without a riband at his button-hole, in the presence of a free Briton *with* a riband in his button-hole. There is a natural good-

breeding in the Swedish peasant—a deference towards those above him—but no awkwardness. Thus, judging the condition of the Swedish peasant by his actual experiences rather than by the statutes which exist to bind him, I am inclined to think that he leads a happy life; that paths of honour are fairly open to him; that his physical wants are not ill-supplied; and that he has not much to complain of. Here is a group of peasants from a carriage-window.

It is widely known, I believe, that the great proportion of the cultivated land of Sweden is in the hands of the peasantry. For centuries it has been in their possession, and has descended from sire to son regularly, the children sharing it equally.

Whether or not this system of subdivision of land be conducive to the best interests of agriculture is a large question, comprehending the systems of great and little farms, touching gently upon manure, involving the consideration of guano, bordering on the theory of free trade, and generally assembling about it the many separate elements of social economy. Therefore the reader will readily excuse me from enlarging upon the policy of the Swedish laws as they affect the distribution of landed property. I will state only my experience, and here end. The Swedish peasantry are not, I should think, the best farmers of Sweden. They have neither the energy nor the capital necessary to follow successfully the rapid improvements in modern agriculture; therefore these improvements are adopted chiefly by the upper class—by the nobles, or by wealthy merchants. In the north, in fact, the peasants still scratch their land with the rudest conceivable plough, and leave to nature the care of their precarious crops. They receive only scanty supplies of money, their wages from large farmers being generally paid in food; but their money is of little use to them, except to buy the betrothal ring, and add one or two town luxuries to the cottage.

In Swedish homesteads every thing is home-made. The stuffs for female dress are grown on the adjoining land, and woven during the long and dreary winter nights: the husband's suit is homespun; the boots of the family are the handiwork of the father. Thus money is not a necessary; yet it is coveted pretty generally. I know, at least, that the peasants who assemble about a travelling-carriage at a posting-station are not usually characterised by a disregard of skillings. A dirty rix has a charm for a Swede's eye, as a shilling is always a welcome sight to an Englishman. In fact, a peasantry may

be well housed, and well fed, and very primitive, and enjoy a familiarity with the alphabet, without suggesting Arcadia to any passing tourist... In travelling twelve hundred miles through the country, I saw many varieties of peasant life. I passed comfortable and spacious farm-houses; I passed also very indifferently constructed log-huts, with patches of ground scratched about them, and begging children shouting from the door-ways:—but I must fairly state that I noticed no positive squalor; I saw no glazed eyes and sunken cheeks; I heard no voices hollow with chronic misery; I saw no dwelling that could be mistaken for the abode of pigs; I heard of no prizes offered for peasants who had brought up incredibly large and healthy families upon incredibly small earnings; yet I saw no positive beggary. It rather appeared to me that I passed many indications of healthy social germs promising glorious national developments—not deeply-seated social errors, to be rooted out after many struggles. At present, the peasantry are generally inert, content to farm the family land, and live, and marry, and die thereon; to sip finkel at the posting-station of the native village, gape at the adventurous travellers who may pass its doorway, and curse them occasionally for their reckless treatment of their horses.

Yet now and then a peasant rises from his station, accumulates a considerable fortune, and mixes with the best society in the country. I remember that, as we travelled along the banks of the dark Wenern, with a dense forest on one side of us, Herr M—— pointed out to me in the distance a commanding castle, embosomed in a splendid forest, and towering upon the crest of a lofty hill over the surrounding landscape.

"That castle," said Herr M——, "is the property and

dwelling of a peasant." I was interested, and asked particulars. Herr M—— described to me distinctly the gradual rise of the man from the condition of an average peasant to his present wealth. He speculated, if I remember well, in land; and made money by the extensive distillation of that spirit which is the curse of the country. He now owns extensive estates; but, still retains his peasant rank, and is visited by peasants. The peasant has not endeavoured to ape the manners of the born noble—has not descended to be a parvenu—has not, like a cotton lord, cut his early associates to become the tolerated visitor in Belgravia; but has vindicated the native dignity of his class by remaining one of it. He does not seek to hide from public knowledge the times when he played the part of forbud to men whose patrimony he can now buy at any moment; he is content to enjoy honestly what he has won, and to hold honestly to a class to which he knows honour is due in as full a proportion as to any other. I do not here describe the successful peasant from positive knowledge, but from a natural inference.

I remember also, that when we were approaching Hult, Herr M—— pointed out to me a magnificent mansion, which he also described as till lately in the possession of a peasant. The estate belonging to it extended for miles away on every side. The peasant in whose possession it had lately been had married one of the celebrated beauties of Sweden; and was, at the time we were passing, living in retirement in the depths of a forest not far off. In the spring of 1852, he became a bankrupt, having over-speculated. While in prosperous circumstances he was visited by many of the distinguished circles of Sweden; and his peasant parents lived in a decent cottage opposite his splendid dwelling, sunning themselves in the

warmth of his prosperity, but always refusing to live in any house unlike the wooden cottage to which they were born. To me there is something true and good in this feeling—something honest. No vulgar wish to start away from the peasant class, as though to be a peasant were to be a lower animal; no hasty steps towards a herald's college for mushroom heraldry; no poor forgetfulness of the past in the sunny noon of the present.

"How," I said one day, as we were travelling, to Herr M——, "how do your peasantry contrive to realise fortunes—to look down from castles upon the fine shores of your great lakes?"

"In many ways," he replied. "Some of them are keen speculators. Say a large estate is to be sold; they become agents for the sale of it in lots to their neighbours. These are allowed to buy, and to pay up in instalments. The agents receive these instalments, and about three per cent on each transaction. This profit is augmented by the agent, who uses the deposits for six months, during which time he is allowed to hold them. Thus hard-headed fellows set to work, and realise handsome sums. They also make large sums by distilling finkel."

Thus I find that in Sweden, as in England, the great paths are open to the peasantry; but I find here, that which I cannot clearly see in England, an enlightened anxiety on the part of the nobles to honour all who rise. The dandy lord of England, bidding for popular shouts, will even shake the hand of a working-man; but then this is simply to show the terrible price at which popularity is purchasable on English soil. What are called liberal peers have been known to entertain men of genius without putting the "pale spectrum of the salt"

THE HOUSE OF NOBLES, STOCKHOLM.

too prominently before them. These acts are called condescensions, and lords are praised for showing them; and it is precisely because this praise is given and received that they are worthless—worse than worthless—pernicious and detestable. That will be a time to talk of—a time when the cap may be heartily thrown into the air—when the ballot-box, lying in the hall of the club-house of all talents, shall make my Lord Downy tremble in his patent leathers! Now, we talk of Sweden as an aristocratic country—that is, a people conventionally aristocratic. "Aristocratic the people are, proud to band themselves into distinct classes; yet conventionally aristocratic, I should say, as the result of my observation, they are not. For, as I have already written, the nobles have a true regard for all that is pure and patriotic in their countrymen, irrespective of class; and the peasants, with willing hands, but not with slavish hearts, I think, lift their hats to the nobles. If there be a class in Sweden that can be called generally an unpopular class, it is the burghers. These are rapidly rising in wealth and influence throughout the country.

"And when the peasant has saved a certain sum of money, how does he generally spend it?" I asked Herr M——.

"Generally he will spend it in educating his children. He usually contrives to send one to the University of Upsala, to study for the Church; and thus the ranks of the Swedish clergy are chiefly recruited from the peasant class. No student can be a curate till he is twenty-five, nor a rector till he is thirty. The value of their rectories is not great, varying generally from 100*l.* to 400*l.* in English money. The highest salary given to a Swedish priest is that enjoyed by the Bishop of Westerås, who has about 1000*l.* English money a-year; and just now people are clamouring loudly to have this sum reduced."

This sounded an odd kind of agitation to English ears. "Oh," but vigorous defenders of the English Church will exclaim,— "1*l.* in Sweden is worth 10*l.* in England." Not so; 1*l.* will produce in Sweden not double the amount of luxury it will give in England. I should say that the establishment of a man in Sweden who has 400*l.* a-year is about equivalent to that of an Englishman who has 700*l.* a-year. Therefore let no reader run away with the impression that the Bishop of Westerås is as well off as the meek gentleman who presides over the spiritual affairs of London. The fact is not so. In Sweden the clergy are maintained as plain Swedish gentlemen, not as princes. Here may not be found that harsh contrast between pulpit humility and social splendour—that continual whine about sackcloth and ashes from easy gentlemen buried to the chin in velvet. And this comparative simplicity may, it appears to me, be fairly traced to the wholesome relation in which the Swedish clergy stand to their parishioners.

Thus the Swedish peasantry, in short, have every legitimate avenue open to them. They are possessors and cultivators of their native soil; they are legislators in their own distinct chamber; they may rise to be the chief spiritual advisers of the state.

CHAPTER X.

THE VENICE OF THE NORTH.

THAT was rather a dreary dinner we discussed at the last station before entering Stockholm; for we had had a long day's work, and fourteen miles of weary road, on a dark night, remained between our dinner-table and Birger Jarl's city. We tried to be very brisk indeed. I believe I ventured to inquire whether we should find any place of amusement open on our arrival. And when we had taken our brandy, and were fairly opposite some excellently cooked capercailzie, the cold pancakes we had eaten at sunrise were forgotten, and Poppyhead, who really had some serious business to get through in the Scandinavian capital, kept both eyes open. I could see that we were not far from our journey's end by the Count's leather-bag, which now showed but a handful of copper skillings.

Presently we went out from the snug station into the dark cold night, which seemed to catch you by every limb at once —to seize your nose rudely, till you felt inclined to sneeze, but could not—to catch your legs in an icy grip. I was glad enough to hug my skins close about me, to pull down my cap over my eyes, and draw stoutly at my cigar, that glowed upon the little hedge of icicles which had gathered upon the fur that was near my mouth. To the unearthly sounds of a Swedish driver we went briskly on our way behind three stout, snorting

horses; plunged recklessly down hills, and toiled slowly up them; trotted merrily along even roads, and went silently through gloomy forests; and then from a hill the twinkling of Stockholm lamps glowed like glow-worms far away below us. How tedious was the half hour during which we seemed to wind in every way except that which must lead in a direct line to our destination! how pertinaciously I bored the driver with inquiries as to the precise number of "quarters of the way" we had yet to travel! Soon, sledges passed us at frequent intervals; almost incessantly we could hear the jingle of bells both approaching and leaving us; and then the hoarse shout of our driver to the peasants, to draw up their sledges while we passed on, gave a relief to the excitement. At last we clattered over the stones of a town, through a gateway, into Stockholm.

Not much like the Stockholm described in chance books, by writers who should have been compilers of catalogues. You may tell me that Paris consists of a series of very wide and very narrow streets; that its principal thoroughfare is bordered by trees; that the Place de la Concorde is a fine square, with fountains in it; that the Palais Royal is a quadrangle full of jewellers' shops and restaurants; that nearly all the male population wear beards and moustachios; that in the summer people drink coffee in the streets:—yet I shall have no very vivid idea of the great city herefrom. I shall get a much clearer idea from some vivid illustration of the spirit of the people, and some particular description of one picturesque effect seen in one spot. A stranger would get a clearer notion of London life and of London from one of Dickens's books than from any bulky Cyclopædia of the metropolis. I say, therefore, that Stockholm I found in no particular resembling the place I had conjured up from descriptions.

VIEW OF STOCKHOLM FROM THE HEIGHTS.

How eagerly Poppyhead and I looked about us as the carriage rolled through its long streets, paved, alas, like those of Paris; and enjoying the sweets of open sewers, I noticed, in some places! There were very few lamps; but the houses were generally lit up, and every where their lights seemed to be reflected in a sheet of water. There were not many people about; for as we turned our backs upon Tessin's splendid palace, and crossed the Maelar lake where it is rushing surlily into the Baltic, capering by the way about innumerable islands, the loud bray of the trumpet from the church-towers told the inhabitants that it was ten o'clock. How oddly this sounded upon Cockney ears! I know it haunted me all night. It had a strangely barbarous, wild, and foreign sound, and I could not help thinking about it.

We obtained good lodgings at the Hôtel Garni; and it may be interesting to the general reader to add, a snug and substantial supper. We tried to persuade one another that we were not in the least degree fatigued by our journey; but we looked very heavy directly the supper-cloth was removed, and were at last compelled to own, that perhaps it was well to go to bed (though we both could have sat up hours, we said), as we wished to be up early in the morning. Jean Paul wrote, in his *Campaner Thal*: "When the whole brain is paralysed, every nerve rusty and exhausted, and the soul carrying leaden weights, man needs but to *will* (which he can do every moment), he needs only a letter, a striking idea, and the fibre-work of the soul's mechanism proceeds again without help from the body." We found it difficult enough to *will* then, and said "good night" only with some alacrity. In a few minutes I was in a little bed in icy Stockholm, snug and warm, and dreaming, possibly, of the Inner Temple!

The Swedes say, "The morning has gold in its mouth," and accordingly rise early; though it does not appear that they abstract any vast quantities of the precious metal from between the morning's teeth. Yet they are an active people, well inclined to enjoy themselves; also well inclined to work vigorously, I think, while they are about it. As I have before said, they appear to me to have all the elements of a great nation, and that these elements are about to exhibit sound and glorious developments; and I, remembering how kind they were to me while I was amongst them, shall watch the game go forward with no uninterested eyes.

How snug Swedish rooms are! They are lofty, and they are large; yet they are never cold; and you may sit in any part of them without fear of having the left ear numbed while the right is roasting, as in English rooms. I remember how snug we were when we breakfasted on the morrow of our arrival; and how, when we were about to emerge into the streets, we could hardly be persuaded to put on heavy clothing, feeling convinced that the weather must have moderated. But when we were once fairly in the Drottninggatan (the Regent Street of Stockholm), the cold was particularly perceptible. The heavens were cloudless, and there was not a breath of wind. It was a fair Swedish winter's day. The streets glistened with the hard snow, polished by the sledges; every thing was bright, dazzling. The long, long street of tall, French-looking houses into which we emerged, and in which our hotel was situated, was powdered every where with snow. It was thickly lying upon every protruding corner, in little pyramids upon the hinges of the shutters, in solid folds upon the projecting tops of doorways, in slanting, glistening slopes against the windows, and in sheets of unbroken whiteness upon every roof. We

turned into another street; here, again, was the glistening snow every where. We advanced into the open space between the Opera House and the hotel occupied by one of the princes. Here it was fairly dazzling; and we could see it every where —covering the stone-work of the bridge across the Maelar lake away to the great palace—to the right, over all the houses and offices, and the House of Nobles—to the left, over the shipping, moored till spring should come to melt the icy heart of winter. This universal whiteness, reflecting the light of an unclouded sky—the people in fur-clothing, moving briskly about, and the bells of the noiseless sledges chattering musically every where —made up a most cheerful, a most invigorating scene. Truly this city of Birger Jarl is a place for travellers to visit! Yonder splendid palace dwarfs every thing we can present in England, in the shape of a royal residence, to a very poor affair. How grandly it rises from the bridge, and towers with its lofty and tremendous wings over the entire city! My eyes were fixed upon its fine proportions, its simple majesty of outline, as I slipped across the bridge, with the dark waters of the Maelar roaring under my feet; and odd, incongruous thoughts of the splendours of the south, transplanted hither into the ice and snow, came over me. For in this palace are splendid relics from sunny Italy and Greece—treasures that grew up under the warm influences of a voluptuous climate—here, freezing in the galleries of King Oscar! And here too are the glories of native art—the great statues of Fogelberg—the sweet, Baily-like works of Sergell—the well-executed groups of Göthe and Byström! I wandered straightway into the gallery where these treasures might be seen; and certainly the three Scandinavian gods by Fogelberg are fine creations. Balder, especially, has the greatness of a god in him. I give a drawing of Bernadotte's cham-

ber—still, I believe, preserved as he left it. Here too are splendid specimens of porphyry from the royal quarries at

BERNADOTTE'S CHAMBER.

Elfdal—marbles rich in colour. I saw thus much of the palatial treasures; then wandered back into the street, looking into the odd nooks and corners of the city—its back streets, and less pretentious life. And here let me own, to the great credit of all concerned in the happy fact, I met no squalor equivalent to the Drury Lane of London—to the terrible byways of Paris. There were poor houses, indeed; but I noticed no wretched

THE PALACE AT STOCKHOLM.

dens arrayed in all the ghastly presences of reckless pauperism. And yet I looked, I think, narrowly, and asked pointed questions.

After a rapid walk about the city, I endeavoured to sum up its general features. I said it struck me as a city of French houses built upon a Venetian site, and removed, by some extraordinary agency, to a northern climate. Even its people, in dress, are French; that is, with the exception of the Dalecarlians, who are peculiarly arrayed, and the lower orders of men, who are cased from head to foot in stiff leather. Then again, these Swedes of French aspect are contradictions; for they have English faces—faces that you are accustomed to meet in Fleet Street. And having said thus much generally, I fairly determined to make no further observations on the subject. I know that I can convey only the most meagre notion to the reader, of Stockholm, as it really stands powdered with snow during four or five months out of every twelve; but I do hold that a few honest confessions of the exact way in which it strikes a stranger may give a stronger and more correct notion of the general aspect of the capital, than a dry list of its public buildings, exact measurements of its streets, and tabular views of its population. I was told that I could not think of leaving Stockholm without having seen thirty or forty distinct and widely separate attractions; yet I contrived to do so. I hate long-established sights; where catalogues are distributed at infamous prices, and drowsy officials dribble over historic relics. I hate, in short, the Westminster Abbeys of foreign countries. Not that I experienced any annoyances from guides during my stay at Stockholm; on the contrary, I found the officials with whom I came in contact, obliging, and not too ready to extend the palm for a bit of paper money; but

I had, from past experience, an instinctive dread of the established sights of a city. I therefore accepted invitations to these very cautiously.

There was, however, one collection of Swedish relics into which I wandered, that riveted my attention, that called up in me, as it must have called up in the minds of many visitors, strange thoughts, sudden emotions, and painful, tragic presences. In the palace opposite the Opera there is a collection of armour, and weapons, and clothes, associated with the history of the country. Ghastly enough are many of them, with blood besmearing them, and bullet-holes showing the light through them! A grave old soldier leads you up the broad stone staircase to this collection. First you are introduced into a room that is not very unlike what you might conceive a pawnbroker's parlour of the middle ages to have been. For here are grouped and slung up, in bundles, the liveries worn by court servants in different times. The gold all faded now, the colours past, the material rotten, presenting a very significant array indeed of past vanity. What would be the emotion of Mr. Jeames, of Berkeley Square, I thought, in this chamber, filled with the liveries of old! For these faded jackets, these tattered, discoloured frills, have probably, in times when they were white and stiff from the hands of ancient laundresses, caught the eyes of Stockholm maids, perhaps of pretty Dalecarlian boatwomen, as they went gaily rowing about the Maelar waters there! Well, well, pass on, wrinkled guard, to the collection in yonder room; for hereabouts are matters of stronger interest.

Here all the relics are in glass cases; relics that make the heart swell to the throat as the spectator looks upon them. All about, at first, the visitor sees richly embroidered saddles;

stirrups bright with jewels; swords blazing with precious stones; faded satins suggestive of brilliant pageantries; but presently the guide points quietly here and there, and the heart sickens. For here, amid the blaze of jewels, the silver horse-shoes and the golden bridles, are the bloody garments of Gustavus Adolphus from the field of Lutzen! the sword that fell from his brave hand, only when his life's blood was on the rapid ebb; the fine shirt, and tattered linen—all heaped under a separate glass-case; all relics clotted with the hero's blood, true blood of old, now showing in grey and yellow patches upon embroidered linen! In vain the historian seeks to paint the terrible battle, on that November day of 1632, before these ghastly evidences of the great king's wounds. Brave Steel-glove (Stahlhande), who snatched the sacred dust from the enemy! Brave king, who died with "God's harness" on him, and God's only!*

The old guard motions us onward; past satin robes with satin shoes pinned to the skirts thereof; past leather coats and jewelled swords, and velvet saddles; we, thinking by the way only of the bloody heap of linen in the case behind us, till the guard pauses seriously before a case, upon which the great name of Charles XII. is painted. And here again is ghastly evidence of a great king's death! The hat perforated by the fatal shot, the garments stained with blood. History says that when Charles was struck at Frederickshall he raised his hand to his head. True enough, here is the gauntlet he raised

* "Since his wound at Dirschau, he had ever found it painful to wear armour, and he set generally no value on the heavy accoutrement hitherto used, which he in great part abolished in his army. 'God is my harness,' he said, when his equipments were brought to him on that morning."—*Geijer's History of the Swedes.*

smeared with gore. Very terrible all this is; and one begins to ask the question, is it profitable terror? Has the repulsive show any thing wholesome in it? The question is not easily answered; but I am inclined to think it serves a good purpose. It recalls vividly the past; it checks the historian, and when he speaks truth, confirms his story.

And here again, opposite the bloody gauntlet, are the go-cart (lined with blue velvet), and the cradle of the warrior king; extracts from the first and last chapters of Voltaire's history!

The imagination quickly seizes upon all that lies between, and thus fortified, dwells thoughtfully upon the beginning and the end. The child taught to walk—the stern soldier struck to the earth! Well, well, again, old guard, pass on. Pass these cocked hats and splendid swords, these royal bridal dresses, these flowing satins, to another blood-bespattered robe—that of Gustavus III.—who was killed in the Opera-house yonder—killed while festival music played, and with all his splendour blazing about him. Slowly pass, old guard, the rows of guns, and helmets, and heavy swords, and iron storming hats; and arquebuses—all old weapons of warfare; and now, the show over, here are two rix and our thanks, and good morning.

Again the cold bids us move along briskly. We stroll about; look at the wonderful silver work for which Swedish workmen are celebrated; inspect the black sweets eaten at funerals; see the fine Stockholm guards turn out; watch the picturesque appearance of the few Dalecarlians who have remained in the capital after the close of the boating season; walk in front of the House of Nobles, a fine, simple, red building; and visit the great church with its cast-iron steeple, where a long line of kings lies splendidly entombed! A line, indeed,

boasting many heroes: many brave men—brave, and for the right cause!

We have seen the crown prince once or twice during the morning, walking about arm-in-arm with a friend, and lifting his hat, on a moderate calculation, once every minute, in return for the salutes of passengers. Truly this easy, friendly intercourse with the people, this cordial interchange of politeness between prince and subject, contrasts oddly with foreign experiences of royal condescension. Nowhere did the people press on the prince's path; he might stop in the street to speak with a noble, and he would find no crowd gather about him. Again, access to the presence of the sovereign, in Sweden, is easily obtained by any subject; thus there exists a cordial understanding between the high and lowly, and the royal family is loved and respected in every part of the country. Indeed, the accomplishments and talents of King Oscar would ensure him the admiration of his subjects, even were he wanting in the social virtues which also distinguish him.

I have already devoted a separate chapter to the Swedes at table; I must therefore refrain from taking the reader with me at three o'clock to the club over the water, or to the Hôtel de Suède. So that nothing remains but to continue our stroll about the city. Night will shortly close in—that is, a little after three—and then we will go to a Swedish *café chantant*. Meantime we must proceed with our rational amusement. Near the palace is the Museum of Northern Antiquities—open to all—even, I believe, on Sundays; for here it is held that after six o'clock on Sunday, hours having been devoted to serious thoughts, some attention may be given, without sin, to instructive or simply exhilarating amusements. I will not undertake to say what verdict Dr. Croly will pass upon the

Swedish nation if this information reach him, but I know what most intelligent men whose "heart ferments not with the bigot's leaven" will think, and to these I address it. Thus, I say, I believe the Museum of Northern Antiquities, and other collections, are open to the Swedish people on Sundays.

The collection of northern antiquities is excellently arranged, and includes many remarkable objects. Its illustrations of the rude manufactures of the Scandinavian people, of their stone hatchets, their colossal brooches, their primitive locks, are particularly interesting, when explained by the learned professor who has the care of the museum, and to whom I was much indebted. He showed me the little gun manufactured for Queen Christina, and called her flea-gun; the stick Charles XII. had in his hand when he was mortally wounded; an amber toilet-apparatus, and splendid caskets and jewels,—spoils of war! All this with the keys of the rooms in his hand, for the short winter's day was closing.

We walked back to our hotel in the twilight, with the hard snow glistening at our feet, and the stars shooting brightly out of the deep blue overhead, and the faint northern light on the horizon.

The Opera-house of Stockholm is a pretty, well-proportioned theatre, comfortably warmed. The ante-room to the stalls suggests to a stranger the northern climate in which he is; for here are heaped bundles of furs the most ponderous, over-boots the most tremendous. And the packing of slender gentlemen, who have shown in the theatre in ordinary evening costume, in endless wrappers, which give them the presence of aspiring Daniel Lamberts, is amusing enough to the stranger. Herr M——, who looked the pink of fashion in his stall, was not unlike a bear on his hind legs in the little fur apartment in

question. And then the sledging home; with the merry sledge-bells ringing in the clear frosty air, the dazzling snow-light—all is pleasant and cheerful enough. Normani was the prima

donna when I was in Stockholm. She is an English lady, and has a very fine voice. With the Swedes she is a great favourite. The orchestra merits particular praise: indeed it enjoys the reputation of being second only to Costa's troop in Covent Garden. Music seems to be passionately cultivated in Stockholm. I was present, during my stay, at a concert excellently organised, and extensively patronised. But having done the part of critic in musical matters, (a part for which I am about as well fitted as Wright is for Hamlet,) I may lead the reader gently—quietly, to a less pretentious place of amusement, to a place, in fact, which is a fast place in Stockholm. It is a café where people sip sweet punch from liqueur-glasses; smoke, and listen to some very indifferent music. Here the visitor may take his seat, and having ordered some punch at the comptoir, of the flika in attendance (who is gracious if you give her the

title of mademoiselle), quietly watch the proceedings. Generally the audience is a peaceful one. Heaps of over-boots and furs lie about, moustachios of portentous dimensions are dipped into various liquids, and friendly questions are put by the *habitués* to the master of the orchestra. This orchestra musters about six performers—three of whom are women. These sit in the front row, the men behind. One of the women, about fifty years old, dressed in a most motherly style, and looking very gravely at the proceedings, vigorously plays the fiddle, the woman on her right sounds a harp, the woman on her left twangs a guitar. These delicate instruments are supported from behind by two brass instruments, and the master's leading violin. When all these musical powers are fairly in motion—and when the air in hand is about to close, a sound sufficiently loud is produced to satisfy the most exigeant assembly, and which must be considered handsome treatment, when the gratuitous character of the entertainment is fairly considered. The songs by the ladies are chiefly popular Danish ditties, delivered with the thinnest possible voices. But the master of the little taproom opera company is a comic man, with a round, red face, and features that he can distort at pleasure, and which, by a happy coincidence, he is always pleased to distort. First he sings a drunkard's song, the chorus of which consists in producing a sharp noise like the click of a trigger, by pulling down his under lip and letting it fly back against his teeth. The dexterity with which he has performed this trick to the music of his company produces an encore. In obedience to the flattering call, he offers a series of imitations. He begins by being drunk. He throws his coat open, lets his tongue lie loosely out of his mouth, drags his hair over his eyes, and staggers very successfully. He is a Frenchman. He studies

THE OPERA-HOUSE, STOCKHOLM.

any attitude. He is in love: the winning smile; the ardent look; the clasped hands; the devotional business, are all well attended to. He is an Englishman:—this is very amusing. He begins this part of his performance by scowling dreadfully at his audience. He then proceeds deliberately to hold his breath till his face is not unlike a ripe red gooseberry; his eyes protrude from his head; still he scowls; and then he grins foolishly, and then takes snuff, and then mistakes the cuff of his coat for a handkerchief: and the characteristics of an Englishman have been given to the satisfaction of all present, who laugh heartily. Let me confess that I joined in this laughter, with my English companions; and although the whole affair was an absurd caricature, yet there was the slightest possible bit of truth in the manner of it. After this exhibition we put on our fur over-boots, enveloped ourselves warmly, gave some paper money for our refreshment, dropped a rix each into the musicians' tray, and went home, through the bright snow-lit streets, past fleet sledges still musical, past parties of ladies and gentlemen heavily clothed, always followed by men-servants holding lanterns near the snow before their employers' feet, that they may not slip—past policemen, oddly clad, but with badges about one arm, in imitation of the English police. Here policemen always walk in pairs. Some time back, the Swedish government set an inquiry into the organisation of our new police on foot; and this badge that I noticed is one of the results of this investigation.

During my stay in Stockholm, I amused myself, in leisure hours, by wandering hither and thither, noticing the stir and life of the place; for I must confess I prefer to saunter about, rather than to race from one point of attraction to another. I like suddenly, by accident, to come upon a fresh scene—an

odd corner. I refused to take a sledge at the hotel-door and drive direct to a sight. Thus I accomplished my examination of the capital in a most irregular manner. But I enjoyed my own plan, and I carried it out; I have described my experiences as they occurred, and I shall continue on this system.

Suddenly, one morning, I and the Captain (who had joined our party again) came upon an open space, where—in the terrible cold—the Frozen Market was held. Here, in huge hampers, were heaps of game all frozen as hard as iron; apples like cricket-balls, and covered with snow; and all kinds of produce frozen, all tight in the grip of Winter. Ladies were marketing, their sledges waiting for them. It was altogether a curious scene. On this same day, I remember, we strolled past the House of Nobles to the great church once more; then to the royal stables; then to the depôt of the Elfdal porphyry, where we found only three specimens of this beautiful marble; and it was on this day that I went to the medical college—to the Carolin Institut—to breakfast with its learned head, Professor Retzius. I shall not easily forget the enthusiasm with which the Professor took us through the rich museum of the Institute; but above all, that part of it where hundreds of skulls are ranged in black cases round a large apartment, and are piled up also in the centre of it. The effect, to a non-scientific eye, was a little chilling. My thoughts did not wander to the learned distinctions between Celtic and other skulls; I rather thought with a shudder of the ghosts belonging to these innumerable bones.

But here the Professor was quite at home, and proceeded to give us a most instructive and vivid illustrated lecture. The familiar terms on which he appeared to be with all these skulls was rather terrible.

"See here," he said, and he seized a substantial skull and placed it in my hands (which made me feel very uncomfortable), "your phrenologists would call this an excellent skull; but, sir, it is all nonsense; it is that of a Sandwich Islander; and here is another, and another, and another" (and the Professor put one under his arm, and held one in each hand); "these are all Danish skulls; and the Danes are said to belong to the most intellectual race,—here they are, phrenologically bad."

And then the Professor picked out his pet, his favourite skulls. Suddenly he seized upon four; and calling our particular attention to them, described them as the skulls of four Swedish princes. Here was an opening for a philosopher! Four royal skulls dandled by a professor of anatomy for the inspection of curious visitors. I feel that I ought to grow very eloquent hereabouts; but the fact is, I felt more than I can describe. I had a vague sense of the awful gap of time, and the long list of chances, that lay between these skulls and the day of their glory, when "crowns flashed from them;" but this sense is that with which every visitor must meet them. Put them back, Professor, and bring them forward some other time, when you have a visitor who can write pretty things about them. I feel there is a strong story of human interest in them; but it is not for my handling.

"Here," said the Professor, taking up a skull not far off,—"here is a Celtic skull, pierced at the back, found in England near a Roman skull which had a spear-point driven into the eye."

Well, well, Professor, these are all suggestive matters—things to think and talk seriously about; little revelations of the remote past that hold us enchained for a long time; wit-

nesses—not to be perjured in any way—of the historian's truth; confirming solemnly records of bloody work done many centuries since—before Birger Jarl had been hereabouts to plan a city, and to strengthen it. And so, with hearty thanks, good morning.

And now, having wandered about the principal parts of Stockholm; having strolled down the Drottninggatan at the fashionable hour; having tested the liqueurs to be had here and there in this celebrated street; having watched sturdy men walking up and down upon the ice of the lake, clad in furs, near holes bored through the strong floor of frost; and having ascertained that these lonely wanderers are fishermen, who have baited hooks sunk through these holes; having examined Professor Louvèn's museum of natural history; having passed an hour in the company of a tailor of antiquarian propensities; who treasures Scandinavian relics, and has a rich collection of Runic calendars and other curiosities; having enjoyed the society of many new and warm friends, who gathered kindly about me and my companions; and having gossiped rather freely about all this,—I may naturally think that the reader wishes to know something less fantastic and diffuse on the subject of Stockholm. Yet Stockholm has been often enough described. Very cold eyes have looked strangely upon all these fine palaces reflected in the Baltic and the Maelar: on these streets scrambling about the bold rocks; at this solemn background of fir-forest; at these fresh gardens, all grouped greatly together on a plan in no way like that of any other European capital. These cold eyes have counted the buildings, set down the tonnage of the shipping, and drawn up elaborate inventories of the palace: therefore, if the curious reader have a mind for a Stockholm catalogue, he may turn to

one. But I have noticed a description of the capital that has some warmth in it—some artistic force; I refer to Felix Droinet's, affixed to C. J. Billmark's Panorama. From this notice I shall take leave to translate some extracts.

"There are not more than five or six cities in all Europe which can be compared for beauty to Stockholm. The visitor is struck with admiration before those groupings of houses, palaces, and churches, which compose the cité, the broad ways in the northern faubourg, the houses that climb the precipitous rocks of the southern quarter, and are generally reflected in the clear waters of the Baltic or the Maelar lake. Every street discloses a new and a delightfully picturesque scene. The perspective is happily fantastic;—the ground infinitely varied. Gloomy forests, green slopes, stupendous rocks, majestic waters, rich statuary, vast temples, and imposing buildings, make up the scene. The bustle of a sea-port, the quiet of aristocratic quarters; the activity of a populous city, the silence of the forest; the clatter of workshops; all these aspects are here, and may be alternately enjoyed. Stockholm, in short, is one of those complex puzzles thrown in the way of the observer to defy his descriptive powers." But the writer makes the attempt, and describes rather happily some of the notable places. Let me translate his passage about the Exchange:

"On the Stortorget Square, a spot famous in history as the scene of Christian the Tyrant's massacres, the Exchange stands. It was built from designs by Palmstedt, and was completed in 1776. The merchants meet on the ground-floor. On the first floor is a fine saloon, in which concerts are given, and in which official feasts and other solemnities take place. In fact, the uses to which this building are put are very various. Here the Academy of Science and the Swedish Academy hold their

sittings; here the Philharmonic Society give their concerts; here a dancing club, called the Order of Innocents, calls its members together; here banquets take place; here Berzelius gave his revelations to his countrymen. You might pass a happy week here—now with the officials at dinner; now with the Philharmonic Society; now with the Innocents; and now with the scientific bodies."

On the square of Gustavus Adolphus, the energetic describer writes some pertinent remarks: "The fine equestrian statue which occupies the central spot of the square was modelled by Larchevesque, and cast by Meyer. The pedestal is of Swedish marble, and is ornamented with four bronze medallions, representing Generals Torstensson, Wrangel, Bauér, and Kœningsmark. Among other important events which have taken place here, we may mention the revolt of the Dalecarlians, who, about a century ago, discontented with the Russian war, assembled here to the number of five thousand, and attacked the capital with the intention of dethroning Frederick. This attack was repulsed by the troops; two hundred Dalecarlians were wounded or killed, some threw themselves into the water, and the rest fled or implored the royal pardon."

And with this gossip I must close Felix Droinet's notice. For the time has come to say farewell to many friends assembled about our crazy landau, in which we have nearly four hundred miles of road to travel to Helsingborg on our way home. Four hundred miles, over terrible roads, through gloomy forests! Well, our friends say a happy journey; they have their misgivings we know, and so have we ours; but we wave our caps cheerily as we rumble out of the court-yard, and away on our road:—our long, weary road home.

Here is our coachman, in town livery! His costume on

A SKETCH: STOCKHOLM.

the road, however, is in no way like this. The Albert hat is replaced by a huge fur cap, and his anatomy is closely packed in impenetrable furs. He must have been rather tired of that coach-box when we rattled through the tortuous streets of Helsingborg!

CHAPTER XI.

HOME! A RACE FOR A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

We had fairly turned our backs upon Stockholm, and were on our way to England. It was Sunday afternoon. The peasants were sledging home from church; those who had already returned to their native village were cheering themselves with spirit. We felt very sprightly all the afternoon, and stopped gaily at the second station, to dine. While we were dinner, our servant wished to know whether we would travel all night. We were so fresh that we rather enjoyed the notion: we assented. Presently we enveloped ourselves in our furs once more, and stowed ourselves in our carriage—in our machine of torture rather. It was a terrible instrument. It obliged the unhappy occupant to sit with his knees nearly touching his chin; the buttons were wanting to the leather apron, the mud splashed in, when the snow ceased to fall in, in substantial lumps; in short, every possible discomfiture to which a coachmaker could subject a customer was brought upon us by this horrible machine. We hated cordially the man who made it, the man who recommended it, the man who drove it, and every body in any way connected with it, before we had been in it four and twenty hours. But even this apparatus, this cross between a winnowing machine and a *voiture de place*, could not keep Poppyhead awake. He bumped forward against the coachman's seat, or sideways against the iron ribs of the hood,

or came with tremendous weight against me; but all to no purpose: he snored and slept for hours together. Now and then my patience became exhausted, as we went forward for long dreary miles through forest, and past big rocks, that seemed to peep occasionally under the hood through the terrible darkness, and I woke my companion on the plea that we *must* be approaching the next station, and that our driver had informed me we should get some excellent eggs and coffee there. Now Poppyhead slept soundly; but he always woke at the word refreshment. I envied him his power in this respect, always to sleep through the disagreeable parts of a journey like this, and to wake at the refreshment stations.

That dreary, dreary ride to Helsingborg! Six days and six nights, without pausing to rest ourselves; through mud up to the axletree of the carriage at one point, and over sheets of ice at another, did we push forward. Sometimes, for six hours, the roads would not permit the horses to go faster than the most decent funeral show; sometimes we rushed down awful precipitous hills into the forest, and into terrible darkness. Sometimes we sat outside posting-stations, in the pelting rain, as we got south, for three hours, waiting for horses. Sometimes we went fourteen or fifteen hours without refreshment. It was dreary enough to pass all day and all night in that terrible vehicle; to feel the skin dried up for lack of washing; to have the hands harsh and hot; to lose all sense of the parting in the hair; to have the conviction gradually steal over you on the fourth day that you looked a beast!

We passed through Nyköping, Norrköping, and Linköping; —towns all exhibiting the general characteristics of Swedish inland towns; which I have already described. Our impressions of these were terribly confused. We forgot, every hour, whe-

ther it was Wednesday or Thursday, not having been to bed; we had but the haziest notion on the subject of the distance we had yet to travel. But one circumstance in this jumble of ideas and days impressed itself strongly upon our memory.

We were spinning furiously down a hill—a terribly steep hill too—with rocks on one side, and the broad waters of the Wettern some hundreds of feet beneath us on the other; Poppyhead was asleep, and I was thinking of the station we were approaching, when a crash came, that threw Poppyhead's heels into the air, made the driver turn an unwilling somersault, and sent one of our wheels lazily rolling alone down the hill. The carriage had come in contact with a projecting point of rock, and the axletree was broken like a radish. This was a pleasant occurrence at eleven o'clock at night, some miles from the station, with a keen wind blowing from the lake, and no help within call! Poppyhead was wide awake now! We held a council, and decided upon sending the post-boy to the nearest farm-house in search of some peasants' carts, in which we and the wreck might proceed to the next station. He quickly unharnessed one of the horses and rode away. And then, shielding ourselves behind the carriage from the icy wind, we remained on the road bemoaning our lot, and making up our mind to lose the Christmas dinner at home, for three long hours. During this time I remarked to Poppyhead (who received the hint with a sickly smile, for the catastrophe had robbed him of his usual eighteen hours' sleep), that the accident would make a capital incident in the concluding chapter of a traveller's book; but I find that there is not much in the matter, after all. After three hours' waiting, we heard the music of the horses' bells; and in a few minutes afterwards I and Poppyhead were in a peasant's cart on our way to the

next station, which was Grenna, a little town planted upon a narrow strip of land, between a splendid ridge of rocks, from every point of which streams were flashing and tumbling, and the great lake. Here, at the station, we got some eggs and coffee; and here for an hour we occupied ourselves in "kicking out behind and before," not in imitation of Old Joe, but in the hope of getting rid of the stiffness consequent upon the protracted dried-fig condition we had endured. And then I lay down in a room overlooking the great lake, and to the murmur of its great waters fell asleep. In a few hours our servant came and shook us, and gave us the unwelcome intelligence that the carriage was mended, and it was time to be on the move. We surlily rose; and burying our heads from the keenness of a December day in Sweden, proceeded at a walking pace on our weary journey. The state of torpor into which the monotony of our position threw us at last was really remarkable. We cared neither for scenery nor for incident. In the depth of one night we nearly came to blows with a station-master, who having kept us two hours that a third horse might be got for our carriage, insisted upon still detaining us. But we indulged in demonstrations so hostile that we fairly frightened the assembled group of postboys, and at last drove off with our own postboy crying at the coachman's side.

And then, monotonously enough, we went forward, now dozing and now grumbling, and wondering how it would feel to sleep in a bed once more; through well-cultivated land, past iron-works buried in the depth of sombre forests; over great hills of rock; on table-land, all damp and cheerless enough; along roads, now excellent, now execrable; with horses sometimes brisk and quick, sometimes slow and vicious; in darkness and in the short day-light; till on Friday, in the

depth of the night, we reached Helsingborg! How thankfully I rolled for the last time out of that terrible carriage, and walked stiffly along the broad passages of the hotel, with the reflection that I should really sleep that night!

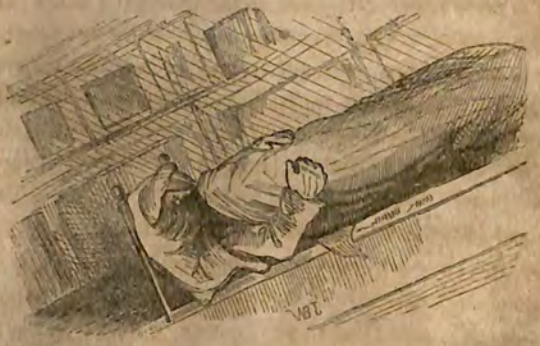
Pile up the logs, flika; let them sparkle merrily; let the last taste of a Swedish kitchen be a grateful one; let us have some of that excellent light wine we tasted when we were here some weeks ago. At once let us have the schnapps; and for the last time for many a day, break the crisp rye bread we have learned to appreciate completely.

The wind roared from the sea as I lay down to sleep and think of the angry waves over which our way lay on the morrow to Copenhagen.

We were up early, and at the place of embarkation. We went swiftly out from the port, and were tumbled terribly about on our run across the narrow strip of sea that divides the Scandinavian peninsula from Denmark. At Elsinore we embarked many Danes, who were on pleasure-trips to the capital; and then, with a fresh wind, steamed rapidly to Copenhagen. About midday we were safely lodged at our hotel. We remained in Copenhagen two days; and at noon on Monday went on board the *Geiser* steam-ship, carrying his Majesty's mails, on our way to Kiel, in Holstein. The wind was gentle, the sea just lively, the weather generally fine, as we steamed away between the islands that dot the sea near Copenhagen; and as the sun went down, we gathered in the cabins to discuss the prominent topics of the day, to give our respective notions on affairs in general, and to wile away the time. Poppyhead, at an early part of the evening, intimated his intention of securing a fine night's rest, and went to sleep accordingly. I strolled up on deck, and talked with the officers of the ship, who understood English thoroughly.

The wind is not so quiet, I thought, as when we started. Tut!—I thought I had got my sea-legs an hour ago. I am not so certain that I shall light the cigar I hold in my hand. How patchy the clouds are! How, in small, dense bodies, they smear themselves rapidly across the moon's pale face. Is that the sailors, whisding a-head? No, it is the wind in the cordage, singing, I think, a very plaintive air. Tush!—the ship is very unsteady; I suppose they are altering her course. By Jove! that was foam over her head! "Hold tight," says the lieutenant quietly. She rushes up a wave, tumbles and reels, plunges down,—I am drenched! I hardly know the sides of the ship from her decks; the storm-fiends have joined in chorus with the wind;—and I roll sadly down the cabin stairs!

Here the captain, dripping from head to foot, is calmly measuring from point to point upon his charts. And Poppy-head—here he is:—



Which is the floor of the cabin, and which the roof? Is that the captain there—up that steep hill? No, there he is,

deep down in a hollow, and I am clinging to the top of a wall. The red-hot coals are rolling about us; no smoke goes up the cabin chimney, for the simple reason that the fire is generally horizontal with it, and the cabin-door immediately above it. All the furniture is now jammed in a mass at a further corner; now it comes rolling portentously in this direction! This is rough work, and the captain rolls about very seriously. The wind shrieks over its horrible work, and the dark waves of the Baltic play with us. A tremendous crash comes presently; our best boat has been carried away, and the waves are playing savagely with the splinters of it.

It is darkly whispered about the cabin that the captain does not know exactly where we are, but that he is trying to run behind an island to get out of the clutch of the storm-fiends. Wildly we continue to toss about for hours, to the fierce music of an equinoctial gale, till we reach a bay that shelters us a little from the storm. And here we drop anchor, and prepare to ride out the gale. We are all very gloomy, and we show it by huge endeavours to make light of matters. Sadly enough we hear the order given to let off the steam, and put the engine-fires out. We learn that we are likely to be at anchor for at least four-and-twenty hours. Well, the Christmas dinner at home is gone; we may even have herrings and biscuit on board the good ship *Geiser* on the 25th! All day long we saunter about the wet decks, and talk of the danger through which we have passed. It is currently reported on the quarter-deck, that in the height of the storm, when the waves rose about us like mountains of black marble, the first lieutenant said bravely to a passenger, that we could only lose our lives once, and that all people on board should make up their minds to the worst; or as a devout person would say, to the

best. But then I am rather inclined to believe that this devout person would have been, if not the first, certainly not the last, to spring into a life-boat.

We dined, and got really merry over our dinner. Afterwards we played at cards, till, worn out fairly with the excitement and fatigue of the previous night, we threw ourselves down to rest. Early on the following morning we were upon deck. The steam was getting up, the wind had abated, and some awfully black clouds were rolling away under the horizon. We were glad to see a little steamer, crammed with Mormons on their way to America, had also reached the bay; for it had been feared the little craft had gone down during the tempest. We were soon on our way to Kiel. The waves of the Baltic subside rapidly. It is passionate, and is up in a moment; but, like passionate people, the trouble is soon over. Thus, when we steamed out to the open sea again, it was wonderful to behold the smoothness of the waters, and the merry way in which the quiet ship went on her way to Kiel.

At Kiel we were met by an immense concourse of people, who had believed all the day and night before, that the steamer must have gone down in deep water. Having enjoyed the contemplation of past danger from the safety of a Holstein hotel, we went forward next morning to Hamburg. The ice was thick upon the windows of the railway-carriage; the cold was unpleasantly busy with our feet on that morning; and we were glad to reach the Hamburg hotel to breakfast. But we had hardly finished this repast, when once more we were on the move. Our furs were crammed into a droski; and we went on our way to the little boat that was to carry us to the railway-station, en route for Cologne. How bright and gay Hamburg was on that day! Christmas-trees lined all the streets,

—were in every shop-window. Children were swarming every where; and bonbons seemed to be in every body's hands. I remember, just as we were embarking, a little steamer came up alongside our vessel, loaded entirely with Christmas-trees. I wish I could give a sketch of the Christmas scenes in Hamburg; of the great holiday traffic; of the joyful faces every where to be seen; of the vigorous determination depicted in every face, to be jolly. This determination was to be seen on every face, save always that of myself and Poppyhead. For the sun was hugging the warm west on the day before Christmas-eve; and we were yet far enough away from our proper place of entertainment on Christmas-day. Therefore we looked gloomingly on at all this festivity.

We travelled all night to Cologne. How keenly I remember that night, that ruthless search at Minden, where I vehemently spoke bad Swedish to an excited custom-house officer, who understood only bad German. It was intensely cold, when we were dragged out of our snug places in the train to find our luggage (which was cast here and there in a huge, cold room), and open it for the inspection of the authorities. How I cursed custom-houses in that dark hour!

From Cologne we went on our way to Ostend. And on our road dark rumours of the impossibility of reaching Ostend that evening, and of the fact that no Ostend boat would leave on the morrow, were circulated about us. These proved only too true; and we left the train at Gand, whence we were told we should travel in the morning to Calais; but all people interested in our stay combined to keep from us the knowledge that the train we had just left was on its way direct to Calais, and that its passengers would embark for England in a few hours. And here I would make a passing remark on the dis-

honesty, the flagrant and disgusting dishonesty, of hotel authorities on this line. By every art, by every dexterous avoidance of direct answers, they endeavour to keep the traveller at their establishments. Only a very expert barrister, well accustomed to cross-examination, could have elicited from the hotel authorities of Gand, the time for departure on the following, Christmas morning. It proceeded something after this fashion:

Traveller. We wish to reach London to-morrow. At what time should we start from here by the train to meet the Calais boat?

Commissionaire. Ah! Monsieur leaves Gand to-morrow: it will be very inconvenient for him. Should he wait for the day after to-morrow, *à la bonheur*, he will go to London quietly and comfortably.

Traveller. But we want to go to-morrow, and don't care about being up early; it is of great importance that we should be in London to-morrow evening.

Commissionaire. Monsieur can do no business in London to-morrow. Has Monsieur seen all the attractions of Gand?

Traveller. No! and Monsieur has no time to give to them. Tell me at once, the time the train starts to meet the boat from Calais to Dover to-morrow.

Commissionaire. Directly. But will not Monsieur order some supper? We have some cold fowls, oysters—or Monsieur would perhaps prefer a rôti.

Traveller (*being hungry, is led from his purpose by this sly suggestion*). Well bring some supper quick; and let me have the railway-tables: that will be the shortest way.

Commissionaire (*after a long absence, and when the traveller is at supper*). Is Monsieur served as he wishes?

Traveller. Yes. Where are the railway time-tables?

Commissionaire. Monsieur is looking for the mustard: here it is.

Traveller. I am looking for the time-tables.

Commissionaire. Ha! I understand. I shall fetch them. Will Monsieur have his baggage in his room?

In this fashion a dialogue was kept up between us and an official, till, fairly tired out, we went to the railway-station, and inquired for ourselves. And this course I strongly recommend travellers generally to adopt. We could not trust to the hotel authorities even to wake us in time for the morning train; and we went away moodily on our journey to Calais, while the bells of Gand were ringing the inhabitants to early mass on Christmas morning.

WE CROSS THE FRONTIER—AND ARE IN FRANCE.

We reached Dover about five o'clock in the afternoon; and after a race from Stockholm for a Christmas dinner, sat down, wet with the troubled sea, to dine in a Dover hotel.

But, before I put aside my Brage-Beaker, I must show the

reader my luggage. Here it is as it appeared when I left London:

And here it is after being dragged through the Scandinavian peninsula!

This wreck is suggestive, I fear, of bad travelling. But, after some experience, I have come to the conclusion, that it is no easy matter to travel well. A long purse and short supply of linen are not the main points to be studied. You may see the most excellently prepared travellers in the worst scrapes. For instance, that very objectionable specimen of an English tourist I met in the Ostend boat, the specimen described in the opening chapter of this volume, is an illustration of this position. He was excellently appointed. His dress was warm and easy; he appeared to be free from packages; he had no colossal pocket-pistol, no absurd contrivance for carrying unwholesome-looking sandwiches. Yet he was a terribly bad

traveller. He always turned up as the prime mover of any quarrelling that took place. It was always *his* railway-ticket that was lost; *his* passport that had been sent in a wrong direction; *his* carpet-bag in the wrong train; *his* egg that was bad at breakfast; *his* plate of soup that was upset at dinner; *his* sheets that were damp at night. "*Cet Anglais*" was always coming in contact in some unpleasant matters with the inhabitants of the country through which he was travelling. I think I see him wending his way through life. There are some things he is sure to do. He will forget the wedding-ring when he is married; he will put his foot through the skirt of his bride's dress; his hat will be blown over Waterloo Bridge; he will be found carelessly sitting upon the pastry at two or three pic-nics; he will deposit two or three chickens in ladies' laps; and he will die by drinking his embrocation. Poor fellow! how can he make a good traveller?

Then there is the traveller whom I may describe as the elaborate traveller. He has studied every point; his portmanteau contains every-thing, from court-plaister upwards; his dress is severely studied; his cap is full of mysterious adaptations. It will screen his eyes from the sun; it will cling to his head against the severest south-western gale. This sort of fellow is an uncomfortable companion.

My Brage-Beaker is empty!

THE END

APPENDIX I.

Principal Articles of Exportation from Sweden during the Years 1849–50.

Articles.	Quantity or value.	1849.	1850.
Alum, &c.	Lispund	176,634	164,394
Oak bark	,,	10,105	8,720
Pitch, rosin, &c.	,,	44,876	55,659
Bones	,,	48,051	46,362
Manganese	Skeppund	58	180
Cobalt	Livres	1,872	1,007
Oleaginous grains	Tunna	8,354	8,106
Colcothar of vitriol	,,	2,709	3,419
Mosses for dyes	Lispund	2,256	4,937
Skins and furs	Livres	8,035	6,761
Lobsters	Tjog	6,595	5,813
Iron (Cast)—Shells, balls, cannon	Skeppund	6,177	2,880
,, ,, Boilers, grating, &c.	,,	609	203
,, ,, Other kinds not named	Ecus de banque	20,882	20,789
,, (Wrought) or in bars	Skeppund	550,008	572,378
,, ,, ,, lumps	,,	3,952	6,838
,, ,, ,, nails	,,	8,689	8,747
,, ,, ,, plates	,,	3,746	3,930
,, ,, ,, sheets, &c.	,,	2,485	2,404
,, ,, ,, gratings	,,	2,274	2,162
,, ,, ,, other manufactures	,,	1,275	1,749
,, (Old), cast and wrought	,,	1,827	457
Quicklime	Tunna	29,786	29,517
Rough copper, in pigs	Skeppund	8,488	7,072
Wrought ditto	,,	66	92
Nickel ore	Livres	2,521	13,625
Mixed metals (rough)	,,	1,495	539
,, (wrought)	,,	21,156	905
Silver (stamped)	Ecus de banque	1,008,133	91,885
Corn cakes	Skeppund	9,581	11,782

Articles.	Quantity or value.	1849.	1850.
Paper, in various forms	{Val. en ecus de banque}	30,296	122,538
Machinery, &c.	,,	6,352	32,967
Silver, not worked	,,	447,660	368,000
Butter	Lispund	158	70
Refined sugar	Livres	761,246	516,742
CEREALS—Corn, oats	Tunna	368,794	305,727
,, Wheat	,,	16,374	793
,, Barley	,,	109,632	31,675
,, Malt	,,	3,254	2,289
,, Rye	,,	23,209	418
,, Tares	,,	542	212
,, Peas	,,	8,954	2,257
FLOURS—Wheat	Lispund	12,197	3,918
,, Rye	,,	6,181	,,
,, Oats	,,	2,348	1,589
,, Barley	,,	3,752	1,343
Stones, not named	Ecus de banque	16,893	20,866
Steel	Livres	7,589,509	7,108,000
Bricks and tiles	Pièces	294,206	143,405
Tar, &c.	Tunna	37,669	50,428
Brass and copper wire	Livres	4,140	3,813
WOOD—Deal and pine planks	Douzaines	609,146	715,034
,, Beams	Pièces	257,441	314,402
,, Masts, bowsprits, and spars	,,	12,045	10,194
Cotton fabrics of all kinds	Ecus de banque	96,930	73,631
Woollen fabrics	,,	49,055	9,861
Mixed woollen and cotton fabrics	,,	255	405
Fabrics of flax and hemp	,,	361,839	71,213

APPENDIX II.

IMPORTATIONS DURING THE YEARS 1849-1850.

Articles.	Quantity or value.	1849.	1850.
Medicinal substances	Ecus de banque	47,587	56,613
Refined potass	Lispund	6,154	2,564
Silk and other ribbons	Livres	3,282	2,634
,, cotton, &c.	,,	5,409	6,463
Rough lead	Skeppund	1,266	1,620
COTTON	Livres	6,514,512	4,649,488
SPIRITS—			
Arrac of 12 degrees	Kanna	227,465	233,328
Cognac	,,	51,327	46,755
Rum	,,	105,120	95,700
Spirits of wine	,,	5,276	9,461
Foreign books and music	Ecus de banque	44,974	47,929
Cocoa	Livres	28,391	25,912
Coffee	,,	8,168,891	7,945,086
Refined camphor	,,	4,934	8,060
Cinnamon and cassia	,,	39,051	69,536
Cider	Kanna	15,677	13,505
Figs	Livres	148,582	111,252
FISH (fresh)	Lispund	9,579	14,189
(salted) Cod	Tunna	430	533
Salmon	,,	1,340	1,010
Herrings	,,	258,532	182,977
Baltic herrings (called Strooming)	,,	4,026	4,088
Dried and smoked (Grâsidor Leg)	Lispund	202,239	149,236
,, cod	,,	53,853	42,528
Bacon	,,	1,252	1,131
Fringes, &c. in silk or silk & cotton	Livres	1,360	1,865
,, in wool & other materials	,,	18,174	10,290
SEEDS—			
Of flax, hemp, rape-seed	Tunna	3,907	20,36
Clover, trefoil, lucerne, &c.	Lispund	83,836	59,256

Articles.	Quantity or value.	1849.	1850.
Colours and dyeing substances:			
White lead	Livres	333,763	282,291
Cochineal	,,	8,592	6,726
Indigo	,,	95,211	84,837
Madder, alizarine	,,	129,617	99,884
Sandal wood	,,	97,539	39,187
Others not named	,,	111,443	101,862
Woods for dyeing of all kinds	Ecus de banque	94,970	47,505
Cotton Thread—			
Not dyed, under No. 26	Livres	108,679	54,702
No. 26 & above	,,	1,080,664	724,664
Red (called Turkey)	,,	139,220	111,464
Other kinds	,,	11,833	1,687
Woollen Thread—			
Combed, not dyed	,,	12,958	9,828
Ditto, dyed	,,	7,578	7,734
Carded, not twisted	,,	110	231
Carded, dyed, twisted as for embroidery	,,	12,076	10,122
Flax thread, not dyed	,,	2,184	2,338
Woollen ditto, called *streich garn* for materials not dyed	,,	17,713	8,283
Woollen thread, called *streich garn*, for materials dyed	,,	6,421	5,449
Glassware—Bottles, decanters, flasks, &c.	Pièces	154,723	102,830
Window-glass, green	Lispund	678	313
,, white	,,	29,572	10,909
Other kinds not named	Livres	120,289	129,387
Rice	,,	994,227	586,872
Hemp	Skeppund	14,495	12,948
Leather-Gloves	Ecus de banque	22,408	91,386
Manufactured horn-buttons	Livres	31,186	27,920
,, Other articles	,,	2,743	884
Skins, rough and dried	,,	3,156,473	2,350,511
,, ,, prepared	,,	1,346,802	2,546,773
Shoe and other leathers	,,	23,892	15,150
Prepared skins of lambs and sheep	,,	13,240	18,703
Other kinds not named	,,	7,473	7,652
Hops	Lispund	5,633	9,910
Spermaceti	Livres	3,573	1,702
Cow and other hairs	,,	554	284
Horsehair	,,	70,385	89,598
Corks, cut	,,	38,680	43,156
Cork	Lispund	5,223	10,877
Almonds	Livres	294,141	215,478
Metal plates and nails for ships' bottoms	Ecus de banque	57,701	76,161
Brass worked	Livres	37,807	30,890
Other metals of different kinds	,,	4,124	3,638
Olive and other oils	,,	404,477	424,048

Articles.	Quantity or value.	1849.	1850.
Hemp-seed oil	Livres	510,650	1,257,132
Colza Oil, &c.	,,	113,691	221,085
Cheese of all kinds	Lispund	16,906	16,010
Paper	Official valuation	36,326	56,936
Paper-hangings	Livres	29,275	19,973
Pepper of all kinds	,,	296,828	220,787
Plums and prunes	,,	461,516	420,496
Oranges and orange-peel	,,	133,852	115,070
Fine gilt porcelain	,,	31,700	37,547
Delf-ware	,,	16,436	12,325
Engines and machinery	Ecus de banque	300,060	283,288
Raisins	Livres	969,891	767,463
Rushes and reeds	Lispund	10,688	5,767
Rough saltpetre	,,	7,700	12,468
Nitrate of soda	,,	7,096	2,745
Salt	Tunna	277,914	216,612
Raw silk, not dyed	,,	47,603	39,488
,, dyed	,,	853	684
Butter	Lispund	8,871	5,403
SUGAR—			
Raw and coarse	Livres	13,117,187	13,553,242
Moulded in loaves	,,	10,428,514	10,283,438
Broken into lumps	,,	18,923	13,718
In Havannah moulds	,,	129,275	1,351
White and brown moist	,,	107,779	102,429
Soda	Lispund	45,322	57,985
Pit-coal	Tunna	379,968	479,240
,, small	,,	113,759	174,003
Coke	,,	20,092	21,271
Sulphuric acid	Livres	257,324	195,288
Tallow	Lispund	186,919	169,216
Rough pewter	,,	4,446	3,536
Turpentine	Livres	89,298	98,780
Tea	,,	52,486	54,850
TOBACCO—			
In the leaf	,,	2,358,581	2,241,298
Cigars	,,	15,946	20,088
Cut in packets or in hogs-heads	,,	1,665	1,572
In canisters	,,	93	164
Snuffs	,,	5,729	6,194
Niggerhead	,,	14,878	15,513
In sticks, &c.	,,	75	36
In stalks	,,	1,405,285	1,063,997
Oil and fat of fish	Lispund	108,096	93,243
Soaps	Livres	158,058	123,116
Wool combed or not	,,	2,688,161	2,076,578
Clocks and Watches	Pièces	1,974	2,516
FRENCH WINES: white	Kanna	139,887	127,860
,, ,, red	,,	145,160	132,462
,, ,, Champagne	,,	21,336	19,300

Articles.	Quantity or value.	1849.	1850.
ITALIAN WINES: white	Kanna	1,524	34
" " red	"	2,138	895
Madeira	"	47,263	42,417
Malaga	"	65,124	55,609
Picardy	"	9,151	3,863
PORTUGUESE WINES: white	"	42	469
" " red	"	1,872	1,797
" " Port	"	69,866	74,250
SPANISH WINES: white	"	10,922	7,738
" " red	"	11,662	8,049
Sherry	"	13,701	15,722
Rhine and Moselle wine	"	12,973	11,270
Various other kinds not named	"	3,596	3,980
FABRICS OF SILK:			
Plush	Livres	473	689
Crape	"	299	341
Gauzes, &c.	"	127	99
Mixed with gold and silver	"	7	3
Velvet	"	1,454	1,178
Shawls and neckerchiefs	"	1,041	822
Fabrics of silk mixed with cotton, flax, wool, &c.	Ecus de banque	283,078	242,155
Cotton fabrics, white, as lawn, muslin, &c.	"	283,078	242,155
Cotton fabrics, dyed, of all kinds	"	235,568	182,894
Printed stuffs	"	419,910	399,916
Woollen fabrics, as flannel, kersemere, white, yellow, and red (the other colours prohibited), carpet, &c.	"	293,928	198,808
Fabrics of wool mixed with cotton, flax, hemp, and wherein not more than half the fabric consists of wool	"	892,883	624,587
Shawls in wool or wool mixed	"	175,389	146,968
Linen fabrics	"	28,405	27,240

APPENDIX III.

TARIFF OF CUSTOM-HOUSE DUTIES,

Approved of and sanctioned by the King, under date the 21st day of November, 1851; *to be brought into force the 1st July*, 1852.

1. Table of Duties on Imports,

Followed by a Special Table of Goods exempted from Import Duties.

	Units upon which they levy duty.		Import Duties in Bank Crowns.*		
			c.	*s.*	*r.*
Acids, crystallised citric	1 livre	,,	0	8	0
,, hydrochlorate (muriatic acid)	,,	,,	0	3	0
,, nitric or aqua fortis	,,	,,	0	1	6
,, sulphuric	,,	,,	0	0	4
Steel, cast	100 livres st. v.	,,	1	16	0
,, puddled	,,	,,	5	0	0
other	,,	,,	3	0	0
,, works in steel, not named	1 livre	,,	1	0	0
Agates, worked	,,	,,	0	40	0
Hooks and eyes	,,	,,	1	0	0
Rigging and ship furniture, from shipwrecked foreign vessels, or those damaged	(For every 100 crowns of the produce of the sale by auctn.)	,,	10	0	0

* The duties are in Bank Crowns of Sweden. The Crown is divided into 48 Skellings, and the Skelling into 12 Rundstycke. A Bank Crown = 2 francs 4 cent = 1 Flem. Florin = 1*s.* 9½*d.*

	Units upon which they levy duty.		Import Duties in Bank Crowns. c.	s.	r.
Needles and pins:					
Needles for sewing and embroidery	1 livre	,,	0	20	0
Needles with heads and ordinary pins	,,	,,	0	20	0
Knitting needles	,,	,,	0	30	0
Pins for cravats and knitting needles of bare metal	100 écus de val.	,,	25	0	0
Others, not named	1 livre	,,	0	12	0
Alabaster, worked, not named	,,	,,	0	16	0
Canary-seed	,,	,,	0	1	0
Alum of all kinds	17 lispund	,,	5	0	0
Prepared tinder	1 livre	,,	0	6	0
Almonds	,,	,,	0	3	0
Starch (white)	1 lispund	,,	1	0	0
Animals (living):					
Horses, except stallions	a head	,,	10	0	0
Oxen	,,	,,	8	0	0
Cows, bullocks, bulls, and heifers	,,	,,	4	0	0
Calves	,,	,,	2	12	0
Pigs, except boars	,,	,,	2	0	0
Other quadrupeds	,,	,,	1	24	0
Animals are only paid for a quarter of the duty fixed by the tariff which are imported, by authority, for the improvement of the races.					
Aniseed	1 livre	,,	0	2	0
Antimony (raw and regulus of)	,,	,,	0	1	0
Silver, worked, engraved or not	1 lod	,,	0	6	0
,, beaten in leaves, fine	,,	,,	0	2	8
,, ,, imitation	,,	,,	0	0	3
,, massive, or metallic dust imitating silver	,,	,,	0	10	0
Arms of all kinds, and parts of arms	100 crowns of val.	,,	36	16	0
Arsenic, allowed to be imported by special licence	2 livre	,,	0	0	6
Fireworks, pieces belonging to	100 écus de val.	,,	25	0	0

	Units upon which they levy duty.		Import Duties in Bank Crowns. c.	s.	r.
Barometers	each	,,	2	0	0
Stockings and hosiery of silk	1 livre	,,	3	0	0
,, ,, cotton	,,	,,	1	16	0
,, ,, combed wool	,,	,,	0	40	0
,, ,, other	,,	,,	1	16	0
Balsams of Copaiba, of Peru, and other simples	,,	,,	0	6	0
,, so called Riga	1 kanna	,,	0	12	0
Butter	1 lispund	,,	1	16	0
Beer (porter)	1 kanna	,,	0	12	0
,, strong, and other sorts	,,	,,	0	6	0
Toys in wood, and compositions, which are polished or not, painted or varnished	,,	,,	1	0	0
,, other, follow the régime of worked material of which they are chiefly composed.					
Biscuits (sea and wheaten bread)	1 livre	,,	0	2	0
,, other kinds	,,	,,	0	1	0
Bismuth, tin, glass	,,	,,	0	4	0
Bistre (prepared soot), animal charcoal	1 lispund	,,	0	8	0
Wood, for construction and cabinet-making, rough, sawn, or hewn :					
Fir and pine	100 écus de val.	,,	10	0	0
Mahogany, common Brazil, and other exotics that are not exempted from import duties	the cubic foot	,,	0	12	0
Poles	the hundred	,,	0	0	3
Beams and rafters of pine and fir of less than 5 inches of thickness in the middle	the piece	,,	0	1	0
From 5 inches inclusive to 8 exclusive in the middle	,,	,,	0	4	0
Of 8 inches and above	,,	,,	0	12	0
Planks, sawn, of fir and pine, of less than 1½ inch thick	the dozen	,,	0	8	0

	Units upon which they levy duty.		Import Duties in Bank Crowns,		
			c.	*s.*	*r.*
Wood (continued):					
Of 1½ inch inclusive to 3 inclusive	the dozen	,,	0	16	0
Beyond 3 inches	,,	,,	0	32	0
N.B.—For the rate of custom duties upon the ends of planks of pine and fir we must reckon: 5 doz. ends of the length of 1½ ell or under for 1 doz.; 2 doz. of the length of more than 1½ ell to 4 ells inclusive for a dozen.					
Oak and ash	100 écus val.	,,	0	5	0
Elm, birch, and beech, and other kinds of native wood, not named	,,	,,	5	0	0
Stakes of juniper of all sizes	the hundred	,,	0	6	0
Leaves for inlaying	100 écus val.	,,	20	0	0
Stocks (gun) rough	the dozen	,,	0	12	0
Handspikes	,,	,,	0	12	0
Rough-hewn handspikes	,,	,,	0	4	0
Fine laths, sawn from pine and fir, of the length of 8 ells or under, and of a circumference of 4 inches, or under	,,	,,	0	2	6
Strong laths, carved	,,	,,	0	2	6
,, sawn	,,	,,	0	5	0
Masts, bowsprits, and spars, of 40 inches and more in circumference, to 10 feet from the large end	the piece	,,	2	0	0
Of 20 inches inclusive to 40 exclusive of a circumference of 10 feet from large end	,,	,,	0	20	0
Of less than 20 inches, idem	,,	,,	0	8	0
For pumps not bored or drilled, see masts and spars; drilled	,,	,,	0	16	0
Rafters, called ribbers, more or less long	the dozen	,,	0	18	0
Staves for casks, head and sides of the length of 34 inches or under for					

	Units upon which they levy duty.		Import Duties in Bank Crowns. £. s. r.
the first, and 22 inches and under for the others—			
Oak	the 120 in n.	,,	0 4 0
Beech, pine, and fir	,,	,,	0 6 0
Above the said dimensions, to the length of 42 inches inclusive for the first, and 27 inches inclusive for the others—			
Oak	,,	,,	0 10 0
Beech, pine, and fir	,,	,,	0 8 0
Under these last dimensions—			
Oak	,,	,,	2 24 0
Beech, pine, and fir	,,	,,	1 12 0
Hoops	100 in n.	,,	0 0 6
Firewood—			
Birch	the faum	,,	0 24 0
Beech and oak	,,	,,	0 36 0
Other	,,	,,	0 16 0
N.B.—The faum is 4 ells long, 3 ells high, and 1½ ell wide.			
Oars and skulls (rough)	the pair	,,	0 1 6
Works in wood, cut or turned, not named, either polished, painted, or varnished, or not	1 livre	,,	1 0 0
Other articles in wood of all kinds, more or less worked, not named, are comprised in staves for casks in bundles, and upholstery, not named, either or not polished, painted, or varnished	100 écus val.	,,	33 16 0
Wood for dyeing, not rasped, not named	,,	,,	1 0 0
Boxes and tobacco-boxes, of composition or worked, not named	,,	,,	25 0 0
Boxes (colours, paints)	1 livre	,,	0 8 0
Borax	,,	,,	0 2 0
Corks	,,	,,	0 6 0

	Units upon which they levy duty.		Import Duties in Bank Crowns. c.	s.	r.
Wax-lights and candles :—					
Tallow	1 lispund	,,	2	24	0
Stearine and marzarino	1 livre	,,	0	2	0
Yellow wax	,,	,,	0	16	0
White wax and white whalebone	,,	,,	0	20	0
All others	,,	,,	0	20	0
Bouillon de poche	,,	,,	0	20	0
Buttons of composition or worked, not named	,,	,,	0	32	0
Pitch and tar mixed, or pitch	1 lispund	,,	0	10	0
,, ,, pitch oil	,,	,,	0	5	0
Braces, silk or mixed silk	1 livre	,,	14	2	0
,, of other kinds	,,	,,	0	24	0
Bricks and tiles, called refractory	the thousand	,,	6	0	0
,, ,, Flemish, called Klinkert	,,	,,	4	0	0
,, ,, for light building	,,	,,	5	0	0
,, ,, Tiles	,,	,,	10	0	0
Embroidery, engraved works in silver or not	1 lod	,,	0	24	0
,, other kinds	100 Cous val.	,,	33	16	0
,, fancy-work designs	1 livre	,,	0	5	0
,, tapes for embroidery, gauze, canvas, and silk	,,	,,	4	0	0
,, mixed silk	,,	,,	2	0	0
,, wool	,,	,,	1	0	0
,, paper	,,	,,	0	5	0
,, cotton and other kinds	,,	,,	0	32	0
N.B.—Patterned tapestry pays the same duty as the tape or tissue upon which it is commenced, with an increase of 20 per cent.					
Brushes	1 livre	,,	0	24	0
Cocoa	,,	,,	0	3	0
Coffee	,,	,,	0	3	4
,, reckoning from 1853, coffee duties will be only	,,	,,	0	2	8

	Units upon which they levy duty.		Import Duties in Bank Crowns. c. s. r.
Coffee, burnt, and all burnt vegetables proper substitutes for coffee	1 livre	,,	0 4 0
Camphor, raw	,,	,,	0 6 0
,, refined	,,	,,	0 12 0
Cinnamon and cassia lignea	,,	,,	0 8 0
Calamine, or calamine stone	,,	,,	0 0 2
Canes of all kinds	,,	,,	0 32 0
Wire-ribbon & spangles of gold & silver—			
Pure	1 lod	,,	0 4 0
Base	,,	,,	0 2 6
India-rubber (manufactured), not named	1 livre	,,	0 12 0
Capers	,,	,,	0 5 0
Gun-caps (percussion)	,,	,,	0 20 0
Type (printing)	,,	,,	0 3 0
Cardamom (trees)	,,	,,	0 6 0
Cards and card engines	,,	,,	0 8 0
Paving-bricks, or tiles	,,	,,	0 1 0
Playing-cards		,,	prohibited
Visiting-cards	,,	,,	0 32 0
Pasteboard	,,	,,	0 0 6
Boarding for bookbinding of all kinds not varnished	,,	,,	0 12 0
,, ,, varnished	,,	,,	0 18 0
Ashes (not refined), wood, and other vegetable matter	1 lispund	,,	0 1 0
Grains, buck-wheat	1 tunna	,,	0 36 0
,, oats	,,	,,	0 24 0
,, wheat	,,	,,	1 24 0
,, barley and malt	,,	,,	0 36 0
,, lentil	,,	,,	1 24 0
,, rye	,,	,,	1 0 0
,, votch	,,	,,	0 42 0
,, peas	,,	,,	1 0 0
,, maize	,,	,,	1 0 0

N.B.—Oat-meal and flour pay the im-

	Units upon which they levy duty.	Import Duties in Bank Crowns.
		£. s. r.
port duties, which, at the time of importation, are levied upon the grain of which the flour or meal is composed, with an increase of 10 per cent, and so that 9 lispund of flour, 12 lispund of meal of rye and peas, 10 lispunds of barley-meal, and 8 lispunds of oat-meal, count for 1 tunna of grain, and so that 4 lispund of groats and 6 lispund of other grain, are equal to one tunna of grain of the kind in question. The arrangements in the table above with respect to grain will be fully put in force till the end of the year 1854.		
Mushrooms, eatable, of all kinds	1 livre	„ 0 12 0
„ others not named	1 lispund	„ 0 5 0
Hemp, combed or picked	1 skeppund	„ 0 24 0
Straw hats	the piece	„ 1 0 0
Hats, tissue, in silk or other	each	„ 2 24 0
„ of wool, cloth, or silk	„	„ 2 0 0
„ leather, whalebone, pasteboard, wood, or roots	„	„ 1 0 0
Chestnuts and French chestnuts	1 livre	„ 0 1 6
Boilers for steam-vessels	100 öres val.	„ 20 0 0
Lime, unslacked	1 tunna	„ 0 8 0
„ slacked	12 „	„ 0 40 0
Acorns ground or not	1 lispund	„ 0 3 0
Chicory roots	1 livre	„ 0 0 8
Chloride of lime	„	„ 0 1 0
Chocolate	„	„ 0 16 0
Cider, considered as wine.		
Cement	1 tunna	„ 0 10 0
Wax, bees', not white	1 livre	„ 0 3 0

	Units upon which they levy duty.		Import Duties in Bank Crowns. e. s. r.
Wax, white or tinted	1 livre	,,	0 8 0
,, sealing	,,	,,	0 12 0
,, grafting	,,	,,	0 7 0
Lemons, green fruit	,,	,,	0 1 6
,, juice	1 kanna	,,	0 4 0
,, peel	1 livre	,,	0 1 6
Cobalt, mineral	,,	,,	1 0 0
,, ore	,,	,,	4 0 0
Head-dresses	each	,,	1 32 0
Cravats in silk or mixed silk	1 livre	,,	5 0 0
,, leather	,,	,,	0 24 0
,, in other stuff	,,	,,	0 16 0
Isinglass	,,	,,	0 16 0
Confitures and sweetmeats	,,	,,	0 12 0
Preserved provisions, in hermetically closed cases	,,	,,	0 12 0
Shell-fish, salted or pickled	1 kanna	,,	0 12 0
Coral, genuine, cut	1 livre	,,	0 40 0
Cordage, new	1 lispund	,,	0 24 0
Cordage and straw matting	1 skeppund	,,	4 0 0
Strings, metallic	1 livre	,,	0 8 0
,, and other	,,	,,	1 0 0
Chains and watch-chains of composition or manufactured, not specified	100 écus val.	,,	33 16 0
Boots and shoes, in varnished leather, dyed skins or of stuff			
,, shoes, slippers, buskins or socks, and goloshes	the pair	,,	1 0 0
Boots	,,	,,	3 0 0
Other kinds	100 écus val.	,,	33 16 0
Coriander-seed	1 livre	,,	0 2 0
Horn, manufactured, prepared	,,	,,	0 1 0
,, buttons	,,	,,	0 12 0
,, other	,,	,,	1 0 0
Colours and dye-white lead	,,	,,	0 2 0

	Units upon which they levy duty.		Import Duties in Bank Crowns.		
			c.	s.	r.
Colours, Brazil wood rasped or ground .	1 livre	,,	0	0	6
,, Japan earth	,,	,,	0	0	3
,, cochineal	,,	,,	0	16	0
,, yellow ochre and brown . .	,,	,,	0	0	4
,, turmeric	,,	,,	0	0	6
,, indigo	,,	,,	0	4	0
,, madder	,,	,,	0	0	6
,, red paint	,,	,,	0	1	0
,, quercitron	,,	,,	0	0	4
,, brown, red, or colcother . .	1 tunna	,,	1	0	0
,, saffiower	,,	,,	0	1	6
,, sandal, ground	,,	,,	0	0	6
,, Supan wood	,,	,,	0	0	6
,, yellow lake	,,	,,	0	1	0
,, verdigris	,,	,,	0	4	0
,, varnish in sticks . . .	,,	,,	0	0	3
,, shumac	,,	,,	0	0	6
,, umbra	,,	,,	0	0	6
,, dyer's weed	,,	,,	0	0	3
,, wond	,,	,,	0	0	3
,, saw-wort	,,	,,	0	0	3
,, others not specified . .	,,	,,	0	3	0
N.B.—The colours, ground with oil or otherwise prepared, pay the duty that is fixed on the raw material from which each is derived.					
Cutlery (sciscors) or shear . . .	1 Espund	,,	0	12	0
,, other scissors	1 livre	,,	1	24	0
,, razors	each	,,	0	16	0
,, knives	,,	,,	0	8	0
,, other description, as forks, &c. .	the livre	,,	1	0	0
Chalk, white, not pounded . . .	1 tunna	,,	0	5	0
,, ditto	,,	,,	0	24	0
,, red	1 livre	,,	0	0	6
,, black stone	,,	,,	0	0	6

	Units upon which they levy duty.	Import Duties in Bank Crowns.		
		£.	s.	r.
Pencils, lead, carpenter's	1 livre	,,	0	4 0
,, all other kinds	,,	,,	0	30 0
,, slate	,,	,,	0	1 0
Crucibles	1 lispund	,,	0	3 0
Hair	1 livre	,,	0	2 0
,, articles in hair of all kinds	,,	,,	2	32 0
Cubebs	,,	,,	0	8 0
Cumin (carraway)	1 tunna	,,	2	0 0
Leather for soles	1 livre	,,	0	12 0
,, other, not specified	,,	,,	0	24 0
,, articles in varnished leather	,,	,,	0	24 0
Copper—				
Raw, as pig-iron	1 skeppund	,,	5	0 0
In cakes	,,	,,	20	0 0
Beaten or struck, rolled or cast, plates or other articles intended for making up	,,	,,	33	16 0
Planks or nails for sheathing of vessels (or stuff)	,,	,,	1	32 0
Other finished articles	1 lispund	,,	3	6 0
Grape-shot, old copper articles, and oxide of copper	1 skeppund	,,	33	16 0
Dutes	1 livre	,,	0	4 0
Lace, point or blond, silk or linen	,,	,,	6	0 0
,, other	,,	,,	1	0 0
Thimbles, of other material than gold or silver	,,	,,	0	16 0
Drousettes above 20×60	the piece	,,	0	20 0
,, other	,,	,,	0	9 0
Scents of all kinds, flask's weight included	1 livre	,,	0	12 0
Brandy and spirits, of grain, potatoes, or fruit of non-woody plants—				
Hollands of 12 degrees or under	1 kanna	,,	0	32 0
,, above 12 degrees	,,	,,	1	0 0
Other spirits of all kinds, distilled or not		,, prohibited		

	Units upon which they levy duty.		Import Duties in Bank Crowns. c. s. r.
From fruit, French Cognac of 12 degrees or under	1 kanna	„	0 32 0
Above 12 degrees	„	„	1 0 0
Other		„	prohibited
Of Molasses or rum of 12 degrees or under	„	„	0 32 0
Above 12 degrees	„	„	1 0 0
From rice or arrack of 12 degrees or under	„	„	0 32 0
Above 12 degrees proof	„	„	1 0 0
Reckoning from 1853, brandies and alcohol spirits imported will only pay	„	„	0 2 0
And French spirits, for the make of scents will pay	„	„	0 8 0
Mineral waters or medicinal ditto	„	„	0 4 0
Tortoise-shell, manufactured	1 livre	„	6 0 0
Bark (mats of, or plats of)	„	„	0 6 0
Personal effects, old or those used when, at their importation in consequence of a special demand, presented to the administration of customs, when they are known not to exceed the wants of the proprietor or owner (see elsewhere the table of goods exempted from import duty)	100 écus of val.	„	10 0 0
Foreign craft—			
With rigging and furniture; when in consequence of particular circumstances the advantage of *hel frihet* (full liberty) is accorded them; or when brought into a Swedish port by a foreigner, they will be made lawful prizes and sold	for every 100 écus is the auction sale	„	25 0 0
Stranded and sold as a wreck	„	„	10 0 0
All other	„	„	25 0 0

	Units upon which they levy duty.		Import Duties in Bank Crowns. c. s. r.
(See elsewhere the table of goods exempted from import only.)			
Writing ink in powder	1 livre	,,	0 6 0
,, liquid	1 kanna	,,	0 16 0
,, for printing and copper plates	1 livre	,,	0 3 0
Spongos	,,	,,	0 12 0
Tin—			
Wrought, either manufactured, old or broken	1 lispund	,,	0 20 0
Newly made, not varnished	1 livre	,,	0 12 0
Varnished	,,	,,	0 16 0
Leaves of tin or tin-foil	,,	,,	0 8 0
Powter (oxide of tin)	,,	,,	0 1 4
Packings of hemp	1 skoppund	,,	2 24 0
,, of flax	,,	,,	5 0 0
,, containing old cordage	,,	,,	1 0 0
Sheaths with furniture, of composition or not specified	100 écus	,,	25 0 0
Fans	1 livre	,,	3 0 0
Whalebone	,,	,,	0 12 0
Crockery, white, yellow, or not painted :			
,, plates	,,	,,	0 2 0
,, other pieces	,,	,,	0 5 0
,, painted or printed		,,	prohibited
,, other pieces		,,	prohibited
,, Reckoning from 1853, crockery painted or printed will be admitted.			
,, Plates	,,	,,	0 6 0
,, Other pieces	,,	,,	0 8 0
Flour, not specified, of vegetable matter which cannot be classed as grain	,,	,,	0 6 0
Tinsel and tricktracks	,,	,,	0 24 0
Lees of potatoes	1 lispund	,,	0 24 0
Fennel	1 livre	,,	0 2 0

	Units upon which they levy duty.	Import Duties in Bank Crowns.
		£. s. r.
Iron—		
Cast, pig, or in quantities for ballast		,, prohibited
Bombs and bullets, calibre and filed, cannons, swivel and mortars, stamped, bored, as gun-carriages of all sizes	1 skeppund	,, 8 0 0
Artillery, swivel guns and mortars, not stamped or bored . . .	,,	,, 4 0 0
Pottery, boilers, pans, grid-irons, stairs, with their banisters and opening shut	,,	,, 6 0 0
Backs for chimneys and rough weights	,,	,, 4 0 0
Cannons, bombs, mortars, and repulsion shot	,,	,, 2 0 0
All other work, cast, not named .	100 6cus	,, 25 0 0
Anchors forged or rolled . . .	1 skeppund	,, 5 0 0
Chain-cables in rings of a calibre of $\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch and under, if more than $\frac{9}{16}$ of an inch to $1\frac{1}{8}$ inclusive .	,,	,, 3 0 0
Of more than $1\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch . .	,,	,, 1 24 0
Grapnels, anvils, hammers, irons for rudders and oars	,,	,, 15 0 0
Sheet-iron of $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch and more of thickness, and less than 12 inches wide, in square bars of more than $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch	,,	,, prohibited
In mas-ive quantities . . .	1 skeppund st. v.	,, 3 24 0
Forged or flattened, in sheets and round, in flat bars of less than $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch thick; for gridirons and in bars, round, 6 and 8 sides; in square bars of $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch or under (iron rods); plates for boilers of $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch and more thick, and 12 inches and more wide	,,	,, prohibited

	Units upon which they levy duty.	Import Duties in Bank Crowns. c. s. r.
Iron (continued):		
Plate (not tinned over) under ⅛ of an inch thick, in plates weighing 6 lispunds or under		,, prohibited
In plates weighing more than 6 lispunds	1 skeppund	,, 8 24 0
Tinned	,,	,, 5 0 0
Nails of 2 inches and more in length	,,	,, 7 24 0
Forged or flattened, nails of every other kind, as well as all other iron manufacture, not stained	1 livre	,, 0 36 0
Old iron, either cast, forged, or flattened	1 skeppund	,, 2 0 0
Tin (articles in), not named nor varnished	1 livre	,, 0 12 0
,, ,, varnished	,,	,, 0 16 0
Beans (soup):		
,, large beans of all kinds, come under the heading of peas.		
tificial flowers	,,	,, 15 0 0
,, parts of	,,	,, 6 12 0
Thread (besides sewing-thread and metallic), cotton single or double, in skeins or reels, not coloured	,,	,, 0 4 0
,, coloured, called Turkey	,,	,, 0 8 0
,, all other	,,	,, 0 12 0
Remark.—In case of any doubt on the part of the custom-house officers, as to whether a manufacture declared to be thread, of doublet cotton, ought not to be classed with thread for sewing, the owner is held, with the view of his having the benefit of a smaller duty, established in respect to doublets or thread lining, to authenticate the goods that they		

	Units upon which they levy duty.		Import Duties in Bank Crowns. c. s. r.
belong to this last class by a surveyor's certificate, which will be examined.			
Thread (continued):			
Chevron-hair, called also camels' hair, not coloured, twisted or doubled .	1 livre	,,	0 4 0
Coloured, twisted and doubled . .	,,	,,	0 10 0
Rope yarn	,,	,,	0 12 0
Combed wool, not coloured, nor twisted, nor doubled . . .	,,	,,	0 6 0
Coloured, twisted or doubled . .	,,	,,	0 8 0
Wool carded, not coloured, twisted, or doubled , ...	,,	,,	0 18 0
Coloured, not twisted, or not doubled	,,	,,	0 20 0
Coloured, twisted and doubled, such as embroidery thread . . .	,,	,,	0 16 0
Streichgarn—twisted thread of carded wool or yarn, for woollen tissues, all wool or half wool—when, in consequence of a special demand, addressed to the College of Commerce, foreign thread of this kind is acknowledged to be necessary for the fabrication of the said tissues, and that the college authorises their importation.			
Not coloured	,,	,,	8 0 0
Coloured	,,	,,	0 10 0
Flax, not coloured	,,	,,	0 24 0
Coloured	,,	,,	0 36 0
Wire-work for sewing of gold and silver, refined	1 lod	,,	0 8 0
Gold and silver, base . . .	,,	,,	0 5 0
Iron and steel not specified . .	1 livre	,,	0 6 0
For the manufacture of articles re-			

	Units upon which they levy duty.	Import Duties in Bank Crowns.
		c. s. r.
Thread (continued):		
quiring thread of foreign steel, imported by special license	100 écus	,, 10 0 0
Of copper and brass not silvered	1 livre	,, 0 8 0
Silvered	,,	,, 0 36 0
Sewing cotton, white or coloured, in balls	,,	,, 0 24 0
In skeins	,,	,, 0 16 0
Linen (flax) raw	,,	,, 0 24 0
Bunches, white	,,	,, 1 0 0
Coloured	,,	,, 0 32 0
Twine	1 livre	,, 0 8 0
Figs	,,	,, 0 2 0
Nets of all kinds and name	100 écus do val.	,, 33 16 0
Moulds, pitchers, and pots for sugar refiners	1 livre	,, 0 0 2
,, for the impression of tissues and the manufacture of paper	100 écus	,, 10 0 0
Fringes, lace, and bands:		
Of gold or silver, pure	1 lod	,, 0 16 0
Gold and silver, base	,,	,, 0 10 0
Wholly of silk, or mixed	1 livre	,, 0 20 0
Other	,,	,, 0 4 0
Cheese of every kind	1 lispund	,, 1 12 0
Fruit and berries, not specified, fresh	1 tunna	,, 0 36 0
Preserved in brandy or vinegar	1 livre	,, 0 9 0
Dry	1 lispund	,, 0 32 0
Gloves (of skin) of all kinds	1 livre	,, 0 2 0
Boxing—come under the class Stockings.		
Juniper berries	1 tunna	,, 0 20 0
Gingerbread, dry	1 livre	,, 0 1 10
,, preserved	,,	,, 0 16 0
Cloves	,,	,, 0 5 0
Birdlime of all kinds, not specified	,,	,, 0 3 0
Gum of all sorts, not named	,,	,, 0 3 0

	Units upon which they levy duty.		Import Duties in Bank Crowns.
			c. *s.* *r.*
Pitch and tar	1 tunna	,,	1 16 0
,, lees of	,,	,,	0 44 0
,, of pit-coal	,,	,,	0 32 0
Gutta-percha, worked	1 livre	,,	0 12 0
Grease—pork and goose	,,	,,	0 2 0
Plumbago	1 lispund	,,	0 20 0
Fish-hooks	1 livre	,,	0 24 0
Clothes—body-linen, as linen and bed-furniture, not named:			
New, for women, ready-made cloths imported	100 écus de val.	,,	33 16 0
Remark.—Lace and blonde-lace ought to be treated separately.			
Other		,,	prohibited
See elsewhere the table of articles exempted from the right of importation.			
Clock and watch-making—gold watches	each	,,	2 0 0
Other	,,	,,	0 32 0
Clocks and pendulums in bronze follow the class of metals of composition, not named, worked	1 livre	,,	1 0 0
Materials for clockmaking, not named	,,	,,	2 0 0
Hops	1 lispund	,,	1 24 0
Oil, fat, of hemp	1 livre	,,	0 0 6
Other, not capable of assimilating to medicinal substances	,,	,,	0 1 4
Oil, volatile, or essences, not named	,,	,,	0 5 0
,, fish, and fat of fish of all kinds	1 lispund	,,	0 6 0
Mead	1 kanna	,,	0 12 0
Instruments—of surgery	100 écus	,,	5 0 0
Mathematical, optical, physical, and for navigation, mathematical compasses and mathematical cases	,,	,,	25 0 0
Compasses	,,	,,	15 0 0
Spectacles and eye-glasses	,,	,,	25 0 0

	Units upon which they levy duty.		Import Duties in Bank Crowns. c. s. r.
Instruments (continued):			
Optical glasses, and instruments of other descriptions, not named .	100 écus val.	,,	5 0 0
Musical, flutes, hautboys, and clarionets	each	,,	1 16 0
Guitars and lutes	,,	,,	2 0 0
Violins	,,	,,	1 0 0
Violoncellos and double bass . .	,,	,,	3 16 0
Horns and trumpets	,,	,,	4 0 0
Tambours and timbrels . . .	,,	,,	5 0 0
Harpsichords and organs (portable) .	,,	,,	16 32 0
Harps	,,	,,	15 0 0
Square pianos	,,	,,	50 0 0
Grand pianos	,,	,,	100 0 0
Others, not named, pay the duties imposed on those instruments above marked which are of the like nature.			
Remark. — Articles, necessary, imported separately, are charged 15 per cent on their value.			
Ivory, worked	1 livre	,,	1 24 0
Rushes and reeds for canes . . .	1 lispund	,,	0 32 0
,, ,, marsh, rattans & others	,,	,,	0 4 0
Lemon-juice—(See *Lemons*).			
Liquorice	1 livre	,,	0 2 0
Bacon, lard	1 lispund	,,	0 36 0
Wool, combed or not, raw, from Jutland and Island, or all other analogous places	1 livre	,,	0 2 0
All other	,,	,,	0 6 0
Remark. — Raw wools cannot be imported but through the ports of Stockholm, Gothenburg, Norrköping, Malmö, Hulmstad, and Helsingborg. The general administra-			

	Units upon which they levy duty.		Import Duties in Bank Crowns. c. s. r.
tion of customs is empowered to control in any way it may judge requisite, to stop pure wool being imported for common wool.			
Brass, not worked, comprising beaten iron plates and rolled plates for wire-drawing	1 livre	,,	0 16 0
,, gilded	,,	,,	0 36 0
,, worked, of all sorts, melted, forged or stamped, comprising tinsel .	,,	,,	0 24 0
Lamps, of composition or worked, not named	100 écus	,,	33 16
,, wicks, for lamps, wax-lights, and candles	1 livre	,,	0 20 0
,, lacker, natural and varnished .	,,	,,	0 6 0
Yeast, compressed	,,	,,	0 1 0
Lees of wine	,,	,,	0 1 6
orks, in shapes	,,	,,	0 6 0
ilos	,,	,,	0 4 0
Lemon-juice—(See *Citric Acid*).			
Flax, not carded	1 lispund	,,	1 8 0
,, carded	,,	,,	2 0 0
,, for the manufacture of sails by special permission, carded . .	,,	,,	0 24 0
,, not carded	,,	,,	0 12 0
Spirits of all kinds	1 kanna	,,	2 24 0
Litharge (oxide of lead, or half, of all sorts) glazed	1 livre	,,	0 0 8
Books, in the Swedish language . .	100 écus value	,,	20 0 0
,, bound, containing only white or ruled paper, are subject to the same duty as the paper of which they are made, with an increase of 50 per cent.			

	Units upon which they levy duty.		Import Duties in Bank Crowns. c. s. r.
(See elsewhere the table of goods exempted from import duties.)			
Lustres, of composition, not named	100 Geus.	,,	33 16 0
Remark. — The detached pieces are subject to the same duty as the material of which they are made.			
Steam-engines	,,	,,	10 0 0
Machines and mechanics and their relative pieces, not specified	,,	,,	25 0 0
Mace	1 livre	,,	0 12 0
Maize, or Indian corn	1 tunna	,,	1 0 0
Merchandise which cannot be comprised in any of the dispositions of the present tariff, raw materials		,,	exempt
,, more or less worked	100 Geus	,,	33 16 0
Masks	each	,,	0 4 0
Matches (artillery)	1 livre	,,	0 2 0
,, for lamps, wax-lights, and candles	,,	,,	0 20 0
Mercury, native, or quicksilver	,,	,,	0 4 0
Metals, composed, mixture of metals in form of plates or nails, for the sheathing of vessels	1 skoppund	,,	1 16 0
,, other, of all kinds, raw	,,	,,	33 16 0
,, worked	1 livre	,,	1 0 0
,, iron-ware, and old composed metal, having been already used, of all kinds	1 skoppund	,,	16 32 0
Honey	1 livre	,,	0 1 0
Looking-glasses, common, and chandeliers (with jets)	100 Geus	,,	33 16 0
Mustard-seed	1 livre	,,	0 1 0
,, the flower of	,,	,,	0 6 0
Nutmeg, dry	,,	,,	0 8 0
Mother-of-pearl, worked	,,	,,	0 40 0

	Units upon which they levy duty.		Import Duties in Bank Crowns.		
			d.	*s.*	*r.*
Mats	1 lispund	,,	0	6	0
Nickel	1 livre	,,	0	1	0
Bone-black, or bistre	1 lispund	,,	0	8	0
Lamp-black	1 livre	,,	0	2	0
Nuts, cocoa	each	,,	0	1	0
,, common and other	1 kanna	,,	0	2	0
,, gall	1 livre	,,	0	1	6
Articles arising from manufacture or trade, not named in the tariff	100 écus	,,	33	16	0
Eggs	1 livre	,,	0	2	0
Geese, salted and others	1-16th of a tunna	,,	0	40	0
Onions, of all kinds, not named	1 lispund	,,	0	10	0
Birds, killed	a head	,,	0	6	0
Olives	1 kanna	,,	0	12	0
Gold, worked	1 lod	,,	1	0	0
,, beaten in leaves, pure	,,	,,	0	8	0
,, ,, base	,,	,,	0	0	8
,, mosaic, or metallic powder imitating gold	,,	,,	0	10	0
,, wire, ribbon, or spangles, pure	,,	,,	0	4	0
,, ,, base	,,	,,	0	2	6
,, fringe, lace, small wares, and gold strings, pure	,,	,,	0	16	0
,, ,, base	,,	,,	0	10	0
Oranges, sweet	1 livre	,,	0	1	6
,, bitter	,,	,,	0	1	6
,, peel	,,	,,	0	2	0
Table-ornaments, decorations, trays with appurtenances, not named	100 écus	,,	33	16	0
Bone, worked	1 livre	,,	0	0	0
Wadding, cotton	,,	,,	0	8	0
,, silk	,,	,,	1	0	0
Tools, of every sort, not named	100 écus	,,	25	0	0
Works, varnished or lackered, not named	1 livre	,,	1	0	0
Garden-mattings, of straw or roots	100 écus	,,	25	0	0

	Units upon which they levy duty.		Import Duties in Bank Crowns.		
			c.	*s.*	*r.*
Straw (tressed), for bonnets or hats . .	1 livre	,,	1	16	0
Wafers	,,	,,	0	18	0
Baskets, composition or manufactured, not named	100 écus	,,	33	16	0
Paper:					
Envelopes, grey or varnished, and for cigarettes	1 livre	,,	0	1	8
Board, waste sheets of, and stuff .	,,	,,	0	1	3
Printing, sized or unsized, for reports and hangings	,,	,,	0	2	6
Imperial, royal, medium, and elephant	,,	,,	0	4	0
Writing, and all other white paper, not named	,,	,,	0	3	0
Letter, of all kinds	,,	,,	0	4	0
Varnished, figured, printed, embellished, gold or silver	,,	,,	0	5	0
Pasteboards to press cloth . .	,,	,,	0	0	2
Hangings and borders . . .	,,	,,	0	16	0
Umbrellas and parasols	each	,,	2	0	0
Parchment	1 livre	,,	1	0	0
Seonts, of all kinds	,,	,,	0	12	0
Small wares—fringes, laces, cordons, &c., in silk or mixed silk .	,,	,,	5	0	0
,, ,, other	,,	,,	1	16	0
Fish-skins, prepared	,,	,,	0	4	0
Skins, not included in the class of furriery, raw or dry	,,	,,	0	2	0
,, reckoning from 1853, skins, raw or dry, will only pay . . .	,,	,,	0	1	10
,, other	,,	,,	0	1	0
,, prepared, white or chamois . .	,,	,,	0	12	0
,, cordwain, or dyed or printed .	,,	,,	1	24	0
,, varnished	,,	,,	0	20	0
,, fine, for gloves, cases and porte-					

	Units upon which they levy duty.		Import Duties in Bank Crowns.		
			c.	*s.*	*r.*
fouilles, &c., with the special permission of the College of Commerce	1 livre	„	0	16	0
Skins, other, not named	„	„	0	24	0
Furriery, raw, beaver-skin	„	„	0	20	0
„ chinchilla	„	„	2	0	0
„ sheep's and lamb's, grey fur of Crimea, and black, called Calmuk	„	„	0	30	0
„ other black	„	„	0	15	0
„ all other, covered with their wool	„	„	0	4	0
„ ermine or weasel	„	„	0	18	0
„ wild cat's	„	„	0	24	0
„ badger	„	„	0	12	0
„ lynx	„	„	0	16	0
„ fisher-weasel and their tails	„	„	1	32	0
„ mink or noortz	„	„	0	32	0
„ wild goat	„	„	0	3	0
„ roe-deer	„	„	0	10	0
„ fox	„	„	0	18	0
„ small rat (racoon)	„	„	0	20	6
„ seal	„	„	0	3	0
„ sable, and tails	„	„	6	0	0
„ otter	„	„	0	24	0
„ all other kinds of fur	„	„	0	32	0
Remark.—Skins more or less dressed, or prepared and sewn in sacks, are classed with furriery raw (or natural), above shown, according to the kind, with an increase of 25 per cent.					
Pearls, false, in glass	„	„	0	10	0
„ other	„	„	0	2	0
Wigs, articles of hair-dressers and wig-makers	„	„	3	16	0

	Units upon which they levy duty.	Import Duties in Bank Crowns. c. s. r.
Phosphorus	1 livre	„ 0 8 0
Stones, sharpening, and razor-strops	the 100	„ 0 24 0
„ flint, cut, except agate	1 livre	„ 0 1 0
„ all other articles in stone, not named (See elsewhere the table of goods exempted from import duty.)	100 écus	„ 15 0 0
Pencils	the dozen	„ 0 9 0
Pipes (smoking) mounted or not, in meerschaum, real or false	1 livre	„ 0 24 0
„ other	„	„ 0 12 0
Plaster (works in)	100 écus	„ 25 0 0
Lead, raw metal, pigs of lead, &c.	1 skeppund	„ 1 6 0
„ wrought, not painted or varnished	1 livre	„ 0 1 6
„ painted or varnished	„	„ 0 6 0
„ lead mine or graphite	1 lispund	„ 0 20 0
„ oxide of lead	1 livre	„ 0 1 4
„ small shot, or shooting	„	„ 0 3 0
Pens (writing) of all kinds, except steel pens or metal pens	„	„ 0 8 0
Feathers or plumes—ostrich and other	100 écus	„ 33 16 0
„ for bedding, rofined	1 lispund	„ 2 0 0
Hair of cows and other animals, except horsehair. (See Horsehair.)	1 livre	„ 0 6 0
Fish, salted or pickled—anchovy, sardines, and tunny	„	„ 0 8 0
„ cod, ling, and stockfish	1 tunna	„ 2 12 0
„ salmon	„	„ 2 32 0
„ herrings	„	„ 0 30 0
„ strœmings (Baltic herrings)	„	„ 0 30 0
„ all others	„	„ 1 42 0
„ dried or smoked	1 lispund	„ 0 10 0
„ salmon and eels	„	„ 1 12 0
„ ling, cod, and stockfish, comprising rotscher, as well as klipfisch, stockfisch, and platfisch	„	„ 0 16 0

	Units upon which they levy duty.		Import Duties in Bank Crowns. c. s. r.
Fish, other	1 lispund	,,	0 20 0
Pepper of all kind	1 livre	,,	0 3 0
Pitch and resin	1 lispund	,,	0 10 0
Pitch, oil of	,,	,,	0 5 0
Rosin	,,	,,	0 16 0
Pomatum	1 livre	,,	0 28 0
Potatoes	1 tunna	,,	0 16 0
,, fecula of	1 lispund	,,	0 24 0
China, porcelaine, fine, white or coloured, pure	1 livre	,,	0 8 0
,, gilded or ornamented, figured	,,	,,	0 12 0
Remark. — Vases and china things used in scientific pursuits can be imported free from duty by the medical profession and scientific men, when the quality and quantity have been stated to the College of Medicine at the Academy of Science, and when their importation has been sanctioned.			
Portfolios, carpet-bags, &c.	100 écus value	,,	25 0 0
Potash, raw	1 lispund	,,	0 1 0
,, refined or calcined	,,	,,	0 16 0
Earthenware, not named	1 livre	,,	0 3 0
Gunpowder		,,	prohibited
Powder, for powdering	,,	,,	0 4 0
Chemical produce, not under any special tariff, imported for the use of manufactures, when the College of Commerce, in consequence of a special demand, has authorised an importation of them	100 écus de val.	,,	5 0 0
Chemicals for the use of surgeons. (See Medicinal substances not named.)			
Quinquina, bark of, not ground	1 livre	,,	0 1 6

	Units upon which they levy duty.		Import Duties in Bank Crowns. c. s. r.
Quinquina, ground, imported by surgeons	1 livre	,,	0 24 0
,, roots of	,,	,,	0 0 8
Roots, eatable, of all kinds, not named	1 tunna	,,	0 24 0
,, chicory	1 livre	,,	0 0 8
Arrack. (See Brandy.)			
Raisins, fresh	,,	,,	0 6 0
,, dry	,,	,,	0 1 6
Currants	,,	,,	0 2 8
Liquorice, juice of	,,	,,	0 2 0
,, root	,,	,,	0 0 8
Springs of all kinds	100 écus	,,	33 16 0
Rice, in straw, or paddy	1 tunna	,,	1 24 0
,, from 1853, this article will pay	,,	,,	1 12 0
,, other. (See Oatmeal.)			
Rum. (See Brandy.)			
Reeds. (See Rushes.)			
Rattan or Indian reed. (See Rushes.)			
Ribbon-trade, velvets	1 livre	,,	2 24 0
,, other ribbons in silk	,,	,,	5 0 0
,, in mixed silk	,,	,,	2 24 0
,, in cotton, wool, and other materials	,,	,,	1 0 0
Snuks, raw, wide	,,	,,	0 6 0
Saffron	,,	,,	1 0 0
Saltpetre, raw and refined			,, prohibited
,, of Chili, or nitrate of soda, for the making of aquafortis and other manufactures, imported in quantities recognised as necessary, with the authority of the College of Commerce	1 lispund	,,	0 6 0
Sausages	1 livre	,,	0 8 0
Soap, scented, and balls	,,	,,	0 16 0
,, common	,,	,,	0 8 0
,, soft, common	1 lispund	,,	0 36 0
Sculpture in wood and architectural works	100 écus	,,	15 0 0

	Units upon which they levy duty.		Import Duties in Bank Crowns. e. s. r.
Salt—sal-ammoniac	1 livre	,,	0 2 0
,, Saturn sugar	,,	,,	0 1 6
,, rock	1 tunna	,,	0 12 0
,, Glauber salts	1 lispund	,,	0 0 8
,, sea	1 tunna	,,	0 36 0
,, for the manufacture of soda, when, in consequence of a special demand, the College of Commerce has authorised its importation		,,	exempt
,, medicinal	1 livre	,,	0 1 0
,, refined	,,	,,	0 0 8
Serpentine marble or stone, worked	1 lispund	,,	0 16 0
Syrups of Capillaire, mulberry, violets, and roses	1 livre	,,	0 3 0
Silk, coloured	,,	,,	2 0 0
Bran, other materials than grain	1 lispund	,,	0 5 0
Soya (Japan sauce), and sauces	1 kanna.	,,	0 36 0
Brimstone	1 lispund	,,	0 12 0
,, for the manufacture of sulphuric acid by special license		,,	exempt
Soda	,,	,,	0 0 8
Sugar moscovado, or sugar raw and yellow, clayed and white moist sugar	1 livre	,,	0 3 0
,, reckoning from 1853	,,	,,	0 2 3
,, cones, Havannah clayed, and other, similar with respect to saccharine riches	,,	,,	0 5 0
,, refined, loaf, and candied	,,	,,	0 5 0
,, molasses, brown and white	,,	,,	0 3 0
Amber, worked	,,	,,	0 40 0
Suet, fat	1 lispund	,,	0 24 0
Stearine	1 livre	,,	0 5 0
Window-blinds, in cotton, flax, or hemp, coloured or printed	,,	,,	0 10 0
Tobacco, in leaves	,,	,,	0 7 0

	Units upon which they levy duty.		Import Duties in Bank Crowns. s.	r.
Tobacco, cigars	1 livre	„	0 1	6
„ cut up, in packets and barrels	„	„	0 14	0
„ cannaster	„	„	0 36	0
„ snuff	„	„	0 16	0
„ in ropes, called nigger-head	„	„	0 10	0
„ in sticks and rolls	„	„	0 18	0
„ in ribs	„	„	0 4	0
Toy-trade, writing tablets in slate	„	„	0 1	0
„ „ other	„	„	0 5	0
Sieves	100 ćous val.	„	25 0	0
Remark.—Wire-work for sieves (metal) is classed with the material of which they are made.				
Tamarinds	1 livre	„	0 1	0
Tartar, raw or refined	„	„	0 1	6
„ salt of	„	„	0 3	6
Turpentine	„	„	0 2	0
„ oil or essence of	„	„	0 1	6
Tea	„	„	0 12	0
Thermometers	each	„	0 28	0
Tissues, stuffs* of pure silk	1 livre	„	1 24	0
„ gauze and crape, and other	„	„	6 0	0
„ pure silk, mixed stuffs of gold and silver, real	„	„	20 0	0
„ „ false	„	„	6 24	0
„ velvets	„	„	4 0	0
Remark.—When nothing but silk is imported, the stuff will pay as pure silk, when even the wrong side is cotton.				
„ all stuffs mixed with silk, as taffetas, satin of the Levant or of any name, of a pure colour,				

* By stuff in Sweden is understood (*alngods*) tissues, which are sold by the ell (in Swedish, *aln*).

	Units upon which they levy duty.	Import Duties in Bank Crowns.
		c. s. r.
glacé checks or stripes, showing neither flowers nor woven figures.		,, prohibited
Tissues, all other, not named . . .	1 livre	,, 6 0 0
,, shawls and gauze kerchiefs or of other transparent tissue, wadding silk, and fashioned by printing or by figuring, which, however, cannot be likened to shawls and handkerchiefs which have but one flower printed in each corner, nor to long shawls whose borders only are printed	,,	,, 7 0 0
,, all others, not only those which are mixed or coloured, but also those which are fashioned by the ground-work, or by the variety of the coloured silks .		,, prohibited
,, of half silk or of mixed silk, more or less of cotton, flax, wool, or other material, stuffs, ragged .	,,	,, 1 24 0
,, other	,,	,, 2 24 0
,, of half silk, &c. shawls and handkerchiefs, of less value than 10 rdr., each		,, prohibited
,, worth 10 rdr. and more, each .	100 R. value	,, 20 0 0
,, cotton: stuffs, white, common cambric muslin, bleached or calendered, as well as all other cotton stuff of a like kind, of more than 76 threads to an inch, and being of at least 6 quarters wide.	1 livre	,, 1 0 0
,, called corderoy and corded, sin-		

	Units upon which they levy duty.		Import Duties in Bank Crowns.
			c. s. r.
gle and double velvet, also satins, jean, and swan-skin. .	1 livre	,,	0 32 0
Tissues, called dimity, fine cambric muslin, and batiste or cambric, lawn.	,,	,,	0 40 0
,, of cotton: stuffs, white, rugged.	,,	,,	0 8 0
,, counterpanes	,,	,,	0 16 0
,, gauze, lawn, muslins, and tarlatane	,,	,,	1 0 0
,, quilted and knitted . . .	,,	,,	1 0 0
,, not or press-point . . .	,,	,,	1 24 0
,, all other stuffs not named .	,,	,,	1 12 0
,, fashioned by only the weaving, mixed only with the groundwork, as calico, cotton-cloths, &c.			,, prohibited
Remark.—Tissues of white cotton which are imported as stuffs, are equally admissible in the form of shawls and handkerchiefs, and pay therefore the same duty as stuffs, according to their kind.			
,, of cotton: stuffs, coloured, called corderoy, corded, dimity, rugged, quilts, gauze, lawn, tarlatane, cambric muslin, cambric, single and double velvet, satin, jean, swan-skin, quilted, knitted, and all stuffs, fashioned by the groundwork; the same import duties a livre, as white stuffs according to their kind.			
,, united by the groundwork only of all sorts of a pure colour .			,, prohibited
,, of various coloured thread . .			,, prohibited

	Units upon which they levy duty.		Import Duties in Bank Crowns.
			£. s. r.
Tissues of cotton: stuffs, printed or figured, counterpanes . .	1 livre	,,	0 16 0
,, other stuffs above named, stuffs coloured, that follow the class of white stuff according to their kind, and generally, all stuffs of more than 80 threads to the inch	,,	,,	1 4 0
,, other		,,	prohibited
,, shawls and handkerchiefs, fashioned of all sizes, and printed, from 7 square quarters and above, the fringe not being included	,,	,,	1 4 0
,, united, of coloured thread of all sizes, and printed less than 7 square quarters, the fringe not included	,,	,,	prohibited
,, mixed cotton, more or less with flax and hemp, table linen, damasked	,,	,,	0 36 0
,, worked	,,	,,	0 24 0
,, other, are classed with stuffs of a like kind to pure cotton.			
,, of wool: stuffs, swan-skin . .		,,	prohibited
,, Cashmere, white, yellow, or red, being more than 6 quarters wide	,,	,,	1 24 0
,, flannel, in thread chains of wool (yarn), combed and weft of yarn, carded, coloured, or being more than 6½ quarters wide .		,,	prohibited
,, all other	,,	,,	0 36 0
counterpanes and carpets . .	,,	,,	0 24 0

	Units upon which they levy duty.	Import Duties in Bank Crowns.
		c. s. r.
Tissues—wool: stuffs, large cloths, called frieze, Doffel and Calmuk .	1 livre	,, 0 32 0
,, cloth, double-milled—ladies' cloth, coarse kind, Petersham and corduroy, also Cashmere of other colours; thus, white, yellow, or red, or of a width exceeding 6 quarters . .		,, prohibited
,, bombazine and quinetto . .	,,	,, 1 0 0
,, for filtering, called packing .	,,	,, 0 3 0
,, other, of all sorts . . .	,,	,, 0 24 0
,, of half-wool, or of wool mixed with cotton, hemp, or flax, and where there is no more than half wool, stuff, flannel . .		,, prohibited
,, other, of all sorts, being less than 7 quarters wide . . .	,,	,, 0 36 0
,, other, being 7 quarters and more wide	,,	,, 1 0 0
Remark.—Tissues of half wool, containing more than half wool, are classed with tissues of pure wool, to which they can be most likened.		
,, Shawls and woollen kerchiefs, or of mixed wool and cotton, of less value than 6*r.* 32*s.* each .		,, prohibited
,, worth 6*r.* 32*s.* and more each .	100 6ous	,, 20 0 0
,, of flax and hemp: stuffs, tow, and canvas	1 livre	,, 0 12 0
,, tick for bedding	,,	,, 0 21 4
,, packing cloth	,,	,, 0 9 4
,, table linen, damasked . .	,,	,, 2 0 0
,, ,, ,, worked . . .	,,	,, 0 36 0
,, Cambrai and batiste (cambric) .	,,	,, 3 32 0
,, lawn	,,	,, 1 40 0

	Units upon which they levy duty.		Import Duties in Bank Crowns. £. s. r.
Tissues, canvas cloth, 1 square ell of which weighs 3 lod, inclusive . .		,,	prohibited
,, all other	1 livre	,,	1 32 0
,, sails and tenting canvas . .	,,	,,	0 4 0
,, canvas for carpets . . .	,,	,,	0 12 0
,, other	,,	,,	1 0 0
,, handkerchiefs	,,	,,	1 0 0
,, made of hair and horse-hair .	,,	,,	0 20 0
,, waxed and varnished—carpets .	,,	,,	0 6 0
,, other	,,	,,	0 10 0
,, water-proof, or tissues doubled, joined by means of India-rubber	,,	,,	1 0 0
Truffles	,,	,,	0 12 0
Vanille	,,	,,	8 0 0
Basket-trade, not named	100 écus value	,,	33 16 0
Glass-ware, bottles, jugs, buckets, and decantors (decanters cut and flagons not included):			
,, containing ¼ of a kanna or less .	the 100	,,	0 32 0
,, of ¼ kanna exclusive, to ½ kanna inclusive	,,	,,	2 16 0
,, bottles, jugs, &c. containing more .	,,	,,	4 32 0
,, glasses of all kinds	1 lispund	,,	0 40 0
,, lustres	1 livre	,,	0 4 0
,, optical-glasses, not mounted . .	,,	,,	0 20 0
,, glass, without tin-plate, raw or unpolished	100 écus	,,	15 0 0
,, polished, without plates . . .	,,	,,	20 0 0
,, clock or dial glasses	1 livre	,,	0 12 0
,, other, white or coloured, not specified	,,	,,	0 8 0
Quicksilver	1 livre	,,	0 4 0
Vinegar of all sorts	1 kanna	,,	0 6 0
Wines of all sorts, in casks . . .	,,	,,	0 24 0

	Units upon which they levy duty.		Import Duties in Bank Crowns.		
			s.	*r.*	
Wine of all sorts, in bottles . . .	1 kanna	,,	1	0	0
All things made of glass, not cut . .	1 livre	,,	0	18	0
,, ,, cut, in designs .	,,	,,	0	24	0
Vitriol, green, or sulphate of iron . .	17 lispund	,,	3	0	0
,, other	1 livre	,,	0	1	0
Ship-canvas pays the duty imposed on the cloth of which it is composed, with an increase of 10 per cent.					
Carriages with 2 wheels, as well as smaller ones with 4 wheels, called trilla and droschki, and trucks or carts . .	each	,,	25	0	0
Carriages of all other kinds . . .	,,	,,	66	32	0
(See elsewhere the table of merchandise exempt the import duty.)					
Zinc, raw and in plates	1 livre	,,	0	0	2
,, worked, not painted, and not varnished	,,	,,	0	2	0
,, painted or varnished . . .	,,	,,	0	6	0

APPENDIX IV.

A SPECIAL TABLE OF GOODS FREE OF IMPORT DUTY.

Bees, living in hives.
Agates, raw.
Alabaster, raw.
Amber, gray.
Angelica.
Animals, living, sheep and rams of all the German States, and the countries bordering on the North Sea; stallions, bulls, and boars.
Trees, living, of every kind.
Shrubs.
Silver, not worked.
White clay.
Spermaceti.
Wood, for building and cabinet-making, raw, sawn, or cut with the axe.
,, elm, ash, beech, birch, oak, and other native trees not named.
,, box, cedar, ebony, and guaicum.
,, fir and pine, natural, or in blocks for sawing.
India-rubber.
Geographical maps and globes.
Type, printing, used and used up.
Ashes and goldsmiths' refuse.
Charcoal.
Spikes.
Shell, raw.

Coral, pure, raw.
Old cordage, cut up, not exceeding two faumur long.
Horns, raw or rasped.
Cotton, in quantities.
Waste, parings and chips (shavings not named).
Rags.
Down of all kinds.
Tortoise-shell, raw state.
Bark of birch.
,, of pomegranate.
,, of all kinds, not named in the Table of Import Duties.
,, threads of peel or bark.
,, mat-fibre used for furniture or packing at the time of entrance.
Effects for the use of travellers, brought over by the owner himself, when they are found not to exceed the wants of the journey.
Movable effects, arriving on account of Swedish subjects who have been established in a foreign land, where they have used them, if at the entrance, in consequence of a special demand to the administration of customs, these goods are recognised not to exceed the want of the owner.
Enamel, in quantities.
Foreign craft, with rigging and furniture, captured in time of war by Swedish vessels belonging to the State, or armed as a privateer, and legally declared a lawful prize.
Emory.
Whale-fotlocks, raw or split.
Beans called Tonquin.
Statues of every kind constituting works of art.
Hay.
Shapes for boots.
Grain, except canary-seed, all kinds.
Grasses, not named.
,, mats, or ropes of grass, for furniture and packing.
Engravings, painted or lithographed.
Groisil, or broken glass.
Clothes, belonging to sailors or to travellers, when they have been evidently worn, or when brought by the owners themselves, they are known not to exceed their respective wants.
Lobsters.

Pit-coal, coal-dust, cinders, and coke.
Ivory, raw.
Lichens for dyeing of every sort.
Cork.
Books in foreign languages, as well as music-books, and drawing-books; Bibles printed in the Swedish language, given to the Biblical Society of Sweden.
Manganese.
Marble, raw or in block.
Medals of all kinds.
Medicinal substances: all not named in the Table of Import Duties, simple and composed, admitted by the surgeons, only those authorised by the College to import them, or by scientific men for the use of scientific institutions, the College of Medicine, the Academy of Science, or the Competent Faculty of the University having been consulted in respect to these last.
Metals, raw and unsmelted, not named in the Table of Imports.
Minerals, samples of, for collections in Natural History.
Money in gold, silver, and copper.
Musk.
Printed music.
Mother-of-pearl, raw.
Objects for collections in Natural History, for cabinets.
Onions, flowers.
Birds, living.
Gold, not worked.
Bone, raw and not worked, as well as ground.
Bone of cuttle-fish.
Straw.
Pearls, fine real.
Magnets, not mounted.
Precious gems.
Chalk-stones.
Stone, Cornwall granite.
,, refractory, fire-proof.
,, millstones, marlstone, and schistose stone for lithographing.
,, grindstones.
,, all others not named in the Table of Imports, raw or in blocks.
,, stone-kiln.

Pumice stone.
Specular stone.
Plants.
Platina, worked or not.
Plaster.
Feathers for bedding, not cleaned.
Hair, not named, excepting that of the horse and cow, and other sheathing hair.
Fresh fish.
,, skins of, raw.
Puzzolana.
Shave grass, horse-tails.
Root of barberry.
Sable.
Sacks, full of merchandise, used for packing.
Blood of beasts, of all kinds.
Leeches.
Serpentine marble, raw.
Flints, raw.
Silks, unbleached, not coloured.
Yellow amber, raw and not worked.
Pictures and drawings, framed or not.
Rotten-stone.
Stems of raisins or grapes.
Oil-cake.
Tripoli polishing slate.
Glass-ware, bottles, jugs, and decanters, used in being receptacles for imported goods, and which ought, by virtue of special prescription in the Table of Import Duties, to be included in the weight of what is about to pay duty.
,, instruments of chemistry.
,, phials.
,, broken glass or groisil.
Carriages, travellers', imported by themselves, and having been evidently used, or the exportation of which from the kingdom is guaranteed.

TABLE OF EXPORT DUTIES.

	Units upon which they levy duty.	Export Duties in Bank Crowns. c. s. r.
Wood, cabinet, raw, sawn, or hewn with the axe, of elm, ash, beech, birch, oak, and other native trees, not named	100 écus	,, 15 0 0
,, for building, of fir and pine, raw, or in block-logs for sawing	,,	,, 25 0 0
,, hewn with the axe, not named	,,	,, 10 0 0
,, poles	the 100	,, 0 1 0
,, sawn planks of oak and ash	100 écus	,, 10 0 0
,, stakes of juniper, of all sizes	the 100	,, 0 12 0
,, gun-stocks, rough-hewn	the dozen	,, 0 12 0
,, handspikes, rough-hewn	,,	,, 0 12 0
,, laths, strong, split, cut	,,	,, 0 4 0
,, ,, ,, sawn	,,	,, 0 2 0
,, masts, bowsprits, and spars, of 40 inches and more round, and 10 feet from the large end	each	,, 2 0 0
,, of 20 inches inclusive to 40 inches exclusive, round, and 10 feet from the large end	,,	,, 0 20 0
,, less than 20 inches: idem	,,	,, 0 12 0
,, for pumps, not bored. (See Masts and Spars.)		
,, rafters and splints, more or less long	the dozen	,, 0 9 0
,, beams of fir and pine of a less thickness than 8 inches in the middle	each	,, 0 6 0

	Units upon which they levy duty.		Export Duties in Bank Crowns. c. s. r.
Wood, staves and heads for casks, of a length of 34 inches or under for the first, and of 22 inches or under for the other: of oak . . .	120 in number	,,	0 3 0
,, ,, of beech, fir, and of pine .	,,	,,	0 1 0
,, ,, above the said dimensions to the length of 42 inches inclusive, and 27 inches for the others: of oak . .	,,	,,	0 8 0
,, ,, of beech, pine, and fir . .	,,	,,	0 1 6
,, ,, above these last dimensions: of oak	,,	,,	0 24 0
,, ,, of beech, pine, and fir . .	,,	,,	0 12 0
,, oars and skulls, raw . . .	the pair	,,	0 4 0
,, fire: birch	1 faum	,,	1 24 0
,, ,, beech and oak . . .	,,	,,	2 0 0
,, ,, all other	,,	,,	0 36 0
Charcoal	12 tunna	,,	0 40 0
Old cordage, cut in pieces not exceeding 2 faum in length	1 skeppund	,,	1 0 0
Copper, raw, in sows	,, st. v.	,,	18 46 0
,, ,, molten	,,	,,	0 32 0
Copper, small, shot in copper, or articles in old copper or used, and copper calcined (oxide of copper) . . .	,,	,,	16 32 0
Shavings not named	100 ôcus value	,,	10 0 0
Bark of oak	1 tunna	,,	0 16 0
Tow, arising from old cordage . . .	1 skeppund	,,	1 0 0
Rags (millinery wares)	1 lispund	,,	0 12 0
Iron, cast, pig, and in quantities for ballast		,,	prohibited
,, bombs and bullets, rough and filed: cannons, swivel guns and mortars, stumped and bored, as well as artillery carriages of all dimensions .	1 skeppund, st. v.	,,	0 [illegible] 0

	Units upon which they levy duty.	Export Duties in Bank Crowns.
		c. s. r.
Iron, cannons, mortars, and swivels, not stamped and not bored . .		,, prohibited
,, backs of chimneys of more than 1½ inch thick, rough hewn loads weighing more than one skeppund each		,, prohibited
,, chimney backs of 1½ inch or less thick, just to 1 inch inclusive, rough loads weighing one skeppund, or less, to ¼ skeppund, exclusive	1 skeppund, st. v.	,, 2 0 0
,, cannons, bombs, mortars, and rejection shot	,,	,, 2 0 0
,, forged or flattened		
,, in flat bars of ⅜ inch and more thick, and less than 12 inches wide, in square bars of more than ⅛ thick .	,,	,, 0 4 0
,, in massiaux—in massive quantities .	,,	,, 0 12 0
Old iron, either cast, or forged, or flattened	,,	,, 2 0 0
Refuse of pitch and tar	1 tunna	,, 0 44 0
Lobsters	20 in number	,, 0 4 0
Minerals, raw or not melted, not specified either in the Table of Imports, or in the Special Table annexed . . .		,, prohibited
Metals of composition, raw, of all kind .	1 skeppund, st. v.	,, 0 32 0
,, brass ware and old metal already used, of all kinds . . .	,,	,, 16 32 0
Bone, raw, broken, or ground . . .	1 lispund	,, 0 3 0
Skins, not coming under the class of Furriery, raw and dry	1 livre	,, 0 2 0
,, other	,,	,, 0 1 0
Leeches	,,	,, 4 0 0

(All goods not included in this table are free of export duty.)

APPENDIX V.

THE SWEDISH RAILWAY SYSTEM.

"THE average price of land throughout the country is probably at the rate of 18*l.* per acre English.

The price of agricultural labour is 8*d.* to 1*s.* per day.

The average charge per day for man, waggon, and horses, 3*s.* 4*d.*

The weight of ore, or timber carried, 2½ skeppunds, or 940 pounds English.

The distance travelled per day is about 25 English miles. The price of artisan work is from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* per day. The food of the working classes is salted flesh, fish, eggs, milk, and bread in flat cakes; they drink beer and spirits to a great extent, and usually have the command of plenty of tea and coffee. They are all clothed in cloth and linen of their own manufacture.

The yearly expenditure of a man, his wife, and three children, is, on an average, about 10*l.* to 12*l.* sterling, including house-rent, fuel, taxes, and contributions.

A working tradesman in Stockholm expends about 44*l.* per year.

The contract for food to the soldiers is about 5*d.* per day per head.

The revenue and expenditure were in 1840, 850,240*l.* respectively.

The ground capital of the country was calculated, in 1832, to be 31,550,000*l.* sterling; and the yearly value of agricultural produce, timber, ores, manufactures, fisheries, &c., about 7½ millions sterling, of which agriculture was placed at 3¾ millions.

These brief statistical details suffice to show the peculiar position of Sweden, in regard of the rest of the world; and that this kingdom is almost as isolated commercially as territorially. As the value of the combined exports and imports is very small, little more than 1*l.* 3*s.* sterling, per head, of the population, the Swedes literally provide themselves with every necessity, and that also in the most primitive manner. The wood-cutter,

the charcoal-maker, the miner, the agricultural-labourer, and sheep and cattle herd, are identical. The manufacturer also sows and reaps his own bread. Every implement for manufactures, trade, agriculture, mining operations; also domestic utensils and furniture are all manufactured and supplied individually. It is, however, to be observed, that manufactories of agricultural implements, are now springing up in every province, one of which has sold in a few years 400 iron ploughs. The country is, with some few and gradually increasing number of exceptions, divided into the smallest agricultural sections; and the peasant who tills his small property, cuts wood, makes charcoal, digs ore, carries it to the smelting furnace, and sometimes eventually to market.

Add to the loss of labour and capital, consequent on such a system, the entire absence of proper communications between the mines, the blast furnaces, the works, and the far-distant towns and seaports, and it may be imagined, though hardly realised, what a striking change would result, were this country opened up by trunk lines of railway, running east and west from Stockholm to Gottenburg, and north and south from Gefle to Scania, with branches to important mineral and manufacturing districts, and to the rising sea-ports.

A most important feature of the present state of communication is the utterly defenceless state of the country. Remembering the political aspect of the continent, the rapid and unlimited power of transport by steam, and the great temptation to aggression of a kingdom with resources like those of Sweden, what defence could be made? for under existing circumstances (except in the summer, when steamers are running), it would take 85 to 97 days to concentrate 32,000 men on any one point, and from 16 to 14 days to collect even 16,000 men any where on the Baltic coast, south of the metropolis; while, with a proper railway system, as many hours would suffice to rally the whole population.

If the Swedes are thus placed nationally and commercially at a serious disadvantage with other nations, in every possible sense, no people entertain deeper convictions of the falsity of their position, a greater appreciation of the benefits to be derived from a new system, or more determination to carry it speedily into effect at any legitimate cost; and having successfully commenced the great work, they now seek to bring it to a successful conclusion through the immediate aid of those experienced capitalists and engineers, who have already assisted in developing the resources of other nations.

It is proper, therefore, to enter shortly into some detail of the immo-

diate mineral and agricultural advantages to be anticipated by the introduction of an efficient railway system, to penetrate the whole of the central and southern provinces; for the short line already commenced is but the foundation of what is now proposed.

The most wealthy mineral division is that between Hult, on Lake Wennern; Köping, on Lake Mälaren and Upsala; and to the north of these towns as far as Gefle, Fahlun, and Philipstadt; and especially at Nora and Linde, near Orebro and Köping, where there are most extensive deposits of iron, copper, and silver ore. The iron, as already mentioned, is the best quality known to exist, being principally magnetic oxide of iron. The mines yield at the rate of 50 per cent of ore, which contains 71·79 parts of iron, and 28·21 of oxygen. This is one of the most valuable ores, furnishing, by proper treatment, the finest quality. From the entire absence of coal in Sweden, the expense in the present state of the communications, of bringing the ore to the furnace, thence to the works, and subsequently to the ports of export; it may be conceived that the mineral production is nothing to the vast capabilities of the mines; and, in fact, that the existing condition of transport amounts almost to a virtual prohibition upon the industry of the kingdom.

Let it be considered, at what an enormous sacrifice of capital the produce is slowly carried, partly in waggons on bad roads, partly in canal-boats, through the different stages of development, to the points of home consumption, or to the ports of export. Precisely as with mineral ore, so is it with timber, agricultural produce, domestic manufactures, passenger traffic, &c.; and knowing the exact state of the case, it is extraordinary to mark how much the energies of an industrious nation have actually conquered; and it is difficult to conceive the effects, when proper facilities for communication shall bring capital to bear on the resources of the country, and constitute each branch of production a separate trade, instead of the existing hand-to-mouth system of barter. The means of the people are as much wasted as their necessities are aggravated; and it is notorious, that if the wealth of Sweden were properly developed, and efficiently managed, 10 millions of population could be more easily supported than 3½ are now sustained, and the country would eventually prove a large exportor of food, and minister to the wants of the world in common with all other nations.

It is not easy, without precise information, to make any statement of the cost of transport to be saved to the country by an efficient system of railways, or of the exact traffic to be expected on the different trunk and

branch lines; but an investigation of the average distances from the mines and works to the ports of Stockholm, Gottenburg, and Gefle; and of the probable production yearly carried by long journeys in waggons by land, and in boats by sea, by lakes and canals, to these towns, will show to some extent the cost of the transport of minerals alone.

Calculating the present yearly production of minerals, in the central provinces, to be 150,000 tons, it is estimated that every ton, in its progress from the mines to the works, and to the sea-ports of Stockholm and Gottenburg, passes over an average distance of 10 miles of road and 135 miles of canal, lake, and sea communication; and that the cost of transportation amount to at least 20 per cent on the value of the ore, viz. 232,340*l.*, or 2·56*d.* per ton per mile.

Now assuming that the east and west trunk line from Gottenburg to Stockholm, and the branch lines into the mineral districts, would not shorten the average journey of 145 miles of land and water communications, the transport of 150,000 tons, at one half-penny per ton per mile, could be effected for about 45,312*l.*; a saving of more than 20 per cent.

Conceive the saving of 20 per cent carried out on the conveyance of all produce, and in all passenger traffic, and remembering that the establishment of railways will eventually double the production, and multiply by tenfold the passenger traffic of the country, there can be little doubt about the profits to be derived from such a railway enterprise, especially where the expenses of construction will not reach more than one-fifth or one-sixth those of similar undertakings in Great Britain.

Having stated that a commencement in railways had already been made in Sweden, it is here proper to offer a short account of the steps that have been taken to accomplish the desired end, and thus show the present position of the question.

In the year 1845 Count A. E. de Rosen proposed a general system of trunk and branch railways for the kingdom, which, though opposed by the then chief of the Ponts and Chaussées, was approved and warmly supported by the king; and the petition from Count Rosen for a concession of the proposed lines for a period of years was granted by his majesty, under certain provisions and reservations. The royal ordinance, or preliminary concession, dated 27 November, 1845, grants a concession for 20 years of the privilege of making the necessary railways to a native and foreign company with sufficient capital, provided that, prior to the issue of the definite concession, the surveys, estimates, &c., should be presented to the king by the end of 1847.

That, provided such stipulations were fulfilled by the company, they should, by concession, be entitled to the uninterrupted possession of the railways and their revenues. The fares for passengers and goods to be regulated by a select committee, under approval of the king; the company to be entitled to the surrender of crown lands; to have the power of purchasing private lands; to have the right to erect the necessary workshops, manufactories, &c.; the introduction of material free of duty; the assistance of the crown's labouring corps and of the troops; the free use of crown timber, quarries, &c.; provided the company lodged the plans at the date specified; gave his Majesty security in caution money, and were subject to such regulations of inspection as his Majesty should think proper.

On the 29th October, 1846, the petition of Count Rosen to the king was granted, that certain modifications of the prescriptions of the concession should be made, and that it should not be interfered with by any one, unless it was proved that the conditions of the concession were not fulfilled.

The necessary surveys of the east and west trunk line, from Stockholm to Gottenburg, were executed under the superintendence of the engineer, Sir John Ronnie, and were submitted to the king by the end of 1847.

A Bill was brought into Parliament, and carried in 1848, authorising the construction of a trunk line from Hult, on Lake Wennern, to Orebro, on Lake Hjlmaren, a distance of fifty English miles, the state guaranteeing 4 per cent dividend, for 15 years, on 2,340,000 dollars, or 260,000*l.*; to include all the rolling stock and stations, &c. Count Rosen then came to England, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements; but the railway crisis of that year supervening, the whole proposal fell to the ground.

A new bill was brought before the Swedish diet in 1851, for an extended line from Hult to Köping, on Lake Mallren, a distance of 96 English miles. This was authorised, and 5 per cent guaranteed for 40 years, including 1 per cent sinking fund on a capital of 416,000*l.*, or at the rate of 4,333·3*l.* per mile, English, to include station and rolling stock.

Count Rosen having made the necessary arrangements in England, the Royal Swedish Railway Company was formed; and Mr. Burge, an English contractor, found security to complete the line by the end of 1855; and to pay for this sum 4 per cent interest to the shareholders, during the time of construction; and these works are now commenced.

Such is the state of the question at the present time. The Swedish government and public, being thoroughly alive to the importance of the railway system thus introduced, are desirous of proceeding with the remainder of the arrangement laid before the king in 1845, but for which the necessary surveys were not deposited by the end of 1847.

The line now commenced between Hult and Köping would be but of small advantage, unless the whole system were developed, to complete the communication from the mining country to Gottenburg and Stockholm, and with the northern port of Gefle, and the southern port of Malmö, in Scania, the great corn district, as also to facilitate the passage of goods form Western Europe to Russia."

Already the line is begun between Köping and Hult, forming part of a great east and west trunk line that is to connect Gottenburg with Stockholm. A north and south trunk line is to run from Gefle, through the mining district, to Upsala on the east and west line; and from Falköping, on the east and west line, to Christianstadt, Malmö, Vstad, Landscrona, and Helsingborg; sea-ports in the south in the province of Scania. Branches are proposed from the east and west trunk line to Uora, Lindo, and Hedemora; important mineral positions to the north of the line; and south, to Askersund on Lake Wettern, giving, by means of steamers, a loop-line to Jönkoping, at the other end of the lake, a point of the north and south trunk line; and also to Borås, and Warberg, a port on the west coast. From near Jönkoping, a branch line of great value is proposed directly east to Westerwick, an important sea-port for exportation of minerals and timber; also, hereafter, a branch in Bleking to the port of Carlscrona, on the south-eastern coast.

"These trunk and branch lines, of about 550 miles in length, represent what is actually necessary for the complete elimination of the railway structure in Sweden. Many other important branches would hereafter develop the rich resources of the country; and the inhabitants of the various districts are, in some instances, quite prepared to guarantee the expenses of their construction; but the whole of the above lines are necessary to insure justice to the integral portions; and it is for this extent of railway that Count Rosen desires to bring a proposal before the Swedish Diet in November of the present year; and it will be the more necessary to proceed for the whole, on this account alone, that all the representatives of the nation will then be equally interested in forwarding the measure. Remembering the advanced period of the season, and that all the surveys must be prepared in sufficient time, Count Rosen is desirous at once to obtain the

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